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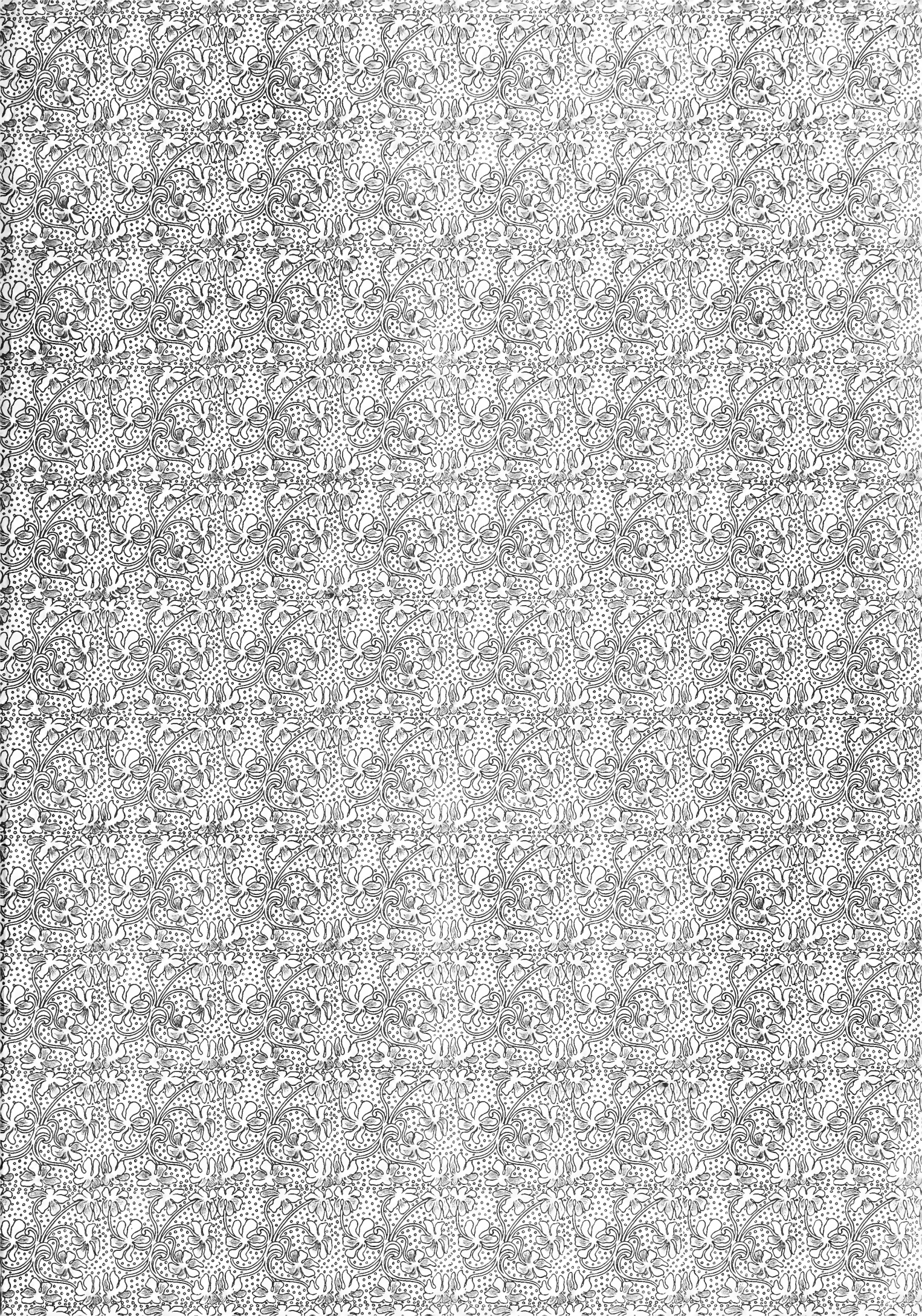
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SOUTH OF MARKET JOURNAL

AUGUST, 1926



Vol. 2, No. 1

PICNIC EDITION



OFFICIAL ORGAN
SOUTH OF MARKET BOYS, INC.

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(INCUMBENT)

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Primary Election, August 31, 1926

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PENINSULA
STORES

BURLINGAME
Broadway;
Burlingame Ave.

SAN MATEO

REDWOOD CITY

PALO ALTO

MOUNTAIN VIEW

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South of Market Journal

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 Dr. W. A. Blanck
 Thos. W. Hickey

*Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
 Who never to himself hath said,
 This is my own, my native land.*

—Scott

Vol. II.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA, AUGUST, 1926.

No. 1.

PRESIDENT GARRITY'S MESSAGE.

From every side, every day, I hear expressions about the last meeting such as: "I heard that it was the greatest show of its kind ever held in San Francisco;" "Sorry I missed it, will be at the next" etc., etc. But the Brothers who did attend—what a kick they got out of the show and how they "got together" and enjoyed the "after trimmings." It was the real old, South of Market spirit—not a murmur of complaint and everyone wearing his broadest smile during the three-hour performance in which Eddie Healy as Heine Schultz, and Charles Butterworth as Pat Casey "did themselves proud."

That that's over, we are all "het" over the Picnic and Field Day to be held Sunday, August 29th at Fairfax. The Committees have been very busy to the end that not a detail for the pleasure and comfort of our members and friends will be overlooked. The accommodations are such as to handle a greater crowd than last year, and from all indications, it will exceed that of the first outing.

Thirty-two beautiful and massive cups have been presented for the Athletic events and there will be scores of gate prizes. Any member or friend of the organization who has a prize to offer will



THOS. P. GARRITY
 President
 South of Market Boys

kindly communicate with B. J. Slyter, 140 Second street, Chairman of the Committee. The full list of the committee chairmen is as follows:

Committee Chairmen

Dan. S. O'Brien.....Hon. Chairman
 Dan. C. Murphy.....Chairman
 Al KatchinskiVice-Chairman
 Harry McGovernConcessions
 James G. Conlan.....Games
 Daniel J. O'Brien.....Reception
 Frank McStocker Finance & Gate
 Byron SlyterPrizes
 Abe BorkheimInvitation
 George DuffyFloor
 Dr. F. I. Gonzales.....Music
 Frank BradyProgram
 Peter McGeeOrder
 John M. Heffernan.....Publicity
 L. CanepaPrinting

The next meeting, August 26th, promises to be a "humdinger" so come and laugh with your brothers—also do not forget to bring your accumulation of tinfoil for the Charitable Institutions.

COMING EVENTS

Regular Monthly Meeting August 26th

The next regular monthly meeting will be held on the last Thursday, August 26th, at the Knights of Columbus Auditorium, 150 Golden Gate Avenue, at 8 P. M.

Business Meeting — Music — Entertainment

PICNIC Fairfax Sunday August 29th

The great South of Market Second Annual Reunion, Outing and Field Day. Dancing, Music, Games, Special Events, Concessions, Tombolas, Racing and Athletic Events.

Gas House Bangs

The show presented on the occasion of our last meeting was a "knock-em-dead" affair.

* * *

"Scotty" Butterworth was certainly "a scream" in his character of "Casey" on that never-to-be-forgotten night.

* * *

"Eddie" Healey made a good foil to "Scotty" in his masterful portrayal of "Schultz" "the Bar-Keep."

* * *

Ah! But wasn't "Jim" Kerr natural never giving anything away in his delineation of the character of the "Bartender." He ate and drank just like a "regular one." And the best of it was he got a great "kick" out of it, at the same time.

* * *

Gee, fellows! the 29th of last July will not soon be forgotten by those who were on deck to enjoy the big show that was put over that night.

* * *

They are a sorry-looking bunch that failed to be on hand then.

* * *

There was no sham about anything that was procured to make the event "the greatest ever." Everything was real and perhaps in some instances a bit "too real" for some of our weaker brethren. The entertainment committee is to be commended for the great success achieved.

* * *

According to Jim McElroy, in Europe they're putting peace on a war basis.

* * *

One of the strange happenings of the day according to Mike Doyle is the fact that public officials are sworn first in and then cussed out.

* * *

Ray Schiller contends that it took a Constitutional Amendment to put the jack in apple-jack.

* * *

Strange how France keeps looking for recipes when the only thing she needs is a receipt, says Tommy Hawkins. And, by the way, didn't "Tommy" juggle with that beer barrel in fine shape on the night of the 29th ult? We'll tell the cock-eyed world, he did.

Jack Gaffrey wonders that when the mechanical engineers produce a perfect automobile perhaps somebody will turn his attention to the problem of making pedestrians faster and more durable.

* * *

Jack McManus says that the only pedestrian who doesn't have to dodge motor-cars these days is the one who draws a walk to first base.

* * *

Harry McGovern remarked when he saw three hundred deaf mutes singing the "Star Spangled Banner" with their hands—they had no difficulty reaching the high notes.

* * *

"Jimmie" Dunworth contends that most people would succeed in small things if they were not troubled with great ambitions.

* * *

Harry Butler believes with Shakespeare that action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant are more learned than their ears.

* * *

You may believe it or not, but the worst men often give the best advice.

Karl Koch.

* * *

Cor. John Coughlin hopes that all the walls of our meeting hall on every meeting night will hear nothing but loud laughter.

* * *

Those in the audience at the last meeting of the Club as they gazed upon that 15 gallon keg on the bar could not refrain from thinking with "Bill" Shakespeare when they saw "Jim" Kerr "draw one" therefrom—that that was the stuff that made kings, gods and meaner creatures, kings.

* * *

According to Dan Sheehan the happiest persons are those who haven't any sense and don't know it.

* * *

Moe Davis our worthy scribe prays that the bud of affection among the members of the Club will be ripened by the sunshine of sincerity.

* * *

Con Deasy was indeed a happy mortal at our last "shindig." He enjoyed every minute of the proceedings.

The members of the Club got as big a kick out of watching the various members and especially the "fat boys" "laughing their heads off" as they did from the merry antics of those performing on the stage, on the occasion of the July show.

Pat McGee.

* * *

Phil Kennedy and Gus Kirschner were both present and were prolific in their commendations of the affair.

* * *

Gus Langedorff believes that when every kind of flying machine has gone over the Pole, the only thrill left will be in going under it in a submarine.

* * *

According to Harry Kelly it is only a short distance to the North Pole as a Byrd flies.

* * *

Charley Hamilton was so wet after laughing at the jokes that were cracked by the comedians on the stage at the last meeting that he couldn't see the sense in anyone advocating prohibition.

* * *

Tom Lawson, one of our old members of the Club, believes that the needs of the times is a vehicle you can ride down-town and then fold up and carry into the office.

* * *

Dolph Koshland is of the opinion that if France ever pensions her ex-Premiers we'll never get that four billion she owes us.

* * *

According to Oscar Krow, among the items that go to make up the high cost of living are taxes and taxis.

* * *

A farm relief bill, says Doc Levy, is designed to relieve the farmer of the problem of deciding who to vote for.

* * *

When it comes to getting prizes for the picnic "Tommy" Hawkins stands in a class by himself.

* * *

Abe Borkheim and his brother came all the way from San Rafael to attend that great show the Club gave on the 29th. ult., and believe me he enjoyed every bit of it. Abe says—The Trip—is a little longer than going to 10th and Howard.

Tar from Tar-Flat

Old Pop—Henry Goecken, was wild with delight at the successful portrayal of the "One Night in a Bar Room" staged at our last meeting.

* * *

Jack Cunningham says all baseballs are not high balls.

* * *

Howard Fitzpatrick was there when a boy. The teacher said "Howard, do you know your ABCs"? And precocious Howard answered—"Yes zur, I know a bee sees."

* * *

Eddie Lockbaum says he once knew a fellow who dried snow and sold it for salt.

* * *

Tommie Gosland, Jr., describes the sensation of seasickness thus: "The first hour I was afraid I should die; and the second, I was afraid I shouldn't."

* * *

Bill Powell meditates (apparently thinking of the 18th) "If all the world were blind, what a melancholy sight it would be."

* * *

Joe Cresse once attempted to count the sleepy heads in a church. He reached as far as fifty and then fell asleep himself.

* * *

George Miller has a tree which never sprouts, and which becomes smaller the older it grows. It is indeed, a curiosity—'Tis an axle tree.

* * *

Chas. Bowman says while many men are apparently fast—they have to be to catch up with some of the women.

* * *

Chas. Laveau says a man can get along without advertising; so can an auto go without greasing, but it goes mighty hard.

* * *

George Hayes has a friend who laments; "Before marriage, I fancied wedded life would be all sunshine; but afterwards, I found it was all moonshine."

* * *

Victor Lang knows a man who was bitten by a rattlesnake seventeen years ago, and who is still taking whiskey to cure the bite.

Jerry Cronin says "Men are generally like Fords; they rattle prodigiously when there is nothing in them."

* * *

Jack Kirby tells how to prevent grey hairs—by keeping your head shaved.

* * *

Mortimer Curtin says he knows a dashing widow who is thinking of suing some gentleman for a breach of promise, so the city may know she is in the market.

* * *

Sam Hables says "I know two tunes; one is Auld Lang Syne, and the other isn't: I always sing the latter."

* * *

Bill Pratt, when a boy was forced by a dog to climb a tree. Bill said finally to the owner who was waiting patiently on the ground "Say, mister, if you don't take that dog away, I'll eat up all your apples." And the next day the doctor was called.

* * *

Tom Flynn says it is a mistake to suppose that a clock strikes with its hands.

* * *

Joe Burns has it—To make hens lay perpetually—hit them a well directed blow on the head.

* * *

Jimmie Flynn says the greatest joy in the world is to count your money and find that it overruns fifty dollars.

* * *

M. Conroy says the most curious thing in the world is a woman who is not curious.

* * *

Dan Dolan says "Falling in love is like falling into a river, it is easier getting in than out."

* * *

Frank McCarthy never eats grapes—doesn't like wine in pill form.

* * *

Ed Michaelson says "Woman's heart, like the moon should have but one man in it."

* * *

James P. Furlong knew what he was saying when he spilled the following: "The prettiest trimming for a woman's hat is a good humored face."

Ben Levy claims to have found the lady who was "lost in thought"—and her name does not commence with an "A."

* * *

Laurence says Ben is all right, but the girl he saw was "hugging an idea"—but it looked like a man.

* * *

J. J. Collins says he combats two unpleasanties—"a first rate appetite and nothing to eat, and plenty to eat and no appetite."

* * *

Jack Tierny says that he was "hemmed in" by the crowd at our show and has been troubled with a "stitch" in his side ever since.

* * *

Jack Kyne says he knows a few men of mark—they can't write their names.

* * *

Jack Mangan says there are more lies told in the brief sentence "Glad to see you" than in any other.

* * *

Charlie McGreevy, Jr., says that poor whiskey is now called "18th Amendment" because it is hard to swallow.

* * *

Gil Chase states that the young lady who was "buried in grief" is now alive and doing well.

* * *

Frank Nigro says the prettiest typewriter he ever saw was about nineteen years old, and wore a low-necked dress, short sleeves and, and—

* * *

Val Smith declares that when Adam got tired naming his descendants, he said "Let all the rest be called Smith."

* * *

Wm. A. O'Connor, when asked if he thought short skirts dangerous, stated "Only when they have something in them."

* * *

John Lambert says his tires never get punctured as he uses "Holey Rollers."

* * *

Wm. Zupar says the most difficult thing for people to remember—is the poor.

Pseudo-Doctors of Long Ago

The early history of San Francisco would be incomplete without some reference to the street fakirs that infested our town prior to the enactment of laws prohibiting persons from practicing medicine or dentistry without a license. Until that time it was possible for a person to have his hair cut, corns or warts removed, teeth extracted or polished: in fact almost any minor operation was performed, free of charge while seated on a wagon in full view of the public.

Little wonder is it then, that Frank Norris chose San Francisco for the scene of his wonderful story of "McTeague," that recently has been filmed, under the name of "Greed." The character of McTeague, you must understand, was that of a drunken brute who established himself in San Francisco and practiced dentistry without the formality of spending even one day in a dental college. And everything went along nicely with McTeague until the State Board of Dentistry put an end to his career.

But Norris's drunken hero of fiction was not the only faker that the earlier residents of San Francisco had to deal with. They all seemed to be guided by the favorite expression of P. T. Barnum, "that there was one born every minute" and for some reason or other they picked out our fair city as a place to practice their grafts.

Within the memory of some of us was the character known as the King of Dentists. This individual appeared in our midst during the early eighties, and surely lived up to his name, dressed in all the regal splendor of a king even to

the crown. He rode around in an open carriage, driven by a liveried coachman, and extracted the teeth of the suffering public free of charge, even going so far as to present the children with money and winding up his demonstrations by scattering a handful of small change among the audience. Just what the graft was, and how he benefited by his exhibitions is beyond the writer to explain.

The traveling medicine show was also an annual occurrence. Those fakirs pitched a tent in a lot, and sold medicine guaranteed to cure anything from ingrowing toenails to outcropping nostrils. Most every prominent corner had its Phrenologist who felt the bumps of one's head and told what your brain was best developed for. And who does not remember the old fellow at Bush and Kearney Streets who sold a small wooden vessel called a quasha cup, that you filled with water and drank and as a result of its medicinal properties, remained close to home for a day or two?

And dwelling for a moment on our street fakirs, don't let us forget for an instant the brand of fakir known as the "come on" who performed outside of the various museums along Market Street. How many of our boys paid fifty cents to break a billiard cue over the differential of O'ffty Goofty? And who does not remember the Wild Man From Borneo, a simple soul who allowed himself to be plastered with hair, and stood in a cage, while the visitors prodded him with canes. And Signor Forestell, the sword swallower, who performed outside of a museum in the old St. Ignatius building on

Market Street. This individual actually slid canes, bayonets and swords down his throat to the amazement of the gathered throng.

But this class of fakir was only doing his bit as an entertainer, and harmed no one but himself, while the real simon pure medical fakir was the individual who did untold injury to all those who sought relief from him.

Such a person was he who advertised to cure rupture without the aid of a knife. His method was simple and to the point. First you put up one hundred dollars in escrow, then he injected something in your groin, and warned you to be very careful for at least three months and at the end of that time when you felt you were cured, you signed the money over to him, and went on your way rejoicing, but the first time you lifted anything heavy, the rupture opened and you were as badly off as before, and by this time, the "Doctor" had your money and you had no come back. Now, all this "fakir" did was to inject some tannin into your groin which, as an astringent contracted the hernia, but did not heal it, hence his advice to be very careful until the money was in his possession.

But just about the time that the State Board of Dentistry put all the "McTeagues" out of business, the Medical Board decended on all other fakirs and drove them back to the farms.

Living in San Francisco in those days was like living through our earthquake and fire.

"It was a great life if you didn't weaken."

William D. Burns.

Where I Met Her

Arcade, Cor. Sixth and Clara.

Archery, 1155 Mission St.

Armory, 134 Fourth St.

Barra's, Cor. First and Minna.

Cambrian, 1133 Mission St.

Columbus, Stevenson and Third.

Concordia, Mission and Fifth.

Crusader, 1159 Mission St.

Florence, 246 Third St.

Grand Central, Cor. Market and Sixth St.

Hibernia, 246 Third St.

Hopkins, Brannan, between Sixth and Seventh Sts.

Independence, 39 Fourth St.

Irish-American, 818 Howard St.

Irish-Confederation, 751 Market.

Ixora, 737 Mission St.

Lincoln, 71 New Montgomery.

Lincoln, 413 Third St.

Metropolitan Temple, Fifth and Jessie Sts.

Sanders, 71 New Montgomery.

Social, 39 Fourth St.

St. Joseph's, Tenth and Howard.

Tammany, Folsom and Eighth.

Teutonia, 1322 Howard St.

Union, Howard, between Third and Fourth Sts.

SOUTH OF MARKET BOYS SPREAD GOOD NAME IN UTAH AND IDAHO

A clipping from a Salt Lake paper with a two-spread headline reading, "SOUTH OF MARKET BOYS AID LOCALS IN REGISTERING 14-7 VICTORY OVER OGDEN" has been received by the Journal. An excerpt of the newspaper article is as follows:

"South of Market", where there used to be more saloons to a block than there are Idaho potatoes to a Twin Falls acre—where they raised 'em in the pre-earthquake days so they could survive shocks, and they now raise baseball players.

And—they also raise public officials. For Mayor Rolph and Chief of Police O'Brien are from "South of the Slot."

There are a lot of good men whose childhood days were spent in that unique and world famous section of fascinating San Francisco—and you'll invariably find them together if there is more than one in any given locality.

Mike and John

Mike Maloney, the man who planted the Shanrock, and "John McCormack" Rosenberg, are buddies on the Twin Falls ball club.

And remember—there are a lot of good men whose childhood days were spent "South of the Slot."

John and Mike were in a large measure responsible for getting tallies over the plate yesterday when the Bruins took the Gunners into camp, 14 to 7, and whitewashed for the series.

John batted in four tallies. He was legally at bat four times and got a double and three singles. The fifth time he was credited with a sacrifice.

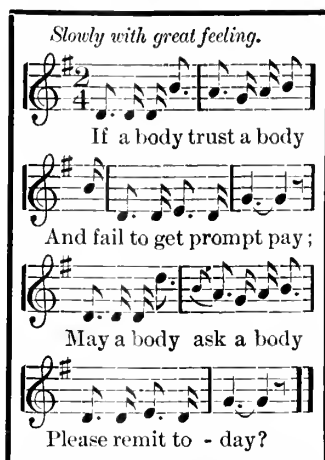
Mike didn't do quite so well, getting a double and a sacrifice in five tries—but he batted in three tallies.

Eddie Gorman indicated he was born somewhere in the general vicinity of the "South of Market" district, for he, too, batted in three runs.

The question of marriage is to a woman what a career is to man, says Bill Liebreich.

* * *

Brother Paterson insists that the local sentiment in man is the strongest passion in his nature. The local sentiment is the parent of most of our virtues.



Dedicated to Financial Secretary
Peter R. Maloney

At the last meeting, there were two men stationed at the doors who were given instructions to not allow any person enter unless he showed his identification card or was passed by an officer of the organization. The doorkeepers carried out their instructions to the letter, and those who thought it was a general public meeting got a set-back when the door was reached. If one did not have a membership card or had fallen in arrears, he was referred to the Financial Secretary. The plan worked perfectly in keeping out strangers and also proved a financial success as there was the largest collection of dues since the inception of the organization.

To avoid delays at the door, the membership is respectfully asked to have their cards ready for presentation. If the card has been forgotten, ask the person designated by the President to identify you. If you have lost your membership card, ask the Financial Secretary to send you a duplicate. If dues are forwarded by mail, send along your membership card so it can be properly endorsed, and don't forget that the card is your password to the meeting. We have been informed that a few members have requested the Financial Secretary for duplicate cards, and have presented the original to friends to obtain entrance. It is doubted that this is true, but should a member engaged in the practice be detected, charges will be preferred and expulsion will surely follow. The South of Market meetings are for members only and not for the general public. A loyal member will report to the officers if he sees a person in the hall who

SCHULTZ'S BIRTHDAY

The meeting of July 29th brought out many "old-timers" who seldom attended regularly—and they were glad to have been present. The "Cohens and Kellys" had nothing on "Schultz's Birthday" for instead of but 1000 laughs, ye Editor checked up exactly 1,740,000. There were 1450 members present and each averaged 1200 laughs, so you can get the result by using your pencil. Below is the programme showing the members of the cast.

Heine Schultz, Prop., Eddie Healy
Pat Casey, of the Gas House

Charles Butterworth
Luigi Garabaldi, Crab Peddler

Angelo J. Rocca
Willie Flanagan, Neighbor's Child

Paul Healy

Mrs. Casey Jim Leary

Policeman Jim Leary

Politician Jim Leary

A. Neighbor Virgil Bunn

Beer Man Tom Hawkins

Bartender James Kerr

Ice Man Harry Edwards

Waiting for Live Ones

Frank Healy

Clayton Twomey

During the progress of the show, candidates for office paid their respects to Schultz, setting up the drinks for the House, with the exception of one, Brown by name, who indulged in a lone glass of beer and handed out his "brown" cards. The following made their appearance: A. T. Barnett, Jos. Burns, James G. Conlan, Frank Dunn, T. I. Fitzpatrick, James Flynn, Robert P. Frye, Joseph M. Golden, Wm. R. Hagerty, Harold Louderback, Dan'l. C. Murphy, Dan'l. S. O'Brien, Andy Porter, Thos. F. Prendergast, George Sweeny, John J. Van Nostrand, Martin Welch, Richard Welch and R. Williamson.

Each of the foregoing is a member of the South of Market Boys and every one provided some form of entertainment.

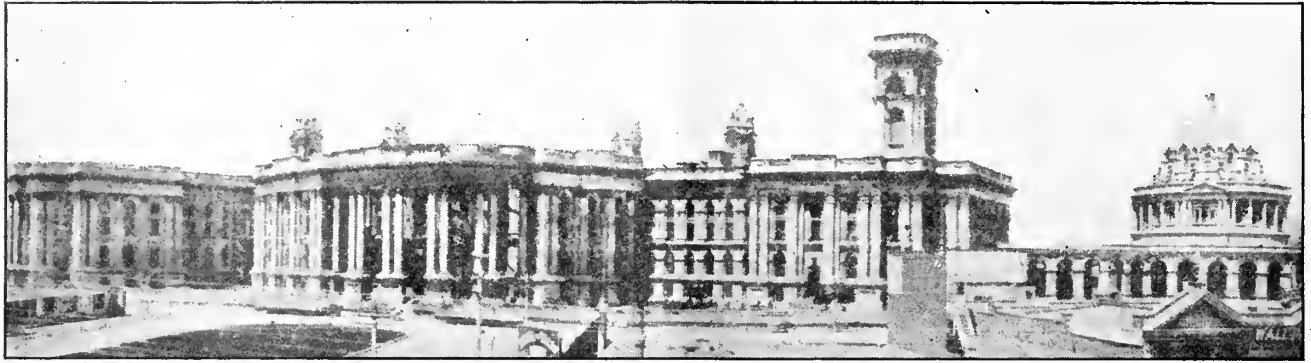
Referring to Emerson's remark about the world making a beaten path to the house in the woods where better stuff is made, Mike McBrearty claims it was certainly prophetic.

is not entitled to be there. Please let us have your cooperation.

Fraternally,

Thos. P. Garrity, Pres.

Peter R. Maloney, Fin. Sec.



History of the San Francisco Fire

(Continued from July Number)

The fault passed right through the old Crystal Springs Dam, which is of earth construction and divides the upper Crystal Springs reservoir from the lower one formed by the great dam just mentioned. The shock twisted it sharply, at the line, the western portion moving northward eight feet.

A few miles north of Crystal Springs reservoir is the San Andreas reservoir, impounded by San Andreas dam, which was directly on the line of the fault. This dam is artificial at each end, the natural rock of a pinnacle forming a short section between. Luckily for the Spring Valley Company—luckily indeed for the dwellers on the lowlands below—the fault line passed through the rock and not through the artificial portion, and although it was badly cracked, no real injury to the dam resulted. The portion to the west of the fault, however, moved northward seven feet.

No such luck availed, however, in the case of the company's pipe-lines, which afford striking evidence of the earthquake's power. For some little distance the Pilarcitos pipe-line—thirty inches in diameter—runs almost along the fault, zigzagging across it at various angles. In places it is pulled apart, the rivets shearing off as clearly as if cut with a chisel; in other places it is buckled back sharply to right or left, forming an abrupt shoulder; in others it is telescoped, one section upon another. At one place the pipe is as neatly sheared across, diagonally, as a piece of soft rubber tubing would be if cut by a sharp knife.

Near the head of the lakes a pipe-line crosses a canon from side to side, dropping down one hill and ascending the other. Near

the bottom of the canon it crosses the fault line at an angle like that between the arms of a capital X. It is twisted and thrust aside, as are the fences and everything else crossing the fault; but, in addition, it is telescoped in various places, a total distance of fifty-nine inches. The measurements show that the sides of the canon are more than four feet closer together than before.

Everywhere along the fault line the fences show the same result. On both sides of the line they have the same direction as before; but at the fault line they are no longer continuous, the portion on the west being from six to twenty feet north of that on the east. The two parts, however, are still connected by short intervening lengths of fence that have changed their direction from east-and-west to north-and-south (roughly speaking) and strangely enough, the connecting pieces, by their buckling, twisting, and overlapping, show that the ends of the displaced portions are nearer to each other than originally. The western portion, in other words, not only moved northward for several feet, and dropped somewhat, but, in addition, was thrown over toward the east as it moved, thereby jamming in tightly all the soil that lay between. In no other way is this queer result to be accounted for.

North of the Spring Valley properties the fault continues, through an open country, to Mussel Rock. Through this region it appears usually as a sharply defined belt of crisscross cracking in the soil, with narrower belts of the same sort a few yards away on each side. A slight dropping of the west side of the fault line is apparent, and the tilting and piling up of the turf along the line

shows plainly the jamming together that accompanied the general movement.

Perhaps the most striking effect produced by the shock is that to be seen in the neighborhood of Mussel Rock. The rock itself is a slight promontory rising to a height of about a hundred feet and projecting a short distance beyond the general line of the beach, a few miles south of San Francisco. Just behind it the San Mateo hills end in a sandy bluff rising about five hundred feet above the beach and continuing some miles northward. The fault line extended to and beyond this bluff just north of Mussel Rock, and the bluff, like the last billiard ball in a row, received the whole force of the shock without having anything to which to transmit it. As a result, that part near the fault went to pieces completely. About a mile to the north of the real line of the fault the double track roadbed of the Ocean Shore Railroad was being graded along the side of this bluff; the sand thrown down by the earthquake completely obliterated all that had been done, and left a monster steam shovel buried, upside down, a hundred feet down the slope.

This was trivial, however, as compared to the disturbance on the fault line itself. Here the whole side of the cliff for half a mile broke away with a crash, and slid down the slope and toward the sea. When it had stopped, the far-flying outer portions from the base of the cliff had formed a new promontory reaching well out in the ocean, and the upper part was some two hundred feet lower than before. Cracked and contorted it was, to be sure, but in the main the surface had ridden along undisturbed on the sliding sands be-

(Continued on Page 23)

More Than Forty Years Ago

The following may be of some interest to those of the members who are familiar with the doings and happenings going on in this fair city at the time the Civil War started. Among the papers found among the writer's father-in-law's effects was the following:

San Francisco, Cal.

January 17, 1865.

His Excellency,
F. F. Low,
Governor of California.
Sir:—

We take pleasure in recommending to you Captain William M. Dowling, late of the First Washington Territory Infantry, who seeks to obtain from you authority to raise a company for one of the Regiments of California Volunteers.

We feel assured in recommending him, knowing him to be a good and worthy citizen and eminently qualified to fill the position he asks for.

We take pleasure in recommending him to the favorable consideration of Your Excellency, well knowing that his appointment will prove acceptable to the military authorities of this department.

E. W. CORBERT,
JOHN MARTIN,
WM. HUEFNER,
I. RUSSELL,
JACOB SEETH,
M. ROSENBAUM.

The Captain Dowling referred to in the above letter lived in the early days at Howard and Lafayette streets. He it was that built the first brick building in the town of Petaluma. It was while constructing the Court House at Lakeport on July 4th, 1876, that he met his death by sunstroke. He was buried with full military honors in old Calvary Cemetery.

The following description of the burning of Flinn's hay barn appeared in the "Chronicle" on July 30, 1885:

"AN EIGHTH STREET BLAZE"
"Several Firemen Injured by a
Falling Wall"

"Officers Ennis and Fox discovered a fire raging in the one-story

frame building at 215 Eighth street, owned and occupied by P. T. Flinn as a hay barn, at 12:15 o'clock yesterday afternoon, and sounded an alarm from box 73. The barn was completely filled with hay and the entire structure was a mass of flames. The fire rapidly spread on the south side to the three story frame and basement building, 217 Eighth street, owned by L. Bovo, and the side of the structure next the hay barn was soon destroyed. The lower floor of the building was occupied as a bakery and dwelling by James Tuite and the upper stories were occupied as dwellings by Albert Landsberg and Mrs. Bruno Lowandowski. On the north side the flames communicated to the roof of the one-story frame building, 211 Eighth street, owned by P. Costello and occupied by L. Kelly as a saloon and dwelling. By this time the Fire Department had arrived on the scene, and Acting Chief Riley discovered that he had a heavy task on his hands to prevent the further spread of the fire. The entire block bounded by Howard, Seventh, Folsom and Eighth streets is covered with old wooden buildings, and it has long been anticipated that at some time it will be swept away by fire. A stream of water was thrown over Bovo's building, another engine took up a position on Kelly's saloon, a third pipe line was run in through the alleyway by the side of the barn and a fourth company attacked from the front, the clouds of dense stifling smoke arising from the burning hay nearly stifling the firemen, and at times it was impossible for them to see. The flames crept around in the rear of Kelly's saloon and next attacked the roof and side of the two-story building, 209 Eighth street, owned by Mrs. Howard. This building was occupied on the ground floor by McTavish & Co., painters and paper hangers, while the second was occupied as a dwelling by Henry Pelletier. In a short time the spread of the fire was checked and the energies of the firemen were devoted to extinguishing the burning hay.

Ten minutes later Chief Riley noticed that the front wall of the

hay barn was giving way, and he called to his men to leave their dangerous position. A few seconds later the wall fell out on the sidewalk, and Joseph Zammit of Hose Company 5 and John Campbell of Engine Company 6 were buried beneath the debris. They were promptly rescued, but Zammit was found to be in an insensible condition. Conveyances were summoned and the injured men were taken to the receiving hospital, where it was found that they had escaped without any serious injury. Zammit was bruised about the chest and body, while Campbell was injured about the back and neck. Another of the firemen stood in the doorway when the front fell out and escaped without any injury. The fire in the hay was not extinguished for several hours and then it was discovered that a valuable cow, owned by P. T. Flinn, had been burned to death. It is estimated that the entire damage will not exceed \$2500.00, mostly by fire. The barn owned by Flinn has been burned five times, and he estimates his present loss at from \$800 to \$1000."

Overheard at the last meeting of the Club—party addressed Henry Donahue thusly: "You tell 'em Drug-gist—you have the dope".

Pat F. McCarthy contends that the hard shelled fellow isn't always "a nut."

* * *

Pete McCormick says some people are so honest they can't take a joke.

* * *

According to Jim McElroy the hard-boiled egg doesn't always make a hit with a chicken.

* * *

James Conlan often sings Irene Franklin's vintage of '98 which ran as follows: "I can't buy you a diamond ring. I can't buy you flowers of spring; in fact, I can't buy you a single thing. But I can love you."

Our ROTENgraveur Page



Gus Pratt was a dashing
Toreador when a youngster.

Phil Benedetti, our florist member says: "If you are courting a girl, find out in the first place if she loves flowers; if she does, you can go it blind on all other matters, and come out ahead at that."

* * *

Why does Judge John Van Nostrand carry a cane?

* * *

Remember when Ma Chesney, Sixth and Natoma would not serve more than two drinks to an individual.

* * *

Bill Flarathy, absent from San Francisco for 35 years called to inquire the whereabouts of the Coursey Boys who lived on Natoma street.

* * *

Hen Bucking reminded us of the large casks in front of his uncle's cooper shop on Brannan street. No need of reminding US Hen—'twas an ideal place for spoons.

* * *

Dick Cox—just as hale and hearty as when he pushed the old "Hose" with the "Exempts" is an enthusiastic South of Market Boy.



ADVANCE NOTICE

Chief Tamal watching the horde of South of Market Boys and friends arriving at Fairfax.

Old Pop Goecken, the Hay-man, one of our oldest and most revered members said about the Show: "I never laughed so much since the night Fat Man Cannon slipped and fell into a basket of crockery in Meyers' Lamp Store on Fourth street.

* * *

"Have a little cognac at Gus Bernard's at Fifth and Howard." That was a familiar saying of "yars" ago.

* * *

Wonder what became of Tony who shined them so good at Fifth and Howard.

* * *

We would walk blocks for a big steam at the Charleston, 871 Market street.



Do you remember when
most every wine list bore
this bunch of grapes?

In 1890, South of Market was well represented by the Disciples of Ben Franklin with R. Munk, the Printer at 805 Mission, kicking his big press in the window; W. W. Sherman, Fourth and Folsom; E. B. Griffiths and Sons, Howard and Seventh; Jim Leo, Sixth and Market; Jos. O. Jephson, 739 Market street; Henry Lick, the cheap printer who supplied business cards for a \$1.00 a M.

* * *

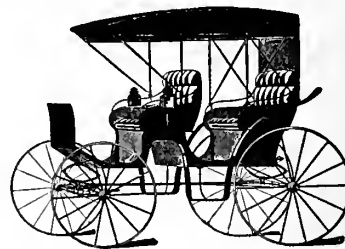
If you dont think that Jim Kerr can handle the peddles on the cash register, ask Eddie Healy. The receipts after all those "Pollies" were spending showed naught.

* * *

Jack Collins, one of the new members was hunting for the gas lamp and Limpy Limpy, the lamp lighter.

* * *

Arthur Hansen, another new member said he was not so dry in twenty years, he said that when he woke up the next morning his wife told him he was patting the round knob on the bedstead saying "Atta Boy Nice Old Barrel," he thought the barrel of beer walked off the stage into his bedroom.



FOR SALE—CHEAP
See Joe McTigue.

Charlie Dullea brought a bag full of crackers and cheese with him, so when he was coming into the Hall Tom Murphy said to him, "Gee Charlie, we forgot the Footrail." We think Charlie and Tom was in Cahoots.

* * *

Joe Erdilatz when he walked into the saloon started looking for the corn beef on the counter, then he looked to see if Billy Grant, Tommy Murtle, Jimmy Grant were trying to kid the bartender. We dont know why they would want to kid the bartender. This question will be referred to Jim Kerr.

* * *

Joe and Barney Maloney were sitting on the side lines and every now and then, they would whisper to one another. One of the gang happened by when they were doing this and the last word he heard was "Steam." Maybe they were talking about steamboats although they were looking at the bar all the time.

* * *

There was one thing missing in that Bar Room Scene, the cleanup (Johnny Spillane).



And I remember when a compote of
fruit like this was given with a six-
course dinner and a pint of good wine
for 50 cents.

South of Market Boys' Outing and Field Day

FAIRFAX, SUNDAY, AUGUST 29, 1926

COMMITTEES

D. S. O'BRIEN, *Honorary Chairman*
AL. KATCHINSKI, *Vice Chairman*

DANIEL C. MURPHY, *Chairman*
THOMAS HAWKINS, *Sergeant-at-Arms*
JOHN J. WHELAN, *Secretary*

The following is but a partial list of the Picnic Committeemen as selected by the Chairmen. The complete list will be published in the Official Programme which will be distributed on the morning of the Picnic.

CONCESSIONS

HARRY S. MCGOVERN, *Chairman*

Andres C. Johnson
Ray Schiller
Thos. Gosland, Jr.
Hugh J. McGowan

James Conlan
Paul Perazzo
Duncan A. McPhee

James Dhuc
Walter Brady
Max Stern

Herman Goldman
Harry Jones
John E. Foley

Wm. Trade
Sam Stern
Chas. McGreevy

GAMES

JAMES G. CONLON, *Chairman*

Joe Moreno
J. F. Cunningham
J. Murphy
Geo. McNulty

J. F. O'Leary
Wm. Wynn
Wm. Bonsor

James Mullen
J. L. McLaughlin
T. A. Reardon

Geo. Watson
J. J. Handley
F. Lake

James Roxburgh
Joe McTigue
W. J. McLaughlin

FINANCE AND GATE

FRANK B. McSTOCKER, *Chairman*

Joseph Bertram
John Moreno
John McNaughton

Wm. J. O'Connell
Phil Kennedy
Michael Doyle

Peter Maloney
Joseph Moreno
Robert L. Nyland

Tom Ford
Wm. A. Granfield
Thomas Maloney

John J. Murphy
John A. O'Connell
James E. Conlon

PRIZES

B. J. SLYTER, *Chairman*

Edw. Grancy
Edw. Galloup

Thos. Hawkins
E. Kraut

INVITATION

CHIEF DANIEL J. O'BRIEN, *Chairman*

George O'Brien
Daniel J. O'Brien, Jr.
William J. Quinn

John Coghlan
Frank McConnell

James Finn
Carl Deftichelson

Dr. Arthur A. O'Neill
John J. Casey

Bernard J. Judge
James Boland
George McLaughlin

RECEPTION

A. BORKHEIM, *Chairman*

HON. JAS. ROLPH, Jr., HON. JAS. POWER, STANLEY COOK, *Vice Chairmen*

John J. Van Nostrand
M. J. Tierney
Wm. Tierney
John J. McManus
Thomas F. Graham
Thos. R. Murphy
Wm. Golden
Steve Bunner
Joseph M. Golden
W. J. Hynes
Dan O'Callaghan
Thos. R. Creeley

Rev. R. I. Coffee
C. W. Tighe
J. A. Wilson
Mathew A. Brady
Pat R. Parker
Edward Bryant
Warren Shannon
Con Deasy
Wm. R. Hagerty
Frank Tracey
A. T. Barnett

Harold Lunderback
James Conlon
Wm. Finnigan
Phil Benedetti
P. H. McCarthy
H. I. Mulcrevy
Tim Tracay
Chas. F. Skelly
Mathew Heyfron
Joseph Scully
John Horgan

Milton Davis
William McCabe
F. J. Pratt
Geo. J. Assmussen
J. Frank Dever
Frank Dunn
Frank J. Egan
Thos. F. Finn
Thomas Gosland, Jr.
Alec Greggains
Michael Hannan

Herman Kohn
J. J. Mangen
Milton Marks
Andrew J. Gallagher
Frank McLaughlin
J. McTiernan
Al. Murphy
Gus Pratt
Robert Rauer
John Theiler
Jos. Tuite
Richard Welch

FLOOR

GEORGE DUFFY, *Chairman*

Harry M. Kelly
Dan Anglin
Otis Berge
Thos. F. Prendergast

T. I. Fitzpatrick
James McSheehy
John Dhuc

Frank McConnell
George Gilmore
C. W. McGreevy

Wm. Cannon
Dan Sheehan
Andrew Porter

Sam Solomon
Jack Rafferty
George Frederickson

MUSIC

DR. F. I. GONZALES, *Chairman*

Bert Kahn
J. H. Scully
Ralph McLeran

M. J. McGovern
J. Granfield

Harry Seguire
Caesar Attell

Al. Goldman
N. M. Benjamin

J. J. Tomalty
Alex. Duffer
Thomas J. Trodden

PROGRAM

FRANK M. BRADY, *Chairman*

Chas. McGinnerty
A. F. Aimknecht
Walter Brand
H. Brennan
Fred Butler
J. J. Canavan

J. M. Cochrane
Dan Fairfield
Luke Fay
Rev. T. Bresnahan
George Kamena
P. K. Kelleher

Thos. J. Kennan
A. F. Wettig
Thos. Welsh
H. Weideman
Joe Leahy

John Lambert
Frank McDonald
Mike McKeever
George Allen
Dick Cullen

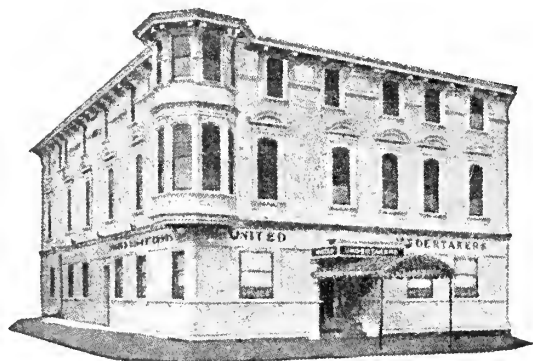
J. Emmet Hayden
Jos. F. Burns
Wm. D. Flynn
Sam Drugan
Jas. H. Meyers
W. W. Hansen

(Continued on Page 19)

W. W. HANSEN, Manager
C. W. McGREEVY

W. J. McLAUGHLIN, Treasurer
GEO. J. ASMUSSEN, Secretary

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William H. Waste

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Supreme Court of California

42 TROPHIES FOR ATHLETIC EVENTS

More than two score of beautiful cups have been contributed by enthusiastic friends as trophies for the Athletic events to be held during our Picnic and Field Day, Fairfax, Sunday, August 29th. The cups were presented by:

Attell, Caesar
Barnett, A. T.
Brady, Matt
Burns, Joseph
Conlan, James G.
Deasy, Daniel C.
Deasy, Frank
Dunn, Frank W.
Dunne, Frank H.
Egan, Frank
Finn, Tom
Fitzpatrick, T. I.
Golden, Joseph M.
Graney, "Eddie"
Haggerty, Wm. P.
Hamilton, Chas.
Holland & Molkenbuhr
Johnson, W. P.
Kahn, Mrs. Julius
Katchinski, Al.
Lazarus, Sylvain J.
Louderback, Harold
Maloney, Peter
Marino, Capt.
Murphy, Daniel C.
O'Brien, Daniel J.
Oliva, Gus—2 cups
O'Toole, John J.
Power, James E.
Prendergast, Thos. F.
Radium Ore Revigator Co.
Rolph, James
Sapiro, Aaron
Schonfeld, Geo. W.
Shortall, Edward P.
Shortridge, Samuel
South of Market Girls
Squires, Dr. M. O.
Toner, Dr. J. M.
Van Nostrand, John J.
Williamson, Ray

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701 East Third St., Los Angeles

THE MOTH AND THE FLAME

The invention of electric light was a great thing for moths. For thousands of years moths had been rushing into the flames of lamps and candles and dying there.

They were propelled by a frenzy, and ecstasy, the nature of which we can only conjecture. But the hunch must have been a joyful one. The moth saw the flame, and it looked good to him.

"You be careful", said the cricket, "or you'll burn your wings!"

"Wings!" said the moth. "Wings and everything else. I'm goin' to shoot the roll! Watch! Here I go! All of me!"

And, blooey! There he went! One moment a fine young moth, the pride of his friends and family, with the dust of amethysts upon his wings . . . and the next, a cinder. And his last words were: "It hurts, but I like it."

The trouble with the moth was that he could not take it or leave it alone. A slip or two of flame on Saturday nights—and then sleep it off over Sundays—meant nothing at all to his excitable temperament. "If a little of it is good", he used to say, "a lot of it is better. It may kill me in the end, but I'll die happy!"

And in merry millions he and his friends fluttered to their deaths.

And then the electric light was invented, and Dissipation made Safe for the moth. He fusses around the little bulbs, and tries and tries but cannot burn himself to death. He gets all the thrill he used to get, as far as the human observer can tell, but he escapes the lethal consequences. For him, there isn't a headache in a barrel of it . . . for him the evenings are one joyous philanderation with the Spirit of Flame, and he doesn't have to marry her. He used to have a short life and a merry one; now he has a long life and a merry one. There is no serpent in his Eden, no poison in his cup; science has come to the assistance of his pleasure and he escapes moral consequences, scandal, hardened arteries, and the psychopathic ward.

What Edison has done for the moth, someone should do for the Human Race. We shall not develop the theme, but leave you to quarrel over the idea amongst yourselves.

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F. Pratt & J. Israel

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39 TAYLOR STREET
Near Market St.



The oldest South of Market inhabitant.

Pete Heinrichs says "the friendship of two women is usually a plot against a third."

* * *

Charlie Thompson says it makes a great difference whether glasses are used over or under the nose.

* * *

William O'Halloran's definition of a dangerous character is a man who "takes life" cheerfully.

* * *

Henry Dipple states that he never was afraid of catching cold from a shower—of curls.

* * *

THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS
OF THE
SOUTH OF MARKET BOYS, INC.
MEETS ON THE SECOND
TUESDAY OF THE MONTH

* * *

Joe Hurley says that whenever he thinks of Ireland's woes—his heart goes "pity-Pat."

* * *

Dr. M. O. Squires advises that to keep from stuttering—dont talk.

* * *

John Moran saw the following on a bill of fare, and pointing to it requested the waiter to bring it. "Filet de boeuf et pommes de terre hachis, a l'Hibernaise." John got Irish stew.

* * *

When Eddie Healy was going to shoot himself in the last part of the Bar Room scene, Jack Murnane was standing in back of the hall and when he saw Eddie lift the gun he came running up the aisle shouting "My God, Eddie, don't miss yourself, for if you do you'll surely puncture that beer barrel and that's the nearest we have seen of the pound and a half in 20 years."

* * *

One of John O'Connell's
wise sayings:

ot

tne verp

eru tufh cum

worros

yap ya dot

dna

tsurt

worro mot

Compliments

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"TO EAT"

Compliments of

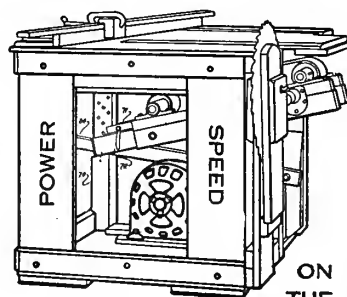
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1924

SOUTH OF MARKET JOURNAL



Official Organ of
THE SOUTH OF MARKET BOYS, INC.

Editorial and Business Offices
853 HOWARD STREET, SAN FRANCISCO
PHONE DOUGLAS 2377

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SOUTH OF MARKET PUBLISHING CO.
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JOHN F. QUINN Business Manager
LEON E. MUNIER Editor

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Advertising rates on application.

VOL. 2. AUGUST, 1926 No. 1.

There's No Place Like Home

Mr. Thos. P. Garrity, President,
South of Market Boys' Assn., Inc.,
515 Howard St., S. F. Calif.

Dear Mr Garrity:

Mrs. O'Brien and myself feel deeply grateful for the thoughtfulness of the members of your association, in authorizing a committee of which you were a member to meet us at Third and Townsend Street Depot, on Tuesday morning, August 3, 1926, when we arrived in San Francisco, after our trip to Chicago, and I can assure you that the beautiful bunch of roses you presented to Mrs. O'Brien were sincerely appreciated by her as well as by myself.

While it was our pleasure to visit many beautiful places during our trip, I can assure you that we were glad to come back to our own city by the Golden Gate and while it may appear provincial for me to boost the Home Town, I can say with sincerity and in absolute good faith that, "Mid pleasures and palaces tho' we may Roam", there is no place like our good San Francisco; and with all its fascinations and cherished history, I think we can truly say that no organization has done or is doing more to perpetuate the fond memories of by-gone days than our own South of Market Boys' Association. Indeed, the presentation of roses by your committee upon our arrival is but another symbol of the splendid loyalty and good spirit which pervades the substance of your organization.

Will you kindly convey our sincere gratitude and thanks to the members of the South of Market Boy's Association, and please add our special appreciation to the members of your committee who were so kind as to meet and greet us at the Third and Townsend Street Depot.

Very truly yours,

D. J. O'Brien.

Resolution

At the regular meeting of the "South of Market Boys, Inc." the following resolution was adopted and the Secretary was instructed to forward a copy to Brother Albert S. Samuels, to the Journal for publication and also to be spread upon the minutes of our meeting.

WHEREAS: It has pleased Almighty God to remove from our midst, Mrs. Lena Samuels, beloved mother of our First Vice President, Albert S. Samuels:

AND WHEREAS: He has been deprived of his dearest friend, who was a constant companion and a lovable mother:

NOW THEREFORE BE IT RESOLVED: That the membership of the South of Market Boys in meeting assembled, trust our Brother will bear with fortitude his great loss and whatever comfort there may be in friendly sympathy, is extended to him in deepest sincerity.

THOS. P. GARRITY,
President.

W. A. GRANFIELD,
Secretary.

SAVE THE TIN-FOIL

In Memoriam

The sympathies of the South of Market Boys are extended to the family of James Kenney who was initiated April 3, 1925 and passed away August 12.

What Boat Shall I Take

To the South of Market Boys Outing and Field Day, Fairfax, Sunday, August 29. Take boat at Sausalito Ferry leaving at 6:45 a. m., and every half hour until 9:45, then 10:30, 11:15, 12:01, 12:45, 1:30, 2:15, and 3 o'clock. Returning, trains will leave Fairfax at 3:01, 3:26, 3:56, 4:26, 4:56, 5:26, 5:56, 6:26, 7:14, 7:47, etc.

SAVE THE TIN-FOIL



President Hayes of the South of Market Girls is at home recuperating from severe injuries sustained when struck by an automobile which jumped the curb at 5th and Market Streets.

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South of Market Boys' Outing and Field Day

COMMITTEES—Continued from Page 13

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GEO. W. PATERSON

Memories of the Past

By GEORGE W. PATERSON

Time weaves a golden pattern
Of happiness and cheer
About the pleasant memories
Of folks we hold as dear;
And though the years may pass us,
The little roadways part—
Time makes our golden friendship
Still sweeter to the heart.

In the above stanza lies the sentiment that prompts the existence of such an organization as the South of Market Boys, Inc. As each month rolls around and we assemble in large numbers within the confines of our moot room to meet and greet those friends of other days who have been attracted to our ranks that they may come across some one whom they knew and revered in the good old days of long ago and from whose association they had drifted by reason of the march of civilization. And what joy seems to come to you when you recognize among the new faces presented by the chairman of the membership committee some dear old crony you knew so well in the days of your youth and whose companionship you craved then.

In bringing such friends together the organization has certainly earned your gratitude and unconsciously there enters into your being a feeling that is indescribable but seems to be effervescent with joy and satisfaction and as a result old friendships are renewed and old acquaintances again ripen into closer relationships—thereby making for the taking on a new lease of life that begets longevity.

In every man's experience acquaintanceship is evanescent. It is fair and flitting like a summer cloud. Its vestiges seem to never depart but to float through our atmosphere. So, therefore, within the ranks of this wonderful society friends silently gather as by magic, whose never failing, never

quite deceiving, visions, like the bright and fleecy clouds in the calmest and clearest days, make for such unheralded happiness and pleasure that we feel like murmuring to ourselves with blissful emotion—"Oh; Gee, I'm glad I'm here." It is then but natural for us to form this alliance and to renew the friendships of the past with added enthusiasm and increased warmth.

Without further ado then and with the hope that it will afford you increased exhilaration of spirits and bring back vividly to your memory thoughts in connection with the people and places I will mention, that will fill you with delight and make you feel that you are in that state wherein the just are dealing with the just, the magnanimous with the magnanimous, and the sincere with the sincere, man with man.

I will not confine myself to any particular locality but will skip about from place to place, thereby giving greater variety to my review. It will be my aim to keep principally within the industrial section of South of Market.

The first place that comes to my mind is the old Pacific Iron Works that was located on First Street, between Mission and Howard, when George W. Fogg was superintendent and which ran through to Fremont St. Another well known place that existed in the early 70's was the Eureka Foundry, run by the Thompson Brothers and located at 129 and 131 Beale St.

You surely remember the old Albany Brewery that was owned by Spreckels & Co., and which stood at 71-73-75 Everett St., between 3rd and 4th Sts., and whose special brew was known as the Superior Cream Ale.

Then there was the old India Rice Mill located on the corner of Mission and Fremont Sts., and run by Wm. M. Greenwood. One of the most popular Sawing and Planing Mills of those days was

the "Enterprise" located at 217-225 Spear St., and 218-226 Steuart St., and operated by D. A. MacDonald & Co.

A prominent establishment at that time was the Miner's Foundry and Machine Works, run by Angell, Palmer & Co., and situated at 247-259 First St. Another famous place was Richardson and Holland's Beale St. Mill at the corner of Beale and Mission Sts., with the office entrance at 304 Mission St.

At 413 and 415 Mission St. was located B. H. Freeman & Co., the Stair Builders. Their place adjoined the Mechanics' Mill which was run by Andrew Wilkie & Co. H. N. Cook, manufacturer of Oak Leather Belting and Hose was another well known establishment. It was located at 415 Market St.

You no doubt recollect the Ship Chandlers—A. Crawford & Co., located at 25 and 27 Market St. It was quite a landmark. With him as bookkeeper was James R. Watson who afterwards became Royal Chief of the S. F. Scottish Thistle Club. Mr. Andrew Crawford the senior member of the firm subsequently came to his end by collapsing after running for a car in an effort to board it.

The celebrated Pioneer Macaroni and Vermicelli Factory which was run by J. P. Tenthoey & Co., was located at 558 Mission St. on the north side between 1st and 2nd Sts.

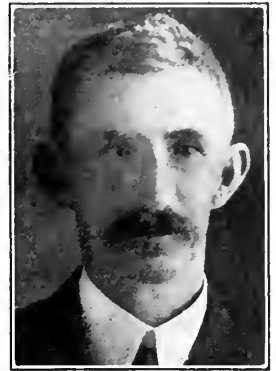
Going back to Fremont St., the Globe Iron Works looms up in our vision. F. A. Huntington was the proprietor and it was located at No. 143-145, half way between Mission and Howard Sts.

Beale St. was a popular location, in the early days, for Iron Works and Machine Shops. You may perhaps remember T. H. King & Co., who carried an immense stock of Carriage and Wagon Materials. They were successors to J. D. Casebolt and Co., and

(Continued on Page 29)

Memories of the Past

By DAN J. LYONS AND JAMES H. ROXBURGH



JAMES H. ROXBURGH

(Continued from July Number)

Coming back to Langton, bet. Harrison and Folsom, we remember old man Cunningham, a carpenter, who owned several houses in the neighborhood who had no children and was very much of a gronch—God rest his soul. Almost next door was a most estimable family named Ross, who had three fine sons, Jim, Jack and Alex., and one daughter, Mary. Mary married a wealthy man and is the mother of a fine family. Jack and Alex. died long years ago, and Jim (dear old friend) was with the Morse patrol the last time I saw him. Jack Ross was another boy who learned his trade with McNally & Hawkins.

Then there was Ackerman (the capitalist) and his sister, Mrs. Smucker, who used to make fancy boot uppers for Buckingham and Hecht and the writer was her messenger boy, making daily round trips after school to the old factory on Haight and Gough streets. Her husband was a sea captain and used to make trips to the South Seas and she had the most wonderful collection of tapa cloth, war implements, shells, pearls and curios that I have ever seen and I have seen some few collections, principally that of the Bishop Museum, but her collection today would be worth many thousand dollars as she had all of her rooms and the big cellar crowded with curios from the Marquesas, Solomon and Fiji Islands.

The Venker brothers. Fred was manager of the Los Angeles office of the Standard Oil Company at the time of his death in Tucson, Arizona, about 15 years ago; he was the first man hired by the Standard Oil Company when they came to California about 1880. Jim Sharkey of 7th street and Ed. Sullivan of Langton, near Howard, also were early employees of the big company. Henry Venker, the oldest brother was for many years a marine engineer and learned his trade of machinist at the

old Risdon Iron Works with Harry Miller who lived on 7th, near Mission.

Then came the McDonough home. Mrs. McDonough, a short, quiet little woman who was a widow and owned several flats on Langton street, very unassuming, very quiet and very religious—went to Mass every morning at old St. Joseph's Church at 10th and Howards Sts. Isidore Roussel and his wife and boy (Walter) lived in the lower flat. Mrs. Roussel was the sister of Thomas J. and Mike Welsh, the well known architects of San Francisco. The Roussel family have all been dead for many years and were certainly very fine people. Walter Roussel was one of the first Century riders and used to make many bicycle trips to San Jose in the old days.

Then there was the Hart family (the children all girls and the best dressers in San Francisco); they all worked in big stores as sales ladies and took good care of their parents, besides dressing themselves with marvelous taste.

Then the Hallahan family; two sons and four daughters. Hughey and John were the boys. John was quite a dude, and the best dressed man on the street; poor Hughey passed away while still a young man and was very popular with everyone. On the other side toward Harrison lived the Parson family, with two sons, one of whom was a well-known jeweler in those days, and on the Folsom side was the Ward family—two sons and one daughter; the father was a boss longshoreman and was very well-to-do at one time. His oldest son Willie went to Los Angeles to work as a printer and the younger boy, Ed. was a member of the San Francisco police force for many years. I believe the family has all gone over the divide except Willie who now lives in Tucson, Arizona.

Of course you remember the Cole and Smiley families who owned the large block of houses

next door, Paul and Willie Cole. Lillian and Mary I have not seen for years. Willie was my favorite, I always liked him, and we were always great friends. The Folger boys and Ed Gaskill lived in one of those houses as did also the Reilly family. Remember Josh Reilly, the old-time actor who used to play at the old Bella Union and Adelphi Theatres? He is now a big booking agent for vaudeville performers in Seattle.

Then the Barrett family, Mr. and Mrs. Barrett, and their children, Johnny, Joe, Mary and Kate. Kate married Charley Bradrick. Joe and Johnny passed away a long time ago while Mary is still a spinster.

Then there was the Halk family who occupied another one of the Cole flats. The three brothers who were all blacksmiths and horse-shoers whom I did not know so well as I was away most of the time they lived there; their little brother, Benny, whom I admired very much. My brother John married Mary Halk, and she is the mother of my nephew, Francis, of whom I spoke earlier in this article. I understand that she is living with her son and grandchildren on Harper street, San Francisco.

Then there was the Welsh family who originally came to San Francisco from Australia. One son, Thos. J. Welsh, was born in the Antipodes and the others, Michael, John and Joe, were born in San Francisco. Thomas, John and Joe are dead but Mike Welsh, the well known architect, is still living and has raised a large family. He lives on Treat avenue where he has resided for many years. Thomas and Michael Welsh were the architects of the old Flood building which stood at 4th and Market streets before the fire; also architects of the Cathedral on

(Continued on Page 27)

Re-elect Mrs. Julius Kahn



Mrs. Florence P. Kahn, who succeeded her husband, the late Julius Kahn, as Representative from the Fourth District, has made a record as Congresswoman that is a credit to the judgment of her constituents in electing her. Always capable and watchful in legislative matters, Mrs. Kahn is not alone an earnest, hard worker, but she combines with legislative ability the finest qualities of mind and heart.

San Francisco could ill afford to lose the good service in Congress of Mrs. Kahn. The people of this city know her well and appreciate her good work. And as the people of other states have shown that they want none but the best in office, the voters in the Fourth District should again return Mrs. Kahn to Congress with an overwhelming majority.

RE-ELECT JUDGE Walter Perry Johnson



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BETWEEN TURK AND MARKET STREETS

HISTORY OF THE FIRE

(Continued from Page 10)

low, and bore the same covering of underbrush as before. A cabbage patch at the top of the hill was cut in two by the slide; while part of it remained on the hilltop, another portion reposed unharmed some three hundred feet below and the remainder either hung on terraces near the top or was stretched out on the steep slope between. The ocean soon washed away the new promontory, as it was mainly soft sand; but back from the beach a little valley runs down to the sea where none existed before.

North of the entrance to San Francisco Bay is the Marin Peninsula, between the bay and the ocean, the Tamalpais ridge being its backbone. Between this ridge and the low lying hills further west, there is a narrow valley, constituting an easy pass northward; it runs in the direction of the fault line, and in line with it. At its southern end Bolinas Bay runs into it; at the north Tomales Bay—both long narrow inlets having the same general direction. Plainly at some remote period there was a subsidence through here, just as in the San Andreas canon.

The fault line appears at the head of the bay at Bolinas, and extends twenty miles over the rolling ground of the valley just mentioned to the head of Tomales Bay, where it disappears in the soft tideflats. At the little town of Olema, a few miles south of Tomales Bay, a striking example of its action appears. On one of the farms there the fault line passes diagonally under a large barn within a few feet of a house. About three-quarters of the barn was west of the fault; it moved as a whole more than sixteen feet without any injury except breaking the foundation joists under the other quarter. The house just beyond moved a like distance. Formerly three stately eucalyptus trees stood before the windows. They are now far to one side; as the fault passed between the house and the trees, the former shifted and the latter remained in their old position. The owner of the adjoining farm complains that the lane which ran past his barn down to his pasture has been moved, so that he has to go around the corner of the barn now to get to it, instead of straight ahead. The road to Inverness, passing over the marsh at the

(Continued on Page 24)

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THE SOUTH OF
MARKET BOYS**HISTORY OF THE FIRE**

(Continued from Page 23)

head of Tomales Bay, now shows a sharp reverse curve where formerly it was as straight as a string. It is offset twenty feet; this is the greatest amount of shifting anywhere on the fault line.

In this region the soil is a soft and deep alluvium, and the vibrations caused by the shock were very pronounced. The whole mass of soft earth trembled like jelly; when the shaking was over, the soil of the fields settled down in its old place (except along the fault line itself), but the stiff surface of the roads was in some places very badly cracked. A wagon bridge at Olema was laid flat; another, at Point Reyes Station (near the head of Tomales Bay), was arched several feet by the narrowing of the creek it crossed. A train there was overturned just as it was about to pull out for San Francisco.

Beyond Tomales Bay the line of the fault passes under the ocean as far as Fort Ross, twenty-five miles above, where it reappears in a country of redwood forests. Through these it passes about forty miles to Point Arena, always in the same direct line. In the redwood forests we find the same manifestations of power as elsewhere; great trees, five and six feet in diameter, were thrown down, twisted about by the roots, or split open for as much as forty feet from the ground. At Point Arena the fault runs down through the sand to the beach and out into the ocean. How far northward it continues is not known, as its direction takes it farther and farther away from the coast, but serious damage to coast towns as far north as Eureka indicates that the fracture extends northward for many miles.

Apart from the actual shifting and displacement of the ground along the line of the fault, the greatest damage seems to have been done several miles away from it. The houses on the Spring Valley properties were not seriously damaged by the shock; the Crystal Springs dam seems not to have been damaged at all. At Olema one house—a very old one—was thrown down, but others, including those nearest the fault line, were scarcely injured.

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**DANIEL S. O'BRIEN**
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E. A. Wallace, Sec'y
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Miss Laura Heineberg, 1555 Jackson St., S. F.

Mrs. Leah Phillips, 635 Clayton St., S. F.

Mrs. Marian A. Herold, Mill Valley, Cal.

Mrs. W. P. Moore, 2900 Penvenne Ave., Berkeley, Cal.

Mrs. Julia B. Hoitt, 2319 Broadway North, Seattle Washington.

Note: Mrs. Hoitt is widow of Ira G. Hoitt, first Principal of the Lincoln Grammar School, and is still in good health.

A vote of thanks is due our good friend and brother, Charlie Hamilton, who added materially to Schnltz's party by presenting two "drums"—one from which genial Jim Kerr drew from and the other which was on "tap" for the membership. Thanks Charles, Call again.



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Greetings from



Frank J. Egan
Public Defender

(Continued from Page 21)

Van Ness avenue. Father Oliver Welsh, I understand, is the son of the late Thos. J. Welsh. He is assigned to the Paulist Catholic Church on California street. A daughter Elizabeth (Mrs. Thomas J. Glynn) died in San Francisco about a year ago and in her youth was a wonderful vocalist and musician.

Then we have Charley Towers and wife at 108 Langton. Charley Towers was for many years superintendent of the boiler shop of the Risdon Iron Works; a stern, sober man, very set in his ways and very much respected by the Meade family who controlled the destinies of the iron works forty years ago; lived at the corner of Decker Alley (formerly Drury Lane) and Langton street. Chris Decker had enough influence to have the name changed. Old Drury Lane where we boys learned to play marbles, run foot races and start amateur prize fights, one old cat and the first home of our negro minstrel shows, for it was in Hare's barn that George O'Neill and myself gave an imitation of the Heeley Brothers in a song called "The Happy Hottentots." Do you remember—"We were the happy hottentots—happy, happy, happy hottentots—and from Africa we came that's where we got our name."

Of course I could go down the line and mention the names of all of our old school teachers at 8th street school: Misses Dowling, Ciprico, Hassett, Barry, Donovan, also Professor D'Ancona who lived at the corner of Drury Lane and 7th street. Professor Itself with the long black whiskers; John A. Moore, our principal who went to Honolulu and had charge of all the schools of the various islands; Selden Sturges, now with Crocker School of San Francisco; Professor Price, teacher of music; Professor Espina, teacher of handwriting; Professor O'Connor; John J. McDade, who taught our bookkeeping class at Lincoln Night School; the Van Nostrand family, Percy, Frank, and the youngest who is now a judge of the Superior Court; The Denigans who lived on 7th near Folsom; the Fahrenkrugs at 7th and Howard; the Grosh family, the Frink family, the McGee family at Langton near Howard; the Wilkinsons, the Sullivans (Ed was with the Standard Oil Co.); the Sweeneys (relatives of Matt Nu-

nan); the Lowney family (Dan died a short while ago); Dr. Bell, Dr. Anderson, Petibeu the drug-gist, the Deane family (Miss Deane married M. H. DeYoung), they lived at Folsom, close to Rausch; Billy Kennedy, who lived next door; Malagamba, who kept the French liquor store close by; Egan's saloon across the street; Geraghty, the variety store man, who lived to a great old age and the first man to sell us books; the McCarthy family, Denny, Charles, Romeo and Frank. Charley McCarthy rose to be Governor of the Sandwich Islands. His brother Frank is with the Postoffice Dept. The McFarland family on Folsom near Langton, their back yard faced on Drury Lane. John was educated at old St. Mary's and has been dead for many years. Charley is a big broker in Los Angeles and quite wealthy (wonder if he remembers the time we found the purse full of silver when they were tearing down the old barn that contained about one million rats). One of the girls was a prominent school teacher for many years. Mrs. McFarland was a wonderful woman and gave all of her children good schooling.

George Munk the printer who lived on Folsom near Harrison Ave. Old man Curtis who started an opposition to Spring Valley and had his private water company on Harrison Ave. and had many customers in the vicinity. The Butterworth family—the senior member was a fine type of a man and had a high class plumbing establishment on Folsom near Harrison Ave. He had two sons, Tom and John, and one daughter—one of the sons, John, was first a plumber and then went on the police force, the older boy became the owner of a stained glass factory and his son went on the stage—Scotty Butterworth, remember him—he was a scream in 20 minutes at Coffee Dans.

Remember the old church at 10th and Howard; Father Hugh and Joe Gallagher. Father Cullen, Father Bermingham—Oh, I could run on forever and tell you a lot of wonderful stories of the old days, the old ways. Remember Butler's Distillery way down about 9th and Bryant, where we used to catch minnows with bent pins and go in swimming Sunday morning while old man Butler was at church—those were surely "The Happiest Days."

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Signs**

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Valencia
Street

Phone PARK 3404

MEMORIES—PATERSON

(Continued from Page 20)

were located on the corner of Beale and Market Sts. At 151 and 153 Beale St. stood the Excelsior Iron Works. It was there that James J. Gallagher manufactured Architectural and Ornamental Gates, Fences, etc. The Hawkins & Cantrell Machine Works occupied the premises at 210 and 212 Beale St. They were between Howard and Folsom Sts. Across the street from them was the Pioneer Iron Works owned and operated by Charlie H. Leavitt. F. L. Curry had his Machine Shop at 123 Beale St. You must certainly remember the Great Risdon Iron and Locomotive Works that built so many of our ferry boats and which was located at the corner of Howard and Beale Sts. On the opposite corner from the Beale St. Mill of Richardson & Holland was the Windmill and Horse Power plant at Market St. run by W. I. Tustin.

A very busy plant in the early days was the establishment of N. W. Cole & Co., where they manufactured Sashes and Blinds galore. It was located at 260 Main St. Another well known industrial plant was the Brass Foundry of W. T. Garratt. It was located at 133 Fremont St. On Fremont St. at No. 32 stood Joshua Henry Machine Works which subsequently moved down the peninsula. You must remember the famous Fulton Iron Works which was originally located at the corner of Tehama and Fremont Sts., and over which old Hinekley presided. Then at No. 15 Fremont St. was located Nelson & Dobles' place. The firm of Moynihan and Aiken was a big institution in its day. It was located at 311 Mission Sts. "Jimmy" Aiken, one of the firm, was a very prominent member of the Caledonian Club and the St. Andrew's Society at that period.

I guess there are but very few alive these days that can remember when the Palace Amphitheatre was located at the Southwest Corner of Mission and New Montgomery Sts. There may be a few who remember the old Empire Brewery that was located at 149-161 Jessie St. That was between Second and Third Sts., and was run by William H. Lyons and John Harrold.

(Continued on Page 30)

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ASSEMBLYMAN
(Republican)
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"As good as it tastes"

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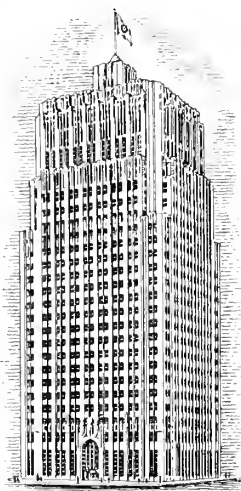
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RE-ELECT
JUDGE
EDWARD P. SHORTALL

Superior



Judge

PRIMARY ELECTION AUGUST 31, 1926

MEMORIES—PATERSON

(Continued from Page 29)

Can you recall when the S. F. Gaslight Co., held forth at the corner of Natoma and First Sts? I guess there are not many.

I will now endeavor to mention a number of drug stores that occupied prominent stations and that were well known in the period we referred to previously in this article. Henry W. Bennett at 21 3rd. St.; Wm. J. Bryan at 3rd. and Howard Sts.; 2nd. and Howard Sts., and at 1 New Montgomery St.; Jas. Curtis & Co. at the Southeast Corner of Stuart and Market Sts.; Jas. H. Gates at Northwest Corner of New Montgomery and Howard Sts.; Peter A. Kearney, Southwest Corner Folsom and First Sts.; C. C. Riley at the Northwest Corner Second and Howard Sts.; A. Rottanzi, Southeast Corner Folsom and Third Sts.; R. B. Thayer, No. 1 New Montgomery St.; Wm. H. Woods, 61 Second St.; J. H. Widber, Southwest Corner Market and Third Sts.; W. E. Mayhew, Northwest Corner 4th. and Howard Sts.; B. Lefevre & Co., Southeast Corner Market and Sixth Sts.; E. J. Pring, Northeast Corner Howard and 4th. Sts.; Ed. Petibean, Northeast Corner Folsom and Langton Sts.; Wm. M. Searsby, Northeast Corner Folsom and Fifth Sts.; Horatio Taylor, 19 Sixth St.; Carl L. Wilhelm, Northwest Corner Sixth and Mission Sts.; Wm. Zelner, Southeast Corner Mission and Fifth Sts., and Joseph Young at 1116 Folsom St.

In the past the mighty blacksmith played a very important part, but today you hardly ever hear of him. In order that you may get some idea of the extent of the blacksmith's calling in the days when automobiles were unknown and horses and carriages and buggies were luxuries I will endeavor to mention a few of the more prominent and prosperous ones which no doubt will cause you to revert back to the time when you were in your prime and spent your Sundays taking out your sweethearts for a buggy-ride, thereby causing many happy episodes to spring into life again. Among the best known were Pat. H. Burns of 670 Mission St.; John W. Clough, 17 Stevenson St.; Cunningham & Parker, 654 Howard St.; Chas. Dohs, 926 Harrison St.;

(Continued on Page 32)



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"OH HELL-OH"

Mrs. Annie Curtis, South of Market Girl, will leave Saturday, August 21 for New York as a delegate to the Telephone Operators' Convention. (While these ladies believe in and are always looking for signals and signs, they are anything but deaf and dumb). Mrs. Curtis has a letter of introduction from His Honor, the Mayor, to the President of the "Grand Street Boys," and it will be her endeavor to acquaint the gentleman with the activities of both the South of Market Girls and the South of Market Boys' Organizations.

Harry Kelly says: because he represents the Hartford Insurance Company, is no reason why he should be dubbed a CONNecticutian.

Compliments of

Dr. William Peters

ELECT

Eugene L. Perret
(S. O. M. Boy)

Republican
County Committeeman
23rd Dist.

Election, August 31, 1926

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Superior Judge

Primary Election Aug. 31, 1926

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129 Sixth St.

MEMORIES—PATERSON

(Continued from Page 30)

Jerome English, 103 Mission St.;
Emmis & McNeill, 872 Folsom St.;
John Ewing, 856 Howard St.; J.
W. Farren, 121 Beale St.; B. A.
Fisher, 310 Mission St.; Fogarty
& Meyer, 906 Mission St.; Thos.
Ford, 13 First St.; Paul Fried-
hofer, 249 Fourth St.; J. J. Gal-
lagher, 112 Beale St.; Garrett &
Sicotte, 856 Howard St.; Hender-
son and Balthazard, Northeast
Corner Fourth and Mission Sts.;
John Grace, 184 Stevenson St.;
John Higgins, 770 Mission St.; R.
M. Hiller, 843 Harrison St.; John
Hird, Southeast Corner Eighth
and Brannan St.; Michael Kelly,
205 Eighth St.; Kennedy & Sul-
livan, ss., Market St. between Sev-
enth and Eighth Sts.; Larkins &
Co., 631 Howard St.; Lawton &
Co., 20 Seventh St.; J. P. Locke
& Co., 815 Market St.; Lowney
Bros., 205 Eighth St.; Mahoney &
Kirby, 809 Howard St.; Jas. Man-
son, 119 Beale St.; J. B. Morrison,
647 Mission St.; W. A. Mowry,
1140 Folsom Sts.; P. J. O'Brien,
498 Eighth St., and F. W. Mueller,
1113 Mission St.

Put your thinking cap on now
while I mention the following
famous book stores and see if you
cannot picture in your mind's eye
the things peculiar to them—The
American Traet Society, located
at 757 Market St.; W. H. Bell at
4 Sixth St.; F. A. Brown at 158
Second St.; I. Choyinski at North-
west Corner Fourth and Jessie
Sts.; Michael Flood (The Catholic
Book Store) at 831 Market St.;
and the Methodist Book Deposi-
tary at 711 Mission St.

If any of you lived on Jessie
St., between Third and Fourth
Sts., you will no doubt recall
Johnny Donovan and his mother
who lived at 244 Jessie and Cor-
nelius, the shoemaker, all of whom
subsequently died and were buried
from that number. You must also
remember Dennis O'Connor, the
porter for so many years with
Redington and Hostetter & Co.,
when they were located on lower
Market St., and who lived at 248
Jessie St.

If you were asked to locate B.
F. Howland & Co., the famous
Photographers of the early 70's
you would have to reply that they
occupied the premises at 25 and 27
Third St. This recalls to mind the
name of another old timer who
ran the grocery and liquor store
and bakery situated at the South-
west Corner of Brannan and Clin-

(Continued on Page 34)

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Said: "My pa is hard to trim—
He's an Eagle, Elk and Moose—
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* * *

Edward Darcey says "Many a woman who knows how to dress herself, knows very little about dressing a dinner."

* * *

Frank Becker states "If you wish to be certain of what you get, never marry a girl named Ann"; "an" is an indefinite article.

* * *

An original one by Edward T. Dullea written after the show:

Men do not kiss among themselves,
'Tis well that they refrain;
The bitter dose would vex them so
They never would kiss again.

Jack Clasby hearing the foregoing created this one:

Men scorn to kiss among themselves
And scarce would kiss a brother;
But women want to kiss so badly
They kiss and kiss each other.

* * *

Gene L. Perret, for County Committeeman on the Republican ticket in referring to Schultz's Birthday party reflected, to-wit:

Mirth is the medicine of life—
It cures all ills, it calms its strife,
It softly smoothes the brow of care,
And writes a thousand graces there.

* * *

Dennie Desmond would like to have a feather from the wing of the dog that "flew" at the burglar the other night.

* * *

Dave Dillon says there are two directly opposite reasons why a man sometimes cannot get credit; one is because he is not known and the other, because he is.

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ELECT

MARTIN F.

WELCH

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE

(For Justice James G. Conlan's Vacancy)

MEMORIES—PATERSON

(Continued from Page 32)

ton Sts. at the time when Golden Gate Avenue was known as Tyler St., and that was Michael Curran who was the father of Thomas E. Curran afterwards a well known Attorney and Democratic politician and life long chum of James J. Lynch now in the office of the Board of Supervisors, City Hall.

For the information of those who would like to be informed as to when St. Joseph's Church, formerly located on Tenth St. between Folsom and Howard Sts. was first opened for Divine services I am pleased to state that it was upon December 8, 1861.

DEDICATED TO ELBERT DULFER AND THE "EVELYN"

If you can keep your lunch, while
all about you
Are losing theirs, and blaming it
on you . . .
If you can hold the wheel when all
men doubt you
And doubt your driving of the liz-
zie, too . . .
If you can wait, and re-tire while
you're waiting
For some unhallowed cow to clear
the board . . .
If you can live and undergo the
shaking
That you must bear if you would
drive a Ford . . .
If you can fill the unforgiving min-
ute
With sixty gallons worth of dis-
tance run . . .
Yours be the Ford, and everything
that's in it,
BUT WE WON'T RIDE AGAIN
WITH YOU, MY SON!
—MARJORIE ADAMS.

**SOUTH OF MARKET GIRLS
HAVE ENJOYABLE PARTY**

At the last meeting, August 5, the South of Market Girls held an "Old-costume" Party, and Druid's Hall resounded with laughter at the apparent ridiculous styles of 20-40 years ago. The swish of long skirts; (pardon the Editor for talking of anything behind a woman's back) but the bustles caused a furor, and the younger element of the organization had to be informed just what it was all about; the leg o'mutton sleeves and twenty pounds of "dainties" to round out the fullness of the costumes were things for masculine eyes to behold and retain as cherished thoughts, and that only. Mrs. Elizabeth Keenan was Chairman of the festival, and Mrs. Nellie Maloney, Chairman of the Entertainment Committee. The ladies awarded the prizes for the best portrayal of old-time characters and ancient costumes were: Mrs. Pheledia Regan, Mrs. Josie Shelly, Mrs. Elizabeth Keenan and Mrs. Mae Barry. The prizes were awarded in the order named.

During the serving of Ice Cream, Cake and Orangeade, the following members of the South of Market Boys provided a mirthful and an interesting program: A. T. Barnett, James G. Conlan, Frank W. Dunn, T. I. Fitzpatrick, Joseph M. Golden, Thos. F. Prendergast, Edward P. Shortall, John J. Van Nostrand and Richard Welch.

Jack O'Connell would have it that "diligence is the mistress of success".

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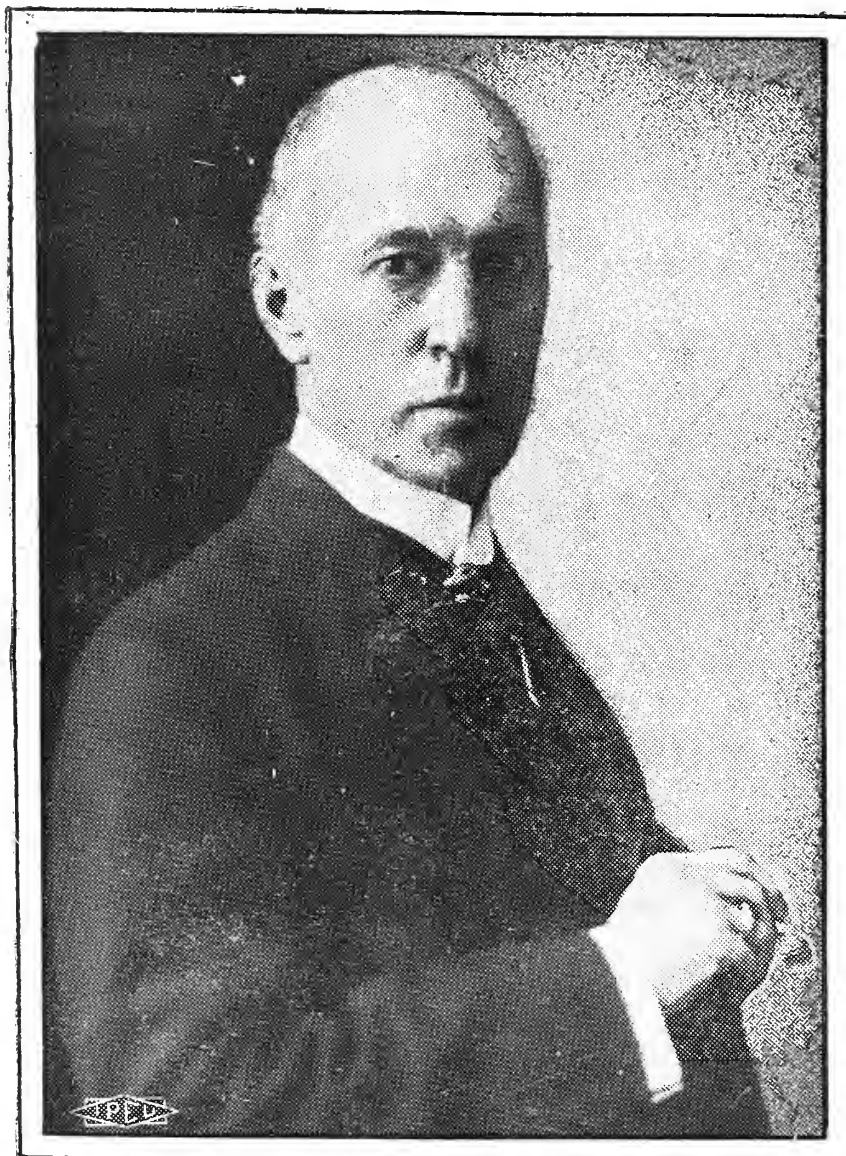
Governor

PRIMARY ELECTION AUGUST 31, 1926

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Samuel M. Shortridge

UNITED STATES SENATOR
Republican

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SOUTH OF MARKET JOURNAL

SEPTEMBER, 1926



Vol. 2, No. 2

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Thursday Eve., September 30

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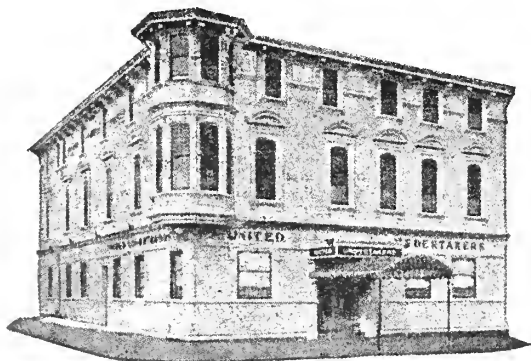
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South of Market Journal

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 John A. O'Connell
 Thos. J. Murphy
 Dr. W. A. Blanck
 Thos. W. Hickey

*Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
 Who never to himself hath said,
 This is my own, my native land.*

—Scott

Vol. II.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA, SEPTEMBER, 1926

No. 2.

PRES. GARRITY'S MESSAGE

Another memorable chapter was added to the annals of achievements of the South of Market Boys, Inc., on August 29th, when our annual picnic was held in Fairfax. Several thousand people entered the Park, and the day was devoted to renewing old acquaintances, dancing, indulging in the various games, and gay gatherings were in evidence all over the grounds.

The success of the Picnic was due entirely to the untiring and unselfish efforts of the Committee Chairmen and their co-workers under the able leadership of Senator Dan Murphy. Each man was at his appointed post early in the day, and harmony and accord prevailed on all occasions.

There was not an accident to mar the day and every one who participated had regrets when night fell. Several gate premiums are still unclaimed and the membership is requested to compare the stubs with the list of numbers.

All of the candidates for the various public offices were well pleased with their introductions, and each had an equal opportunity to be presented and it was noticeable to a marked degree that favoritism was entirely lacking.

The Board of Directors has under consideration the raffling of a house in order to augment our funds for charitable purposes, and in all probability the complete details will be ready for presentation at our next meeting.



THOS. P. GARRITY
 President
 South of Market Boys

The next regular monthly meeting will be held on Thursday evening, September 30th at Knights of Columbus Hall. If you have candidates for initiation, kindly have them present at eight o'clock sharp. The membership is respectfully requested to refrain

from calling a candidate out of the line of march prior to the initiation, as it is unfair to the Brothers and tends to demoralize the business of the organization. If a candidate is apprehended in leaving the ranks before the pledge is taken, he will be excluded from the order, as a man is not a recognized member until the pledge is taken.

After the initiation and business meeting, there will be a minstrel show under the management of B. J. Slyter with many of our members in the cast—so if you want to make merry and have an enjoyable evening, do not fail to come.

Do not forget your accumulation of tin foil and also remember that your membership card must be presented to obtain admittance to the meeting.

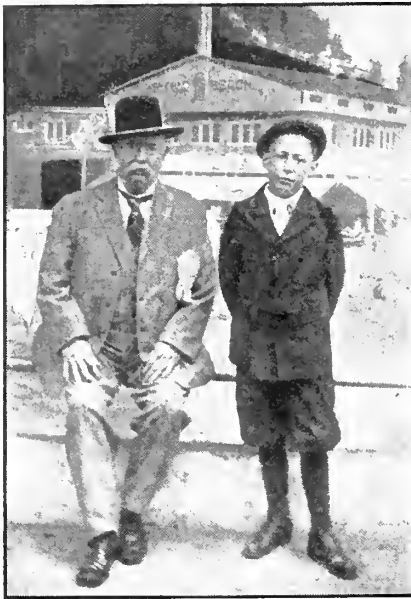
COMING EVENTS

**Regular
 Monthly
 Meeting
 Thursday,
 Sept. 30th**

**Minstrel
 Show**

The next regular monthly meeting will be held on next Thursday, September 30th, at the Knights of Columbus Auditorium, 150 Golden Gate Avenue at 8 P. M.

Minstrel Show Business Meeting
 Report of Picnic Committee



GUS PRATT

California's Amateur League of '79 consisted of four clubs, the Buckeyes, the Franklins, the Silver Stars and the Comanches. The umpires of the league were Al Forman and Henry Videau.

The Buckeyes were from South of Market and were under the management of Bob Ryder. The members of the team were composed of J. Brown, C.; B. Ryder, P.; J. Grant, 1st B.; Chas. Gagus, 2d B.; Bill Murdock, S. S.; F. Evarett, 3d B.; Bob McCord, L. F.; H. Moore, C. F.; and J. Strickland, R. F. They won the championship.

The Franklins were from Lone Mountain and were under the management of Gus Pratt. They tied for second place with the Silver Stars. The members of the team were composed of Wm. Miskil, C.; J. Carlin, P.; Wm. Biggy, 1st B.; Tom Gorman, 2d B.; F. Hearn, S. S.; Gus Pratt, 3d B.; F. Donnelly, R. F.; F. Carroll, L. F.; Geo. Hearn, C. F.; J. Carroll, R. F.

The Silver Stars were from Geary street and Williams, above Taylor and were under the management of Tom McGowan. The treasurer of the team was Joe Hayes. The members of the team were composed of Billy Armstrong, P.; Dan Newhall, C.; Ed Morris, P.; Kerlin, C.; James Quigley, C. F.; Billy Gordon, 2d B.; James Coyle, 3d B.; Wm. Barry, S. S.; Shaw, 1st B.; Tom Cottle, R. F.; Dan Holden L. F.; Joe McQuaide, R. F.

The Comanches were from Salmon Alley off of Pacific, between Taylor and Mason. They were under the management of Jimmy Kenney. The members of the

team were composed of J. Higgins, R. F.; M. Mack, S. S.; Washie McMahon, L. F.; Tom Doran, 1st B.; Jimmy Kenny, 3d B.; Chas. Hayden, P.; Sheep Kelly, C.; Ollie Durhern, 2d B.; J. Doran, C. F.; T. Doran, R. F.; Madison, C.

Wally Wallis and myself got the original Haverleys from the Amateur League. We went scouting for the best we could get. This is the team we got: Ed. Morris, Pete Maggan, Chas. Gagus, Patsy Cahill, Jim McDonald, Span Sohr, H. Lawton, Bob and Tom McCord, Fred Carroll and Frank Carroll, C.; Gus Pratt, 3 B. and Manager.

It was easy to select this team because all the good ball players liked to play with a winning team, with the result that I got the topnotchers. In those days Pete Maggan was the star pitcher and my true friend. We played on a co-operation plan—"one for all—all for one".

In those days the gang of players were not money-mad. To me this seems like a dream on seeing how much money is spent and made in the baseball business.

It is still a great delight to me to take in all the ball games. It is a good thing that all are not like me because if they were there would be no amusement outside of baseball. Ford would starve to death because I have no time to ride or drive one of his machines, when I can see three games of ball for one price at the present day.

Under my management the Haverleys won the championship in the years 1881-'82 and '83.

Here is what I think about the great ball players the State of California has produced.—topnotchers then and now. The best of them were from South of Market. Let the old-time fans think this over and see if they remember any of these old boys. Andy Piercy, Jerry Denny, Ike Beard, J. Curran, Josh Riley, Jack Rice, H. Boyle, Frank Angus, Jim Chesney, F. French, Billy Parent, Live Taylor, Bob Blakiston, J. Cullen, J. Keating, De Los Ashley, T. Gill, Jim Aitken, Dick Walker, Lou Davis, Billy Brown, J. Bolander, Magendia, Monte Gill, O. Boyle, J. Thompson, Amos Williams, J. Williams, Billy Sharp, Sandy Irwin, Chas. Sweeney, Billy Brown,

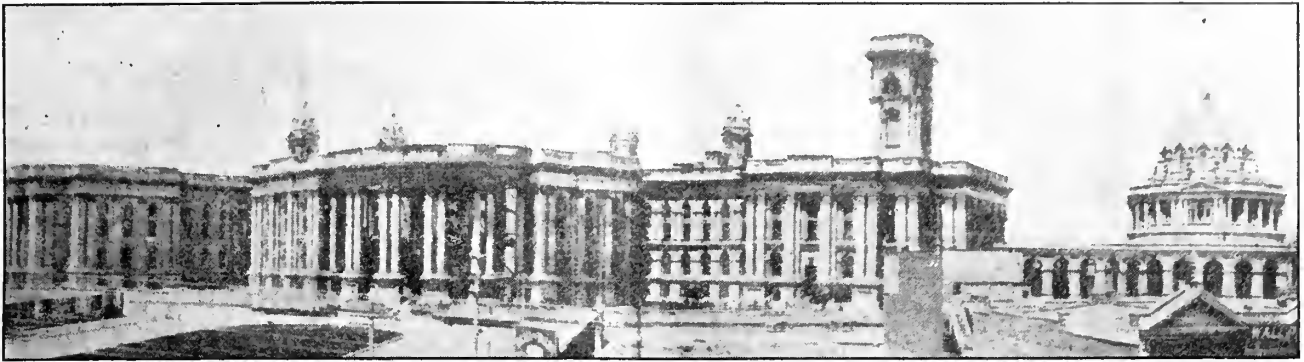
Jack McCarthy, Fred Stein, Pete Sweeney, Tom Sweeney, Chas. Stewart, Hughie Cannon, T. Mullee, Fergy Malone, Chas. Graham, Jack O'Brien, Joe Shea, Jack Smith, Hugh Smith, Baldy Brown, Charley Tillson, Wm. Brown, Johnny Lemmer, B. G. Holmes, Dutchy Lahr, Tom Power, Wm. McClaskey, McKenna Skinner, Ham Boyce, Buckingham, McCabe, Corpsteen brothers, Davy Conn, Con Carroll, Charles Sullivan, Tom Sharkey, Neil Kelly, Cadigan, Jack Hayes, Burnes, Swanson, Ryan, Biglow, O'Connor, Reardon, Mike Fisher, Phil Knell, Jack Hennessey, scorer, Jim Smith, Jack O'Connell, Frosty Mitchell.

In Centennial year 1876, the Athletic Baseball Team of San Francisco took a trip around the Western States. They played 67 games, won 57, lost 10 under the management of Lou Davis. The members of the team were John Cullen, C.; De Los Ashley, P.; J. Keating, 2d B.; Andy Piercy, 3d B.; Jack Curran, S. S.; Live Taylor, L. F.; John Williams, S. S.; Bob Thompson, R. F.; Billy Parent, T. Gill and O'Brien, P.

The Athletics of 1878 and the California Baseball Club of 1878 played over on the Oakland Race-track to decide the championship. The Athletics won by 6 to 5 and 20,000 people witnessed the game. The team was composed of Jack Cullen, C.; Crawford, P.; Daniels, 1st B.; H. Boyle, 2d B.; J. Hamilton, 3d B.; F. Angus, L. F.; Bolander, R. F.; Hannaberry, C. F.; O. Boyle, C. F.

The California Baseball Club was composed of Fergy Malone, C.; Jim Chesney, P.; Chas. Stewart, 1st B.; Magendia, 2d B.; Chas. Graham, R. F.; F. French, C. F.; Bob Blackison, 3d B.; Jack Rice, S. S.; Dick Walker, umpire. The majority of these boys were from South of Market.

If I have overlooked anybody it is through no fault of mine, but it is my memory. As you see this is from 1879 up to 1883. Lord knows how many other ball players from that day to this. Some time I will try to write of the Amateur League of 1887. They played on the old Haight street ground. "Hit them where they ain't and runs win games."



History of the San Francisco Fire

(Continued from August Number)

THE FAULT LINE

The zone of greatest disturbance on the fault line itself extended from Point Reyes, forty-five miles northward of San Francisco, to Point Arena, fifty-five miles beyond. In Santa Rosa, twenty miles east of the fault, and directly east of this region, the damage was very severe. But two structures were left standing in the business section. In San Jose, fifty miles south of San Francisco, and twelve miles east of the fault, the shock brought down many of the most pretentious buildings; the Stanford University, seven miles from the fault, suffered severely. All these places were on the soft, sandy ground of the lowlands.

At Santa Rosa the destruction by the earthquake was almost complete; all the brick and stone buildings (except two) fell, and many of the frame structures did likewise. The tall dome of the Court House toppled over on the roof. The National Flour Mills, a long narrow brick building, was reduced to a pile of bricks, except at one end. The St. Rose Hotel, a four-story structure, collapsed in such a way that people walking about on its flat roof were scarcely above those in the street. To a great extent, probably, poor construction can be blamed for the damage suffered in Santa Rosa; particularly the use of mortar mixed with river sand and with lime instead of cement. Santa Rosa, like San Francisco, suffered a devastating fire after the earthquake; proportionately its loss of life and property were even heavier.

In San Jose the damage by the earthquake was not as general as at Santa Rosa, although a number of important buildings were severely damaged. In some places structures careened sidewise, and in others parts of brick and stone walls fell. The Hall of Records, a beautiful and impressive granite walled structure, was bulged out on all sides so that the walls had to be rebuilt. At Agnews, a few miles from San Jose, a great deal of damage was done at the State Insane Asylum. The center part of the main building—a five-story brick structure of poor design and poorer construction—fell; a hundred of the attendants and patients were killed.

Serious damage was also done at Stanford University. The buildings were of a peculiar and very pleasing design, patterned somewhat after the style of the Missions. For the most part they were of one story, with a wide colonnade. The material in general was brick, with sandstone facing. Some of the buildings were of two and even three stories; there was a beautiful memorial chapel, with a tall spire, and also a splendid memorial arch, of rather top-heavy design. The arch was far from strong in construction, the upper portion consisting of a mere empty box, without cross walls, and almost without bracing. The earthquake threw down the heavy box at the top, and cracked the sides of the arch badly, splitting off one of the corners. The heavy spire of the chapel dropped through the roof; the elaborately ornamented gable ends fell out. The library and the gymnasium, newest of

Stanford's buildings, became shapeless wrecks. The dainty arched gateways at the entrance of the Campus spread themselves out flat on the ground. The original buildings, erected in 1891, were practically unharmed—all but the museum, part of which was destroyed.

In Oakland, Alameda and Berkeley, across the bay from San Francisco, the damage was comparatively slight. Some chimneys fell; some buildings in Oakland were damaged by the tumbling away of part of their walls; a church lost a part of its box-like tower; a little theatre collapsed, killing five people; some old, ramshackle buildings telescoped. Here, again, it was the old story of decrepitude or poor construction.

Other cities equally near the fault line suffered very little. Petaluma and San Rafael, while much nearer the fault line than Santa Rosa, experienced a much less severe shaking. Santa Cruz, at the same distance from the line as Salinas, suffered very slight injury. It would seem that the comparative immunity of these cities was due to their being on rocky ground, while the places more severely damaged were on the looser soil of the valleys.

San Francisco was partly on sand and partly on rock; various degrees of damage resulted. Of itself the earthquake did not do much damage there; it was in its indirect results that it was so terrible. For it snapped every pipe bringing water into the city, and started fires everywhere.

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A Pioneer South of Market Priest

By ALBERT P. WHEELAN



ALBERT P. WHEELAN

In the Pioneer Room of the M. H. de Young Memorial Museum, Golden Gate Park, hangs an old oil portrait of Rev. Hugh P. Gallagher. It was donated to the institution by Rev. P. E. Mulligan, Pastor of St. Joseph Church, 10th and Howard streets, San Francisco. Surrounding the picture are hundreds of pioneer mementoes. I have often wondered how many, who visit the museum, can tell one fact about the pioneer priest? How many recognize the picture? How many can tell you that the picture is the counterfeit presentment of the founder of St. Joseph's Church, San Francisco? His memory is of yesterday, and his good deeds and labors are forgotten and unremembered by the multitude.

One of the objects of our association is to perpetuate the romance and memories of other days, clustering about the district known to all San Franciscans as South of Market. We applaud the pioneers, who blazed the trail, who built up the district, and they are remembered by their descendants. We can recall our friends, playmates, schoolmates, neighbors and associates of other days, but we have forgotten this pioneer priest, who by his example, teachings and writings, shaped and formed youthful ideas, and whose example made a past generation

conscious of their responsibilities and duties to their fellowman and their God.

Father Gallagher was born in County Donegal, Ireland, in 1815. He came to the United States in 1837. He attended a Theological Seminary in Philadelphia, where he became Professor of Latin and Greek.

He was elevated to the priesthood in 1840. His first pastorate was at Pottsville, Pennsylvania, in the coal mining district. Thousands of foreigners, from every country in the world, were employed as operatives in the mines. His advent in this field brought many blessings to the people. Here he fought vice and immorality, enlisting thousands under the banner of temperance and moderation. He was afterwards transferred to Western Pennsylvania; as a result of his unrelenting work, he became ill, and he was then called to Pittsburg, where he became the head of a Theological Seminary, and established "The Pittsburg Catholic", which became the leading newspaper of its kind in the country. This paper, edited by the pioneer priest, subdued religious intolerance, silenced the voice of fanaticism and calumny, and men blushed for the ignorance by which they were impelled to acts of violence and injustice.

Later he became a missionary in the wilds of Western Pennsylvania, and his untiring labors exhausted his strength and he left that field to establish a newspaper called "The Crusader", to battle for right and justice for his church and his people.

While in Baltimore, Maryland, in 1852, he met the venerable and learned Archbishop of San Francisco and Monterey, Rev. Joseph Sadoe Alemany. The Archbishop, recognizing his ability, vision and genius, requested him to accompany him to San Francisco. He accepted the invitation and in the fall of 1852, Father Gallagher arrived in San Francisco.

His first work in this state was the building of a church in Benecia. He continued this work and through his efforts churches were built in Shasta City and Weaver-

ville. Shortly after these labors were completed, he was appointed Pastor of St. Francis' Church San Francisco. During his pastorate at St. Francis' Parish the building of a new Cathedral was commenced and Father Gallagher was given charge of the work of building the sacred edifice. This church, now known as Old St. Mary's Church, when finished stood as a monument to the zeal and energy of the good Archbishop and the pioneer priest. Soon after the completion of the Cathedral Father Gallagher built a beautiful church in the City of Oakland.

About this time, a large banking concern in San Francisco failed and thousands of people lost their life earnings on deposit in the bank. Growing distrustful of banks, the people requested Father Gallagher to become custodian of their earnings and savings. He was reluctant to assume the responsibility. So much pressure was brought to bear upon the good priest that finally he consented to act as their banker. It was only because he loved his people, with an unfailing sympathy and love, and because they were his only concern, he became custodian of millions of dollars. He occupied every position in his own bank, carrying on the duties of paying teller, cashier, treasurer and president, and when this affair was finally concluded, not a dime was unaccounted for.

He continued his activities as a builder of churches, and commenced his work by building a church at Yreka, California, and three Churches in the State of Nevada, one at Carson City, one at Genoa, and one at Virginia City. He then returned to San Francisco.

Horace Hawes, a public spirited citizen of San Francisco, a lawyer by profession, in 1861 donated a large lot of land at Tenth and Howard streets to Father Gallagher, and he erected a church on this site. The building soon became too small for the growing needs of the congregation and a larger building was erected by the pioneer priest. Every appeal made by Father Gallagher to the

(Continued on Page 14)

SAN FRANCISCO FIRE

(Continued from Page 5)

IV.**THE FIRST DAY OF THE FIRE**

Even while the people were yet looking at the strangely swaying houses and the serene sky, it was discovered that fires were starting everywhere throughout the city. Every district, nearly every neighborhood, had its blaze—some of them caused by falling and uninsulated electric wires, others originating in broken flues, and stoves upset in restaurant and hotel kitchens and flimsy tenements. It is known that there were fifty-two "original" fires on that fatal morning. Probably there were many others that did not get into the records of the Fire Department.

Some were put out by the occupants of the houses where they occurred; others, finding things more to their liking, made a stubborn resistance, and were controlled only after a lively battle; many, too, getting a better start, growled and snarled like wolves uncaged, and were soon beyond the power of men to cope with.

At Twenty-second and Mission a fire started, and a quarter of a block was burned before it was controlled. Others occurred out in the "Western Addition"—at Hayes and Laguna streets, at Buchanan street and Golden Gate avenue, and on Polk street near Clay. Though in blocks solidly built up of wooden structures, they were confined to a few buildings.

Many other fires were already raging down town in the wholesale district north of Market street, and in the tenement and manufacturing districts to the south. There, where many fires raged among flimsy, tumble-down structures, the task was great.

The firemen were scattered by many alarms. From the first the streets resounded with the hurrying engines. Here an instant to subdue some flame almost at the moment of ignition; then, panting away in response to some other, perhaps more important, call. The department, on which the safety of the city depended, was no longer a concentrative force. Those first alarms had cut it up into small squads, and scattered them along a great skirmish line. Some found the hydrants dry from the first; others for a time had water.

(Continued in October Issue)

THOUGHTS OF THE PICNIC

By LEON E. MUNIER

'Twas the 29th of August, that was the day
The South of Market Boys gave hundreds of prizes away;
Thousands of "Old-timers" from north of the Channel
Donned their Palm Beaches and Cotton Flannel—
Took the early train to Fairfax Park
Out for a heck of a time—a lark.
Baskets and boxes, some made of glass
And we mustn't forget the important one—the lass.
All bought their tickets, each and every one
And big Bill Granfield had heaps and gobs of fun.
It did one good to look around
And none but familiar faces did abound.
First, I saw Al Katchinski minus a niblick
Then Pete McGee brandishing a big stick;
Dr. Gonzales greeted me with a harp
While Maurice Moreno, C. P., was looking sharp.
George McLaughlin kept his eye on the crowd
And Jim Smith "did himself prond".
Harry McGovern was as busy as a concessionaire
While Dr. Wm. A. Blanck importuned "Give 'em air".
Charlie Kendrick simply looked immense
And they say Percy Goldstein got in under the fence.
Eloquent Thomas Hickey smiled with glee
At the candidates as they were introduced by President Garrity.
P. H. McCarthy said he never saw such an array
Of manly forms as were presented on that carefree day.
Old Dan Leary, the grandfather of the City Hall
Applauded Eddie Galloup when he sang "After the Ball".
Postmaster Power received a great "Hip-hip-hurrah"
And Tommie Trodden drove in with his new car.
Lieutenant Fitzhenry waltzed, and waltzed some more
While George Duffy was a busy man on the Floor.
John Gaffigan, they say was the oldest S. O. M. there
With the possible exception of "Mr. San Francisco"—Jim Kerr.
The two Maloneys, Peter and Tom
Were always busy and always calm.
Jimmie Dhue was much interested in the dancers
And enjoyed Jim Gallagher and Dr. McGough in the lancers.
Jim Hopkins let loose a voluminous shout
When water was refused by genial Emil Kraut.
And when the band struck up the Virginia Reel
Everyone joined in excepting Dr. Arthur O'Neill.
Senator Sam Shortridge, who certainly looked his best
Was introduced by Pres. Garrity with all the rest.
Senator Dan Murphy wore his wondrous smile
While John Heffernan, I. T. showed us the latest style.
Captain Bill Healy brought a Richmond delegation
Looked like a carload as they marched from the station.
Chairman of the Reception Committee, Abe Borkheim
Looked natural when Capt. Moreno handed him a stein.
Emil Canepa looked like an orchid in all its glory
And Eddie Healy kept the crowd convulsed with song and story
Eddie Bryant was taxed beyond measure
When Frank McStocker turned over the sack of treasure;
Able assisted by Phil Kennedy was he
And programmed constantly by Frank M. Brady.
John A. O'Connell was a busy man that day
Objected to Byron Slyter giving so many cups away.
Tommie Hawkins was in evidence, you bet
Said "Didn't have time, I never ate."
Judge James G. Conlan had charge of the games
Wasn't a bit partial and got the winner's names.
John F. Cunningham kept exceedingly cool
As he escorted the handsome City Attorney, John O'Toole.
Good-natured Bill Quinn was like the rest
Enjoyed every minute—never a serious one, all in jest.

(Continued on Page 15)

South of Market Poetical Effusions

"SOUTH OF THE SLOT"

By LEONARD A. BAXTER

She's a dear little Mother
Now wrinkled and gray,
In her old fashioned bonnet and
gown—
And she wants me to take her
Down South of the Slot
Just to look at that dear part of
town.
"For I'd love just to see
How it looks, Danny dear,
I can hear the sweet chimes
Of St. Patriek's from here.
And they seem to be calling me
Back to that spot
Where we lived long ago, Danny,
South of the Slot.
"I hear them at evening,
At morn, and at noon,
And they always keep playing
The same sweet old tune:
'O Come Back, Mavourneen',
O have you forgot
The scenes of your childhood
Down South of the Slot?
"You have built me a home,
Danny,
Fit for a Queen—
But it's not like the old home—
You know what I mean.
And the neighbors who live
In these flats on the block
They're not like the ones we knew
South of the Slot.
"They're not like the neighbors
Who used to drop in
The O'Brien's, and the Murphy's,
The Burke's, and the Flynn's.
For the neighbors were friendly,
And no one forgot
To ask you to dinner
Down South of the Slot.
"Of food there was plenty
And always good cheer,
And they'd pass 'round th' pitcher
Filled up with good beer.
For there wasn't a law
Against taking a drop
When good friends got together
Down South of the Slot.
"There were days too of trouble,
Of sorrow and care
And the poor who lived South of
the Slot
Had their share.
And the world little knew
Of their struggles and fears,
Of the eyes that kept smiling
Through poverty's tears.

(Continued on Page 14)

TAR FLAT

By M. D. HEMENWAY

(Bard of Tar Flat)

'Twas a freeman born that
"Rounded the Horn",
In the crisp days of "Forty-
nine:"
'Twas muscle and nerve, and
never a swerve
From the course of the law
Divine;
There were bright days, and
dreary, and happ'nings queer,
But soon came the pivotal time;
The future was told millions in
gold,
And customs from every clime!
In the days of old; in the days of
gold,
When old San Francisco was
young,
The north-end of town had men of
renown—
And seekers of fortune among!
But soon came a day when com-
merce held sway,
When builders of Empire should
meet
Near the forge fire's glow, and
the shipwright's blow—
On the south-side of Market St.
The workers there dwelt, and fre-
quently knelt
At the shrine of the mirthful—
or saint—
And never a lad, nor lassie so bad
Who'd voice e'er a scandalous
plaint!
Such masters as Drew—and pol-
ished Lunt, too,
In Terpsichore Art well skilled,
'Neath the gas jets' glow tripped
the supple toe,
Till Youth was delightfully
drilled!
A polyglot bunch, with prayer or
punch,
Yet, loyal e'er lassie and swain
As e'er a knight of royalty, quite,
Or a prince in the priestly train!
Vernacular odd ("aw Cholly by
gawd
Who's the guy with the skirt
over there?
Naw, shucks yer ain't on; he's
daft shure's yer bawn;
He's givin' 'er puffs uv hot
air!")

(Continued on Page 15)

MEMORIES

How memory treasures the dear,
dead past,
And brings it back to you!
An odor; a tune; birds flying fast,
Or a flower of a certain hue.
But with a kind magician's wand,
She extracts the joy from the woe,
And we gladly turn to the Won-
derland,
Of the beautiful long ago.
The golden-rod that grows by the
wall,
Sheds a beam as a candle's ray,
And reveals loved faces—one and
all,
With whom we used to play.
The swallows winging their silent
way,
Across the deep blue sky.
Speak volumes—altho they have
nothing to say,
Of those days that have glided by.
The faint sweet odor of pumpkin
pies,
Coming up from the kitchen be-
low,
And we turn to greet with glad
surprise
The loved ones of long ago.
There's mother and dad, the girls
and boys,
Not a face with a shadow or
change;
With the same glad look o'er our
simple joys,
As they had 'round the old kitchen
range.
An old-fashioned fiddle playing
"Nellie Gray",
And with tireless tread we go,
O'er the trackless waste of yester-
day
To the people of long ago.
When Indian summer veils earth's
light,
And the Harvest Moon hangs low,
Come rushing thoughts of one
glad night,
In the beautiful long ago.
So may it be when I pass out of
sight.
And embark on Eternity's sea;
May Memory's touch be so kind
and so light,
Nought but good be remembered
of me.

SAVE THE TIN FOIL



S. O. M. Prattle



George W. Paterson, one of the contributors to the Journal, says that the people who have money to burn are not the ones who burn it.

A man is settling down in life, says Phil J. Kennedy of the Bank of Italy, when he isn't ashamed to ask the clerk for something cheaper.

According to Al Katchinski, some family trees are only bushes.

In the opinion of our congenial brother, Joseph F. Hotter—shooting dice is a shaky business.

Chas. Kendricks would have you understand that styles won't change until the men folks quit looking.

While clothes may be her chief interest in life, Honorable Peter Maloney says, no girl is ever completely wrapped up in them.

Bill Aspe makes the wise crack that many a woman who married her ideal finds it a "raw deal".

According to genial Dr. Blanck, "Don't worry" makes a better motto when you add "Others".

Dan Sheehan doesn't hesitate to impress the fact upon you that fools rush in where wise men fear to wed.

More people die of broken pocketbooks, says Walter Birdsall, than of broken hearts.

Frank (Fat) Smith says the hardest part of public speaking is to learn when to stop.

Judging from their actions, says "Tommy" Assistant Fire Chief Murphy, some men seem to think a checking account is a line of credit.

According to Mike Doyle, many a man's note is better than his character.

Jimmie Conlan says it is hard for a married man to understand how a milliner can go broke.

In the old days the difference between a nobody and a somebody was in the blood—according to Byron

Slyter now it is the bank.

J. A. Donleavy says this may be the land of the free, but it surely is expensive to live in.

According to Jimmie Hopkins if it wasn't for the easy marks, there would be no easy streets.

Geo. McLaughlin says an optimist is a man who hopes to be run over by a doctor's auto.

Harry McGovern says we live and learn, but so many people only live.

Heads and pocketbooks with nothing in them generally pair together, says our friend, "Billie" Hynes.

Speaking of infant prodigies, Bro. John J. Heffernan it is said played on the linoleum when he was six months old.

John F. Cunningham says everybody is getting a permanent wave these days, even the heat.

What do you think of Joe Moreno's definition of a Ford? He says it is a (tacks) collector.

"Jim" Aiken says he fries his bacon in Lux to keep it from shrinking. Isn't that just like a Scotchman.

According to "Jim" Smith the best way to get ahead is to use the one you got.

"Jack" O'Connell insists that a fake salesmans word is as good as his bond.

It is the opinion of "Tommy" Hickey that more men are tried and found wanting than tried and found guilty.

There's a wise one from "Tommy" Hawkins—Now that the horse racing is over, everybody is going to the dogs.

"Bill" Granfield says a proud girl is like a music book because she is full of airs.

"Bill" Healy, the Captain, insists that a thief cannot easily steal a

watch, because he must first take it off its guard.

According to Captain "Bill" Quinn of the Chief's office, there is a word that has only three syllables and yet combines in it 26 letters and that word is Alphabet.

It is the opinion of John A. Kelly that our ancestor Adam was born a little before Eve.

Abe Borkheim was asked the other day why the wall was going to decay and he came back with the reply: "You can see its molding."

"Billie" (by golly did you ever see so many "Billies" as we have got in our Club) Siebert had such a swell time at the picnic last month that he is already looking forward to the one to be held in 1927. What do you know about that?

"Eddie" Healy, naturally being a good singer and possessing a knowledge of music was asked what key will make a good officer. "A Sharp Major" was his answer.

"Tommy" Garrity, our popular President, insists that food for scandal is generally swallowed whole.

Jerry O'Leary says the man who hides behind a woman's skirt nowadays is not a coward—he is a magician.

Frank McStocker believes that it takes hardships a long time to sail out of sight.

Ralph Pincus maintains that all wild flowers fade quickly, except the "blooming idiots".

According to Gene Mulligan some people are so stingy they won't let you take their part.

F. H. Pratt contends that a hick town is a place where, if the neighbors see a light in your home after 9:00 P. M., they think the house is afire.

Lob Harrington says that all human diseases are from two causes—stuffing and fretting.



GEO. W. PATERSON

Friendships are windows—all the day long.

They let in the sunlight of laughter and song;

They banish the gloom from the house of the heart;

And oh! the good cheer that those windows impart!

Friendships are windows—life's joys cannot fade

From the house of my heart 'til I pull down each shade.

So I'll fling them wide open each morning anew,

And one first of all—the window toward you.

It is sentiments like these that impel us to continue our task of recalling to mind times long since past and forgotten. Our recent outing and picnic gave you a splendid opportunity of renewing those friendships you cherished long ago, and the joy you experienced amply repaid you for making the journey to Fairfax Park on that memorable 29th day of August, 1926.

It is very gratifying to know that the affair proved such a grand success and that everybody had such a wonderful time. Without further ado we will proceed to mention a number of those persons and places that were very familiar some forty or fifty years ago and trust that there still remain in our midst quite a few who recollect them and who will be thrilled with joy to know that they have not altogether been forgotten and that through the medium of our dear beloved Journal their memories have been kept green.

The first dear soul that comes to our mind just now is dear old Ed O'Brien, the cooper with the Hibernia Brewery, who worked in the shop in the rear of the stable on Tehama street between 8th and 9th streets, and who lived at 738 Clementina street in those days.

In that same neighborhood lived another O'Brien whose first name was James—but he was a hostler with Thomas Ryan and he dwelt at 747 Tehama street. At 710 Tehama street there lived still another O'Brien and that was Timothy I. who worked with B. Miller of poultry fame and his father William, who labored at the Union Iron Works.

Just around the corner at 208 8th street was located John O'Brien—the saddle and harness maker. It is not our intention to confine ourselves to any one locality at this writing but to select names at random from different parts of the city, to the end that your interest may be the better maintained and the joy you get from a perusal of our review be augmented.

Are there any of you who recall Charlie Kohlman? He was a policeman and lived at 910½ Harrison street. Solomon Kohlman ran a tinware and crockery store at 216 6th street. Christian Kohlmoos kept a grocery and liquor store at 218 4th street and 300 Tehama street. There may be a few who remember Johnnie Kohnke, the cutler and locksmith who was located at 316 Pine street but who lived at 39 Moss street.

Speaking of carpenters we are reminded of Gerhard Partmann who lived at 744 Folsom street. Getting back to the O'Briens again, Anthony, the plumber, presents himself. He was with H. J. McLerie and lived at 125 4th street. Jerry O'Brien was another famous plumber, but he worked with the well known firm of McNally and Hawkins and lived at 14 Cleveland street.

There are no doubt many who will recollect Mathew O'Brien, the plumber and gasfitter, whose shop was located at 1136 Market street, but who lived at 616 Stevenson street. At 342 7th street lived one Thomas O'Brien who was a collector with the old San Francisco Gas Light Co., and another, Thomas O'Brien, was a porter with the firm of Levi, Strauss & Co. and he dwelt at 267 Minna street.

On the Morning Call was a compositor by the name of John O'Brien and he lived at 514 6th street. Then there was "Joe" O'Brien, who was a pressman on the old Alta-California when it was located on California near Kearny Street. He lived at 230 Jessie street.

A conspicuous figure away back in the 70's was one Dr. E. W. Shortridge. He domiciled at 514½ 3rd street, and had quite a practice.

Now by way of diversion we will try to recollect a number of the halls that were famous in their day and around which some visions of joyful moments no doubt are entwined. The first one that comes to our mind is the Armory, located at 134 4th street. Then the Charter Oak, at 771 Market street. Then the Crusader at 1159 Mission street. Next, the Grand Army of the Republic at 71 New Montgomery street. The famous Grand Central, situated at the southeast corner of 6th and Market street. The Hibernia Hall, located at 246 3rd street was the scene of many social functions in those days of happy memory. The Irish Confederation was located at 751 Market street. James' at the southeast corner of 5th and Shipley streets; the Mechanics', at the southwest corner of 1st and Stevenson; Tammany, corner of 8th and Folsom streets, and the Veterans', at 516 Bryant street.

You cannot think about the Old Plaza on Kearny street unless you associate with it the name of "Jimmie" Shorten, the hackman, who had his stand there and lived at 431½ Tehama street. And speaking of hacks brings to our minds the city ordinance that was passed by the "Powers That Were" and ran as follows:

Hacks and Cabs—Rates and Fares

- | | |
|--|--------|
| 1 Hack—1 person less than mile | \$1.50 |
| 1 Hack—2 or more persons—less than a mile..... | 2.50 |
| 50 cents for each additional person. | |

(Continued on Page 14)

Memorie

By GEORGE W. PATERSON

the Past

By JAMES H. ROXBURGH



JAMES H. ROXBURGH

On the Northwest corner of 7th and Harrison streets, in the building owned by the Hogan family, was a saloon kept by Pat O'Connell who lived on Harrison avenue. Back of the saloon was quite a hall where the politicians of the district used to assemble.

In those days candidates seeking high political honors which would take them into office if elected, had to have uniformed clubs to keep their name before the people, as well as taking part in the torchlight processions that were a necessary adjunct to all political parties.

So the boys and men of the district decided to form a club and espouse the cause of James G. Maguire for Congress. So a club was formed under the name of "Maguire Cadets". Then a committee was appointed to wait on the State Central Committee of the Democratic Party and ask that the club be furnished with a uniform. When asked how many were in the Cadets, the number was placed at 100. Uniforms, torches, transparencies and all the necessary paraphernalia was furnished and when this fact became known, everyone around the neighborhood became a member of the Cadets.

It was from this hall at 7th and Harrison streets that the Maguire Cadets used to march up 7th street to Market and down Market to their place in line. Here the guards used to meet every week and practice marching, for they did not want it said that there was a better marching body of Maguire Cadets than those that came from 7th and Harrison.

The Cadets were composed of the Democrats who were advocating the election of Jas. G. Maguire against Julius Kahn in the Fourth Congressional District. Maguire was elected and we were all happy to think that we had been a means of electing him. I should have said however that most of those who lived South of Market were Democrats, and Republicans were a rarity.

There was another uniformed club that held forth at this hall

and they were known as the Pond Guards, to advocate the election of E. B. Pond as mayor and I believe they were in charge of Charlie Armes of 7th and Mission.

You can't imagine how proud we were to be members of one of these clubs and how we "swelled up" when we donned the gaudy uniform, grabbed a torch and were ready to march from 7th and Harrison to North Beach or South Park, or even go out to the Mission. But first we must be seen on Market street in our uniforms and the torch swinging over our shoulders and awaiting the plaudits of the crowd.

It was in this hall that Willie and Jimmy Britt did their training under the watchful eye of Pat O'Connell and Pat said there never were two noisier boys than the Brittts when they were training at 7th and Harrison. I met one of the Boys from Harrison avenue who told me that when the boys around there needed some spending money, they would search the neighborhood for stray goats which were taken to Pat Canavan's butcher shop at Rausch and Howard and sell them. Canavan would put them in the basement and later they would be killed and sold for spring lamb.

I met Dan Malloy, Jim Durkin and Frank Skuce at the Picnic. Dan and Jim lived on Folsom street near Eighth, while Frank Skuce lived on Chesley street. Dan was telling me that one night there was a colored folks' picnic at the old City Gardens at 12th and Folsom. This picnic extended into the night, so Maurice Burns, Denny McCarthy and he decided to take part in the affair. Accordingly, they blackened up and then climbed the fence and soon were dancing with the wenches. The evening being warm, the boys began to sweat and the black began to stream off. The negroes noticing this gave the boys a run for their lives, chasing them down Folsom street to Ninth where the boys gave them the "slip".

The first amateur fight club was organized in the hall on the south-

east corner of Eighth and Folsom by Pat O'Connell and the membership was composed mostly of the residents who lived in the neighborhood. I have a large photo of the membership which I will have printed later, so that you may see some of the boys from that locality. Perhaps you will recognize some one among them, but be sure and observe the hats that they were wearing. No stiff rims—all derbies and a few Alpine hats; (Note: I am calling the hats by the names that they were known by in those days). Smile if you will, but those hats were the class. You will also notice that a great many of the boys wore three button cutaways, still, some clung to the old sack coat. But then why criticize. We were young and following the fashions of the day. These styles came after the peg top pants, sack coat with wide braid and vest to match, oxford ties on your feet and a big Mazzeppa combed down upon your forehead. A big hair puff in the back and topped by a stiff rimmed hat with 4 dents in it. Sunday, after you had gotten all your regalia on and your hat properly placed on your head, then for the City Gardens to trip the light fantastic and in later years, a trip on the steamer which went to El Campo where all your firends made merry. The rest of the week you would be working hard, either in the Union Iron Works at First and Folsom or down in one of the boiler shops heating rivets.

But all in all "Those were the Happy Days".

Father: "Great heavens, son, how you do look!"

Son: "Yes, father, I fell in a mud puddle."

Father: "What! And with your new pants on, too?"

Son: "Yes, father, I didn't have time to take them off."—Whirlwind.

SOUTH OF MARKET JOURNAL



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VOL. II SEPTEMBER, 1926 No. 2

The Board of Directors have decided to take over the publication of our Journal and have appointed a Committee consisting of Dr. Wm. Blanck, Chairman, Thomas P. Garrity and John A. O'Connell to take charge of the details and management.

This is your paper and if you have any items of interest for publication, we trust you will mail them to the Journal Committee at 150 Golden Gate avenue.

Each member is entitled to a copy of the paper and if you do not receive yours regularly, communicate with the Committee and it will see that your name is properly placed on the mailing list.

We hope to maintain the Journal with the money that will be realized from the ads and we trust that you will co-operate to the extent of patronizing these advertisers whenever an opportunity presents itself and advise them at the time of your purchase that you saw their ad in the South of Market Journal and that is the reason you paid them a visit.

We go to press about the fifteenth of the month, in order that it may reach the members prior to our regular monthly meeting which is held on the last Thursday of each month.

It is our aim to make the Journal up-to-date in every respect and we solicit your assistance towards that end.

Section Twelve (12) of the By-Laws, provides as follows:

"NOTHING OF A POLITICAL OR RELIGIOUS NATURE, SHALL BE COMMITTED OR DISCUSSED AT THE MEETINGS OF THE ASSOCIATION."

"THE SECRETARY SHALL BE THE CUSTO-

DIAN OF THE MEMBERSHIP LISTS AND UNDER NO CIRCUMSTANCES SHALL HE BE PERMITTED TO GIVE IT TO ANYONE EXCEPT FOR THE BUSINESS OF THE ORGANIZATION."

THE MINSTREL SHOW

Byron Slyter of black-face fame, announces that the musical program will be replete with specialties, among which will be Our Worthy President, Thomas P. Garrity in a dumb baritone singing of "Kiss Me Good-night, Little Darling." The two "JOHNS", Whelan and O'Connell, the SLAMESE twins, one born in March and the other in September, will execute some surprise (?) stunts. The one and only Eddie Healy will be at the wheel, so that our mirth and laughter will be steered in the right course.

You will hear the old songs that your mother used to rock you to sleep with in the days of yore. A front line of leaden-haired, silver voiced, plugged hatted, red vested soloists with six bonafide, old-time end men and a chorus of 45 voices will provide all of the songs, all of the gags, all of the jokes and all of the fun that you would ever care for at one continuous sitting. A twenty-five piece orchestra in 25 pieces will provide music such as Heffernan's Band ne'er did South of Market.

IF YOU MISS THE MINSTREL SHOW—see your doctor and get a tonic through him; he will charge you \$2.50 for the Rx and the bottle will stand you a like amount, while the "Cheer-tonic" which will be provided on Thursday evening, September 30th, will be absolutely free for members, but take the precaution to bring your "Paid-up" card.

SAVE THE TIN FOIL

The following members are ill:
Jack Lahey, San Francisco Hospital.
Jules Lavigne, French Hospital.
Solly Solomon, 1961 Geary street.

A visit from some of the "Boys" will be appreciated as time hangs heavy, especially if one is confined in a hospital.

SAVE THE TIN FOIL

SOUTH OF MARKET GIRLS

"The Ladies, God Bless Them", is an old time expression and repeated in reference to our mothers, sisters, wives and sweethearts.

But, on this occasion we refer to the "South of Market Girls" to whom we are greatly indebted for their assistance in making our Twenty Years' After celebration and our recent Picnic a success.

The South of Market Girls, while not affiliated with our organization, have co-operated with us on all occasions. We therefore call your attention to the fact that they will hold a Grand Ball in the Civic Auditorium, Saturday, October 30th.

We ask all members to attend and make this fact known to their many friends, for which we thank you.

DANIEL C. MURPHY EX-PRESSES APPRECIATION

On August 29th of this year, the second annual outing of the South of Market Boys was held in Fairfax Park, Marin County. As nearly all of the members attended, it is unnecessary to recount the many events of the day. Notwithstanding that the weather in the early morning was rather cloudy, the memory of our first picnic no doubt influenced the people to attend. Fortunately the sun broke through the clouds and the weather in the afternoon was ideal. The games and races were run off on schedule time, and the participants were greatly pleased by the beautiful prizes awarded. It was particularly noticeable that a great many families attended and the tables were completely filled and basket luncheons enjoyed. This feature is highly gratifying because it is our earnest desire to make these annual outings the occasion for renewing old friendships and to have the younger people understand the ideals of our association. Many of the most prominent people from around the Bay Counties were present, which is an indication of the standing of our organization, so surveying it from any angle, the outing was a success.

I wish to take this opportunity of expressing my appreciation for the sincere co-operation of the Chairmen and members of the various committees. They worked very hard in completing the arrangements and on the day of the picnic cheerfully gave up the opportunity of enjoyment and carefully attended to the many details of the occasion.

SOUTH OF MARKET GIRLS ANNUAL BALL—OCTOBER 30TH**The Secrets of Success**

"What is the secret of success?" asked the Sphinx.

"Take pains", said the window.

"Push", said the button.

"Always keep cool", said the ice.

"Never lose your head", said the barrel.

"Be up-to-date", said the calendar.

"Make light of everything", said the fire.

"Do a driving business", said the hammer.

"Aspire to greater things", said the nutmeg.

"Find a good thing and stick to it", said the glue.—Blackwell (Okla.) Buckshot.

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MEMORIES—PATERSON

(Continued from Page 10)

- | | |
|--|------|
| 1 Cab—1 person, less than mile | 1.00 |
| 1 Cab—2 or more passengers—less than mile..... | 1.50 |
| additional passenger | .25 |
| 1 Cab for 2 engaged by the hour—computed for time occupied in going and coming, including detention— | |
| for 1st hour..... | 3.00 |
| each subsequent hour..... | 2.00 |
| No extra charge for ordinary baggage. | |

Penalty not less than \$5.00 nor more than \$10.00.

Getting back to personages again we are reminded of H. F. Williams, the Real Estate Agent, located at 740 4th street. His work was confined mostly to the leasing of ground convenient to Southern and Central Pacific Railroad. Reverend Aloysius Masnata, S. J., was the President of St. Ignatius College and Church when it was located at 841 Market street and 344 Jessie street. Another old time establishment that was very popular in its day was the carpet warehouse of Wm. Ehrenpfort, located at 14 Third St.

If you were asked to locate Patrick Delaney, the artesian well borer, you would have to reply that he held forth at 706 Howard street. Others in that same line were—A. C. Damavent at 225 7th street and Thos. Thompson, at 35 3rd street. You surely remember the well-known store of A. L. Bancroft (styled The History Building) that was located at 721 Market street and the wholesale millinery house of Haker and Hinz that occupied the premises at 545 Market street.

In conclusion let us recall to your minds the names of the men who commanded the delivery wagons of the Hibernia Brewery and through whose popularity and congeniality that establishment grew and prospered—James Benn, Dave and Pat Garvey, "Eddie" Murray and John J. Harrigan, who married Margaret Hope, second daughter of Mathew Nunan, the proprietor. They have all passed away many years since but in their day they were good seouts and enjoyed a large circle of staunch friends.

A correspondent wrote as follows:

"Dear Editor: Please tell me the address of most reliable fortune teller.—Anxious."

The editor wisely replied: "Dun and Bradstreet, New York City."

WHEELAN

(Continued from Page 6)

citizens of every race, creed and denomination, met with a large and immediate response, such was the respect, esteem and confidence in which he was held by the people of San Francisco.

Father Gallagher was firm and consistent in all his teachings, zealous and exact in the discharge of all his duties as a minister of his Church, he won the confidence and respect of his parishioners, and the love and esteem of all classes of people. He conciliated the respect and esteem of those who differed from him in religious tenets. His zeal for the ministry, his distinguished ability and learning, his labors for the promotion of education, his efforts in the cause of morality, and the general success of all his undertakings entitle him to be always remembered with love and veneration by all who love San Francisco, as the great pioneer priest and missionary of San Francisco's early days.

The buildings erected by Father Gallagher at 10th and Howard streets were destroyed by fire in 1906. They are but the memory of other days. Through the courage of his nephew, Rev. P. E. Mulligan, who rebuilt the church, schools and halls, now on the site of Father Gallagher's old buildings, St. Joseph's Parish is again in existence. Father Mulligan is known to all of us as a member of our association, and we can understand his fondness for his parish as the successor of his uncle, and we can appreciate his constant watchfulness and eager interest he takes in the upbuilding of the district, and why he has fought many a civic battle for the upbuilding of South of Market. And it is refreshing to recall that he has made St. Joseph's a church known all over the city, for it is not only attended by residents of the district, but by hundreds who live at a distance from it, who look upon the church as a shrine of St. Joseph, and their attendance there as a pilgrimage to a holy place, created by a pioneer priest of South of Market.

"SOUTH OF THE SLOT"

(Continued from Page 8)

"Of the toil that went on
In the heat and the dust—
Of the dreams that came true
Of the hopes that were crushed;
Of the love that made home
Just the one dearest spot,
In all the wide world

Down South of the Slot."

TAR FLAT—HEMENWAY

(Continued from Page 8)

With a flow of good will, on Rin-
e-en Hill

The Money Kings lavished their
fare,

And never a frown—on that end
of town

That brought in the shekels to
spare!

Exclusive South Park, another
lone spark

To illumine the Money Kings' joy,
Stretched forth the "glad hand"
to the workers' band;

And dear Mrs. Kelly's own boy!

Oh, ye saints look down on this
new made town,

And tell me, pray, which way
to go;

The shore-line's deranged, and
everything's changed,

And, never a corner I know!

Yet, while in the fray it cheers me
to say,

"All hail to the prince or the
brat,

Who claimed as his own, this
waterfront zone,

And gave it its title—Tar Flat!"

The title is good: 'Tis well under-
stood

That clipper ships staunch, in
their day,

Hove to, and so, let the big an-
chors go

In the south-end turn of the
Bay!

And 'twas there Jack Tar off
voyage from afar,

Found a relished haven of rest,
And the dance hall girl to mix in
the whirl—

Dolled up for a sweetheart
quest!

On the Tar Flat land rose a castle
grand,

Whose fare to the Jack Tar
was free,

Till health should prevail and
prompt him to sail

To the port of a foreign sea.

And ornate—not marred—were
many things tarred.

The products in iron and steel,

And the shrouds and stays, and
marline relays,

And the seams from bulwark to
keel!

'Twas a busy zone; the very back-
bone

Of commerce and mercantile
trend,

And that tarry spot, with brains
and brawn wrought

Our proud ship of state in the
end!

And the foundry knew Peter
Donahue,

And Hineckley, and Spires, and
Hayes,

Coffey, Risdon, Scott and Prescott
who wrought

With a master-hand in those
days.

But the ships with sails, that
weathered the gales.

By the nerve of the Jolly Tar,

Are things of the past, and steam-
ers at last

Are ploughing their way o'er
the bar!

Now, everything's new, and the
land-marks few.

Where princes or artisans sat;

But never a frown nor blush shall
I own

For memories of dear old Tar
Flat!

THOUGHTS OF THE PICNIC

(Continued from Page 7)

His brother John, he was there, too

Had had his lunch—didn't want any stew.

Ray Schiller was decorated for the event,

And Joe Moreno never, never his elbow bent.

Henry Goldman said the time went too fast

And is sorry now, that the day is past.

John J. McManus said everything was O. K.

And Congressman Dick Welch ate in the old-fashioned picnic way.

Stanley Cook had a most wonderful time

And Bill McCabe said the only thing lacking—was wine.

So on infinitum—one and all

The South of Market Boys and Girls answered the call.

Had it not rained in the City that morn

The crowd wouldn't have been greater if answering Gabriel's Horn.

But withal, the crowd, the music, the dance, the games and noise

The N. W. P. again welcomes the South of Market Boys.

Let us look forward to the Picnic event of next year

When our families again shall meet on the day of good cheer.

MERCENARY

If I could have my choice

I'd never be a hero fair,

With nice, hand-painted eyebrows,
And patent leather hair.

I'd rather be in comedy,

(Now this may sound quite funny)

It's not the looks I'm thinking of,
But Oh, My Gosh . . . the Money.

I'd be like Buster Keaton,

Or Harold Lloyd or Ben,

I'd do most anything they do

To earn an extra ten.

I'd try to keep my audience

Always bright and sunny;

It's not the fame I'm thinking of,

But Oh, My Gosh . . . the Money.

DREAMS AND IDEALS

All the thousand mile ride back
to New York I tried to analyze
what it was that had happened.
I thought of the great brick and
stone fraternity houses of today—
city clubs costing sixty, seventy,
eighty thousand dollars. I thought
of the tremendous buildings, the
10,000 students—the impersonal,
hardened university that was
rearing its proud head out of the
memories of the past.

Something had gone forever—
something rather fine and gentle.
I suppose it had mostly to do with
the chance to dream. For dreams
do belong to youth, and if col-
lege men have lost their chance
to dream they have lost some-
thing precious. After all, teach-
ing boys and girls to make dollars
may not be all there is to it; pos-
sibly they should be taught as
well how to make dreams and
ideals.

I know there are still thousands
of splendid boys in this particular
university—and almost half of
them so eager for education that
they are earning their way thru.
Nowhere else but in America
could this happen.

That's the reason these boys de-
serve the finest traditions and
backgrounds of American ideals
—something a little finer than
alumni demanding winning teams,
\$300,000 football seasons, exploit-
ing alma maters, subservient fac-
ulties. And these boys don't seem
to be getting these ideals any
longer.—**Frazer Hunt, in Hearst's
International-Cosmopolitan.**

"Al" always bends the knee—
never the elbow—that's why his
name is "Neill."

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The following gentlemen were elected members of the South of Market Boys at the meeting of August 26th:

Cobb, John W.....465 Ellis St.
Collins, Chas. J.....106 Langton St.
Connolly, Jos. A.....849 Capp St.
Crever, C. L.....1558B Howard St.
Cronin, Peter.....134 Clayton St.
Dooley, John J.....55 Ramona St.
Downey, Jas.....1560B Howard St.
Egan, John F.....2864A 24th St.
Flynn, John L.....661 14th Ave.
Furey, F. J.....515 Broderick St.
Haynes, F. H.....225 Jones St.
Holland, Jack.....174 Turk St.
Hunter, Wm. J.....2376 Howard St.
Isaacs, Harry.....465 Waller St.
Isaacs, L. M.....533 14th Ave.
Kleversahl, J. M.....1333 Florida St.
Kleversahl, M.....1333 Florida St.
Kreling, Martin.....571 Geary St.
Lenahan, John.....2286 Howard St.
Maxwell, J. E.....619 Edinburg St.
Mohey, C.....536½ Liberty St.
Moore, O.....819 40th St., Oakland
O'Brien, F. A.....1492 Guerrero St.
Harris, J. M.....62 Pleasant St.
Prescott, Sam.....408 Cherry St.
Ring, Harry.....2805 Van Ness Ave.
Schild, Jos. F.....401 Chenery St.
Shennick, Wm.....492 Grove St.
Simpson, Jas. F.....3484 18th St.
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Sweeney, Jas. L.....40 Dorland St.
Thomsen, F. B.....2858 Howard St.
Walther, D. F.....717 Market St.
Williams, Joe.....125 Guerrero St.
Delaney, Elmer P.....535 Ulloa St.
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99	9588	7550	467
6464	5704	6779	4170
4155	6774	9867	9288
6808	6487	9459	

Information concerning this matter will be announced at the next meeting.

The thanks of our organization are extended to the South of Market Girls under the leadership of Mrs. Samuel Hayes, for their assistance in making our picnic a success.

A CATCHY SONG

Lee S. Roberts, author of "Smiles", wrote a song entitled "Dear Old South of Market Days" which he dedicated to our order. A copy of this song will be presented to each member at the next meeting. Thursday, evening, September 30th.

Yes—you'll get samples if you attend the California Food and Household Appliance Exposition at the Civic Auditorium—October 16 to 24.

*Smile and the world smiles with you—
Snore and you'll sleep alone.*

Just Another Shake

Theresa: "You say you were in the West during the earthquake and didn't even notice the shock?"

Bruno: "Yes. You see, I was riding in my flivver at the time."

It Certainly Would

Mr. Gump: "It would be all a man's life is worth to tell a woman that a washtub would be a fine place to take those stooping-over, up-an'-down exercises!"

Four Outstanding Horsemen

When asked who the Four Horsemen were, a school boy is said to have replied:

"Paul Revere, Theodore Roosevelt, Jesse James and Barney Google."

Father: "I never kissed a girl until I met your mother. Will you be able

to say the same to your son when you become a married man?"

Son: "Not with such a straight face as you can, father."—*Tit-Bits.*

First Customer (describing a catch): "The trout was so long—I tell you I never saw such a fish!"

Second Customer: "No, I don't suppose you ever did."

Down in Texas recently a host inquired of his guest, while at dinner, whether the guest would have some corn. The guest passed his glass instead of his plate.—*Bookan Wrap.*

The waitress brought the eggs and was moving on, when the Yankee said, "Say! What about the kind you?"

The waitress leaned over and whispered, "Don't eat the eggs."

DEDICATED TO THE SOUTH OF MARKET DAD

I hear his mother's chiding voice,
"How came your trousers torn?
And black as ink, sir, is that shirt
You put on clean this morn.

"Your feet are wet, too, I declare;
You're muddy to your knees;
It is too bad; you only care
Your mother, sir, to tease.

"And those nice shoes, your Sun-
day best
That but three times you've
worn,
Are scratched and scraped and all
run down—
The heel of one is gone.

"Your hair is twisted in a snarl,
And just look at that hand!
It looks as though 't were never
washed—
How dare you say 'tis tanned?

"You've been a-fishing, sir, I
guess—
What—been to see the match?
You'll have a fit of sickness, sir;
A pretty cold you'll catch."

And thus she talks for half an
hour,

And only stops to say,
"Your father'll hear of this to-
night;
I wonder what he'll say?"

My friends, in complimentary
way,

Declare to me they see
A close resemblance—very
marked—

Between the boy and me.

But nothing that they see in him
In either form or face
Bespokes my son as do his pranks
—In these my own I trace.

And why should I at tattered
clothes

Or dirty ones repine?
In him I live my youth again—
God bless the boy! he's mine!

John Heffernan got a winner
when he received the order en-
titled him to the Bridal Suite
which was contributed by the
Argonaut Hotel. We wonder if
he used it—who accompanied him
and what he thought of the fur-
nishings, etc., etc.?

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Sympathy

Fussy Old Dear: "Conductor, are
you quite sure this train is going to
Shepherd's Bush?"

Conductor (wearily): "Well, if it
ain't, lady, I'm in a worse mess than
wot you are!"

* * *

What Longfellow Didn't Write

Learning by rote may be a good ex-
ercise for the memory, but teachers
should be sure that the youngsters
have at least a faint idea what the
words they are memorizing really are.
Otherwise you may get such a result
as the *Santa Barbara News* reports:

Willie recited one stanza of the
Psalm of Life, to the delight of his
proud mamma and the plaudits of the
company. It was as follows:

"Liza Grape men allry mindus,
Weaken maka Liza Blime,
Andy, Parting Lee B. Hindus,
Footbrin Johnny Sands a Time."
—*Youth's Companion*.

Not Him

A timekeeper of a negro extra gang
on the Missouri Pacific, asked a new
hand his name.

"George Washington, sir", replied
the new man.

"You're not the man that cut down
the cherry tree, are you?" joked the
timekeeper.

"No, sir. This is the first work I've
done for over a year."—*Railroad
Man's Magazine*.

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Bless Her Heart

"What are you doing, Mildred?" asked a fond mother.

"I'm knitting, Mother", replied the sweet young thing. "I heard Jack say the other day he was afraid he'd have to buy a new muffler for his car, and I thought I'd surprise him."

* * *

Standing on His Rights

"You say his wife wants to get rid of him? How do you know?"

"She told him she had read a decision which gives the pedestrian the right-of-way over automobiles, and she is insistent that he stand on his rights."

* * *

A "Bouncing" Boy!

"How did your old husband get over his gland operation, dearie?"

"Came bouncing down the stairs yelling for his school books. And how did your old fossil come through?"

"He died this morning of infantile paralysis."

* * *

Substituting

This actually occurred in a book store in Anderson, S. C.:

Salesman, upon entering magazine window of bookstore: "Have you a Sample Case?"

Young clerk, just fresh from the country: "No, sir; but we have some very fine brief cases."—*Francis R. Fant.*

* * *

Squire—"Did you send for me, my Lord?"

Launcelot—"Yes, make haste. Bring me the can opener; I've got a flea in my knight clothes."

Built Like a Nut

Teacher: "What is an oyster?"

Johnnie: "An oyster is a fish built like a nut, Miss."

* * *

Teacher (in Sunday school): "What were the Epistles?"

Dumdora: "Wives of the Apostles."

* * *

The radio is still far behind the grade crossing as a means of establishing contact with the infinite.—*Life.*

* * *

Not only must education conserve knowledge, it must constantly seek new truth.—*Payson Smith.*

* * *

A New Song Hit—"She Refused to Kiss me in the Middle of the Stream, So I Paddled Her Back."

* * *

"Picture me", he cried, "in your arms." And then she framed him.

* * *

According to Charley Love, whatever else General Smedley D. Butler may be, he never will be acclaimed the life of the party.

* * *

It is the opinion of Al. Greggains that the only males of this era who boss the household are under three years of age.

* * *

Some Late Song Hits

Her Birthday Cake was Heavy but the Candles Made it Light."

"My Horse Never Misses the Sunshine, Because He's Used to the Rein."

"Bring the Potato Masher, There's a Fly on Baby's Head."

"We Feed the Youngster Onions, so We Can Find Him in the Dark."

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for the Annual Ball of the
SOUTH OF MARKET GIRLS



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SOUTH OF MARKET JOURNAL

OCTOBER, 1926



Vol. 2, No. 3

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"S.O.M." Boys

their families and their friends

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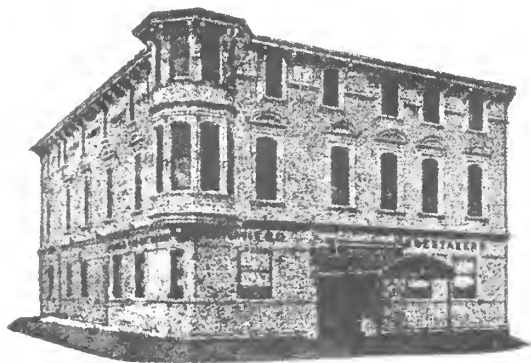
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South of Market Journal

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*Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
 Who never to himself hath said,
 This is my own, my native land.*

—Scott

Vol. II.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA, OCTOBER, 1926

No. 3.

PRESIDENT GARRITY'S MESSAGE

The South of Market Boys were rejuvenated a decade or two by the Minstrel Show at the last meeting. It brought sweet memories of Primrose and West's and other Minstrels which caused many of the "boys" to cross Market street to visit the old Bush Street Theatre—the mecca of the exponents of "Black Art" of entertaining.

As usual, Eddie Healy was in the center of the melee and always had something to say—sometimes with a twang of Irish, and at other times with a slight German accent. The GRATITUDE of the audience was significant for the numbers and "red-hots" were enthusiastically applauded. Thanks are due Byron Slyter who tendered the show, also to each and every individual who participated. There was a healthy showing of our "boys" in the "ensemble" and besides Byron Slyter there were Eddie Galloup, Nels Mathewson, Michael Brennan and Bern Sullivan.

The South of Market Boys, Inc., appreciate the courtesy of the Alhambra in presenting their Minstrel Show and our profuse thanks are tendered through the columns of the Journal.

In voting without a dissenting vote on two worthy projects, our order again displayed its willingness to assist in all deserving causes. The sum of \$100 was voted



THOS. P. GARRITY
 President
 South of Market Boys

towards the relief of the victims of the terrific storm in the devastated area of Florida and a similar amount to "Blindcraft" for the purchase of some wickerware for awards at our next meeting, October 28th.

The deafening applause indicated the unqualified approval of Treasurer Quinn's report, and it

but emphasized the old saying that "Money talks." Our Treasury is in a remarkably healthy condition, and many organizations of years' standing in the community marvel not only at our financial strength but at our extraordinary growth and at the "tie" that brings 800 to 1400 members to a regular meeting.

It was a distinct pleasure to learn that the Journal is standing on its own feet. The Journal has something tangible and of merit to offer advertisers. It is safe to swear that 98 per cent of the Journals are read from cover to cover by members and then passed on to others to read. Your co-operation will make the Journal a publication worth while, both for the membership and for the advertisers. Patronize the advertisers of the South of Market Journal and let our slogan be "Scratch my back and I will scratch yours."

COMING EVENTS

Regular Monthly Meeting Thursday, Oct. 28th

The next regular monthly meeting will be held on next Thursday, Oct. 28th, in the Knights of Columbus Auditorium, 150 Golden Gate Ave.

HALLOWE'EN PARTY

MUSIC

BUSINESS MEETING

"Blindcraft" Wares to be Given Away.

"S. O. M." GIRLS BALL Saturday, Oct. 30th

Every member of the "S. O. M." Boys, his family and his many friends should attend the "S. O. M." Girls Entertainment and Dance, to be held in the

EXPOSITION AUDITORIUM

SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 30th

Admission 50c

Digging Up an Old One

As a memory test for the old-timer we are going to sketch from time to time, what in the old days were considered very important events. Some of you old "has beens" sharpen your intellects and correct any mistakes occurring in these annals of the "South."

How many of you knew Henry Fields? Very few. How many of you knew Harry Maynard's Black Angel? A few more. How many of you knew Deacon Jones? Nearly everybody. But how many of you knew that Henry, the Black Angel and Deacon Jones were one and the same?

The Deacon came along in the '80's when Maynard had a place on Dupont street, near Morton, after moving up from Pine, near Kearny. Harry was quite versatile, being a musician, boxer, dancer and an all-round performer and I believe he beat Jack Hallinan, champion of Nevada, for the lightweight championship of the coast; or was it Patsy Moran? When they talk of fights and their champions of today, it surely gives us "old fellows" a chance to draw the deadly parallel, that is, those of us who were fortunate enough to attend Maynard's soirees. What battles we saw there on what Harry collected in the hat, not counting the coin that stuck in the sweat band. Harry always had "monickers" for the boys as they were introduced. John Herget, and here, let us digress for a moment to pay homage to one of the greatest boxers of all time and a thorough sportsman. John was introduced as "Young Mitchell", and the name stuck throughout his professional career: Martin Costello became under the magic of Harry's introduction, the "Buffalo"; George Brown became the "Sailor"; Jack Mullen, the "Liverpool Rat", and so on. Now to continue about Deacon Jones.

Ned Foster took over the Bella Union after Sam Tetlow's demise and ran it for a number of years. Ned was a cripple, but quite a pompous individual, always wore a "silk topper" or "stove pipe" as they were then called and rode around in a landau drawn by a pair of Shetland ponies and Dea-

con Jones was his coachman.

Clarence Greathouse, prominent lawyer of his time, cosmopolite and bon vivant who later became grand vizier to the King of Siam and was privileged to wear the carved jade behind his ears, the sign of royalty, was the Deacon's protector and saw that his diminutive protege wanted for nothing and it was only when Clarence went to Siam that Deacon fell to evil ways.

Current with the Deacon was another celebrated, or notorious character, Gus Brown (Isaeson), who styled himself "lightweight pugilist and champeen lightweight rassler of the world"; the words as Gus pronounced them. Gus was a barber by inspiration and had an unique way of procuring a job. Siggie Rosener's shop on 6th near Minna was the favorite of Gus for a Saturday night job, for here he could gossip to his heart's content on his favorite topic, prize fighters in general and John L. Sullivan who Gus thought was the world's greatest gladiator, in particular. Siggie bore with Gus till his patience was exhausted and discharged him, but Siggie didn't know Gus. The next Saturday night, just at the busy hour, Gus, accompanied by a dozen of his friends, took all the waiting chairs in the shop to the exclusion of the regular customers and Siggie's business on that night was nil. This was continued for several nights and in the end Siggie had to capitulate and reinstate Gus.

Jim Kennedy (the Tipper) was running a club at the old Manhattan rooms over Con Hourigan's place at 8th and Folsom, and being a far-sighted promoter, conceived the idea of matching Brown and the Deacon for a suitable purse. The match was made and on the day of the fight, Jim was busily engaged at the box office selling tickets to raise the purse. The fighters were ready to go into the ring, in fact, the Deacon was already there, but not the perspicacious Brown; Gus wanted to see the money before he put up his hands. Jim, having sold as many tickets as he could, closed the doors and put the purse, \$80. in the ring before Brown consented to go on, and Jim was also the

referee. There was an object in this as the fight had been fixed for Brown to win and Jim wasn't taking any chances. It seems that the Deacon was to take a "flop" in four rounds, but being a hotentot, did not understand the white man's burden and refused to "go out", knowing he could lick Brown. But Brown was a diplomat and used the only weapon with which he could beat the Deacon. Knowing that he could not last much longer, Brown gave birth to an aphorism which has since become a classic: "Ven you ain't lay down, you ain't git a cent", and the Deacon took his "flop", and thus ended the "international" (?) contest between the Semite and the Ethiopian.

—Patrick McGee.

Oct. 4, 1926.

Mr. Thomas P. Garrity,
Pres. South of Market Boys, Inc.
My dear Mr. Garrity:—

Having heard through one of the members of the South of Market Boys, Inc., of the unanimous endorsement of the Retired Teachers' Amendment (No. 34) designed to correct the injustice to annuitant teachers who originated the California Public School Teachers' Retirement Salary Fund and who were omitted from the provisions of the 1924 Teachers' Charter Amendment, we herewith wish to express our sincere and grateful thanks for the action taken by your club.

We wish you would kindly convey to the members our most heartfelt appreciation for their support of a measure for the relief of our pioneer teachers, several of whom had taught 50 years.

We must also express our deepest thanks to you for the beautiful and kindly way in which you, as President of the South of Market Boys, Inc., presented our cause to the members.

We know "our boys" will not fail us.

Very sincerely,
THE RETIRED
TEACHERS' CLUB.

EMMA J. BARBER,
Secretary.

Attention "S.O.M." { Girls Boys

CREATE FAIR LAWS

Fair recognition of service rendered

VOTE "YES"

On Number Eleven (11)

On the Ballot, Election Day, Tuesday, November 2nd, 1926

Number 11 on Constitutional Amendment to exempt from taxation certain non-profit secondary schools, accredited to the University of California.	Yes	X
	No	

Number 11. Any educational institution of collegiate grade in the State of California, not conducted for profit, and any educational institution of secondary grade, within the State of California, not conducted for profit and which shall be accredited to the University of California, shall hold exempt from taxation its buildings and equipment, its grounds within which its buildings are located, not exceeding one hundred acres in area, its securities and income used exclusively for the purposes of education.

The colleges so defined are already exempt.

Therefore, the amendment would only change the status of the high schools so defined. There are only twelve such secondary schools. They pay taxes, to them burdensome, of less than \$35,000 total yearly. They save the State \$294,767 annually by educating pupils that the State would have to educate were these twelve schools not in existence. If they are freed from taxes they will still save the State at least \$260,664. It is fair to exempt them in consideration of their services.

In addition it is to be kept in mind that there are many institutions in the State which are not conducted for profit, and have a high school which is accredited to the University of California, but which will not be within the exemption of the proposed amendment because their property is used conjointly for the purposes of **secondary** and grammar and for primary education. Enrolled in the high school departments of such institutions are approximately 6,074 pupils, whose education in public high schools at the basis rate of \$211 per pupil would cost the State \$1,281,614.

In none of the States is the exemption as narrow as it is in California under the present constitutional provisions, or as it will be even if the proposed amendment is adopted.

By voting "YES" on Number Eleven (11) on the Ballot, you will be really guaranteeing to the State of California an annual saving of at least \$220,664.

Make it easy for these secondary schools to save the State money

Vote "YES" on Number Eleven (11) State Amendment

THIS ADVERTISEMENT CONTRIBUTED BY SOUTH OF MARKET FRIENDS.

"S.O.M." Politics of Other Days



ALBERT P. WHEELAN

The Old-Timer was in a reminiscent mood the other day, and I met him gazing with interest on several political signs attached to a building on Market Street. After the usual greetings, he said, "Another election! We are having too many elections, and there is altogether too much red tape connected with running for office. In the old days, all a candidate had to do was to see either Chris. Buckley or Sam. Rainey, if he wanted a Democratic nomination, or 'Bill' Higgins or Martin Kelly or Phil. Crimmins if he aspired for a Republican nomination." After musing awhile he said, "In those days we called the head of our party a 'Boss', but now they are styled 'Leaders.' South of Market was the scene of many a hard political battle. Every bit as interesting as the Great War."

Continuing, he said, "I was a member of the Democratic Municipal Convention that met in Metropolitan Temple, around the early eighties, and I think the shortest and most effective political speech I ever heard was made by Clitus Barbour, an old-time Democrat and a lawyer, when he nominated an Assemblyman for the 28th Assembly District. Barbour was reporting the decision of the Democratic District Convention to the Municipal Convention, and he said: 'Mr. Chairman and fellow delegates of the Democratic Convention: I take great

pleasure in reporting the action of the District Convention of the 28th Assembly District; I submit to you for your approval, as our candidate for that exalted office a self-made young man who gained his education rowing boats on the water front.' This speech took the convention by storm."

"I can recall Martin Kelly, who lived on Folsom Street, between Fremont and Beale Streets; he afterwards moved a little higher up, that is, he occupied a house on the east side of Fremont Street on the side of Rincon Hill. He was always a plain, fine man. He was good to the boys and girls of Tar Flat, and was a deadly foe of Jake Lindo, the Poundman. When a boy's dog was captured, usually after a hard battle, with the whole neighborhood, Martin would give the boy an order signed by a Supervisor for the release of the captive. This won the hearts of all, young and old."

"Martin had a rival those days, in Jim Williamson, the express man. Williamson was afterwards elected Supervisor from the 7th Ward. Martin in those days had a blacksmith shop on Mission and Main streets, opposite Laumeister's Mill. He decided to move his blacksmith shop from the neighborhood so he hired Williamson to do the hauling. Martin and Williamson had a row over the price, but Williamson resolved to make something over and above what Martin had agreed to pay, so while he was hauling several large anvils from Kelly's blacksmith shop, he dropped them from his wagon, and some friends buried them in a vacant lot; but Kelly was shadowing the wagon, and recovered his anvils, much to the disgust of the minions of Williamson. Martin Kelly had a host of friends, who remained loyal to him up to the time of his death, which occurred but a few years ago.

"Sam Rainey was a conspicuous figure around old No. 2 Engine, and the St. George stable, on Bush street, just above Kearny. There he received his workers with all the dignity of a king of olden days. He was a lovable, kindly man, brusque at times, but all heart. Eddie Graney, the hon-

est blacksmith, had his horseshoeing shop in St. George Alley, and there he gained his political education. Eddie has always been loyal to his friends who number a legion and is now more like the old time politician of long ago, who was always ready and willing to help the unfortunate out of difficulty or trouble. He was a protege of Sam Rainey and was noted for his loyalty and gratitude to his friends.

"'Bill' Higgins was the Republican boss of olden days. His headquarters were at the Mint Restaurant and Saloon, on the south side of Commercial street just west of Montgomery. It was said that he was educated to be a priest, but at any rate he was a man of superior education and ability.

"I recall a strange incident at an official count of the ballots, after a general election. Two rival candidates from South of Market district claimed to be elected to the Senate. While the ballots were being counted one of the cohorts of one of the rival candidates claimed a vote for his man. The tally list was on the table, and everyone looked over the book and all agreed that an error had been made and that the particular candidate claiming the vote was entitled to it. Then the Clerk, who had been calling off the vote, coughed a couple of times and the vote blew away. It was a short black hair from his mustache that had fallen on the book.

"No liquor was supposed to be sold on Election Day, but the candidates all kept open house in the rear of the corner groceries.

"Of course, the Irish controlled South of Market and were the leaders and workers in the Democratic party down there. The Germans were nearly all Republicans. Pat Shaughnessy, afterwards Chief of the Fire Dept., was foreman of 9 Engine; Pat Curran was foreman of No. 4 Engine. Chief Dennis T. Sullivan was district engineer, stationed at No. 4 Engine. These men were staunch supporters of Rainey and Buckley and were the leaders South of Market. The Fire Dept. was a great asset to the politicians. It was not then civil service. Four men were per-

(Continued on Page 15)

"S. O. M." Girls' Page

SOUTH OF MARKET GIRLS' CELEBRATION AND BALL

Exposition Auditorium, Saturday Evening, October 30

Committees

Mrs. Samuel Hayes, Gen. Chairman.

Finance Committee

Mrs. M. Dobbins, (chairman).

Mrs. Cate, Mrs. E. Tyrell, Mrs. Kaufman, Mrs. Regan.

Entertainment Committee

Neil Maloney, (chairman).

Gladys Martin, Vice Chairman; Fannie Kilse, Kate Leroux, Emma Shay, Nell Hoeckle, Jeanette Cagney, Dell Eden, Edna Ferguson, Catherine Lawless, Rae Birchall.

Program Committee

Mrs. Sarah Armstrong, (chairman).

Mrs. Hannah MacDonald.

Invitation Committee

Mrs. Geo. Wedemeyer, (chairman).

Mrs. Elizabeth Britt, Mrs. Kate Elmer, Mrs. Tiny Barry, Mrs. Delia Mulligan, Mrs. Kate Bassity, Mrs. May Grady, Mrs. Theresa McCreally, Mrs. Nellie Campbell, Mrs. Eva Durham.

Publicity Committee

Mrs. Minnie Gerran, (chairman).

Mrs. W. Duryea, Mrs. Agnes McNeil, Mrs. Kate Hogan, Mrs. Mollie Hatfield, Mrs. Mamie Tierney.

Reception Committee

Hannie McNamara, (chairman).

Kate Doyle, Mollie Hatfield, Lillian O'Leary, Catherine Fletcher, Miss Julia Hayes, Mrs. Mary Long, Mrs. U. Walters, Mrs. Irving, Mrs. Rose, Mrs. M. Rouberger, Mrs. H. Housen, Mrs. M. Davis, Mrs. G. Walker, Mrs. R. Browell, Mrs. Mary Colman, Mrs. F. Aldrige, Mrs. E. Lambert, Mrs. Annie White, Elizabeth Van Varp, Mrs. J. Dolan, Miss E. Jacobs, Mrs. M. Tierney, Minnie Long, Eliza Nickolls, May Wellman, Mrs. A. B. Desmond, Hannah V. Barry, Mrs. C. Fred O'Neil, Mrs. Hugh Lyons, Mrs. Geo. Lee, Mrs. Collins, Mrs. Williams, Mrs. Annie Cummings, Mrs. Lemazon, Mrs. B. Carey, Mrs. M. Bigley, Mrs. M. Collins, Mrs. C. L. Sweeney, Mrs. E. McCarthy, Mrs. Costa, Sadie O'Neil, Kate Ryan, Maud Craig, Mrs. C. C. Montague, Mrs. James McCarthy, May Murphy, Etienne V. Schier, Sarah Ryan, Mrs. Ed Birchall, Mrs. Con Deasy, Mrs. Kate Carr, Mrs. Mary P. Dennies, Mrs. Annie Neilan, Mrs. Annie Burke O'Brien, Mrs. E. O'Kane, A. L. Prior, Mrs. A. Murphy, Kittie Sweeney, Mary Buchanan, Mary

Dunbar Donahue, Mrs. Lizzie Huson, Alice Ervin, Susie K. Christ, Agnes B. Desmond, Pearl Sivi, Maggie Gardner, Hannah Poyntz, Nellie Campbell, Theresa McCready, Annie McGregory, May Anderson, Mrs. H. Frederick, Mrs. H. N. Hall, Mrs. H. H. McGowan, Mrs. A. Stefaneck, Mrs. T. Duffy, Mrs. G. Lind, Mrs. T. Goslin, Mrs. L. Conlin, Mrs. Rose Miller, Mrs. Costa, Mrs. Phil Benedetti, Mrs. N. Fisher, Mrs. K. Cosgrave.

Concession Committee

Mrs. A. Neylon, (chairman).

May Lewis, Mrs. Durbey, Mrs. Frey, Mrs. E. Mullins.

Badge Committee

Mrs. A. Curtis, (chairman).

Margaret Regan, Catherine McGrath, Mattie Snyder, Mrs. M. Lucy.

Music Committee

Mrs. T. Goldsmith, (chairman).

Mrs. J. O'Connell, Miss J. Murphy, Sarah Hayden, Mrs. Kittie Kelley, Mary Hurley, Lucy Picketts.

Radio Committee

Alice Cotter, (chairman).

Josephine Dunnigan, Helen Leigger, Gene O'Reiley, Delia Gordon.

Printing Committee

Millie Bell, (chairman).

Irene O'Connor, Mrs. Emberton, Mabel O'Connor, Mrs. F. McAtinany, Mrs. I. Krahm, Mrs. F. Favor, Mrs. A. Owens, Mrs. J. Kane, Mrs. E. Reiley, Mrs. W. Reiley.

Decoration Committee

Mrs. Mary Conroy, (chairman).

Mrs. Mary Horgan, Mrs. Elizabeth Williams, Mrs. Mary Collins, Mrs. Emma Lahansen, Mrs. Nellie Matlock, Mrs. Ella Boland, Mrs. Minnie Davis, Mrs. Jewel Callahan, Mrs. Elsie Hurson, Mrs. May Crowley, Mrs. Jennie Ganley, Mrs. Julia Zimmerman, Mrs. Nellie Thompson, Mrs. Mary Frederickson, Mrs. Rose Kelly.

Floor Committee (South of Market Boys' Participation)

Thomas P. Garrity, (floor director).

Assistant Floor Directors

Thomas J. Murphy, John O'Connell, Thos. Hawkins, Mrs. Emma O'Keefe, Mrs. Mae Scharetz, Mrs. Elizabeth Kenny, Geo. Asmussen, Mat P. Brady, Richard Brady, James T. Bell, Wm. H. Barry, Daniel C. Murphy, John T. Butler, Judge Jas. C. Conlon, Timothy Tracey, Richard Coleman, John Dhue, Judge Frank Dunn, Michael Doyle, Jeff Floyd, Judge Jos. M. Golden, Wm. Granfield, Thos. J. Keenan, Neal

Kelly, John Kane, Anthony J. Murphy, Peter R. Maloney, Wm. P. McCabe, Wm. Meehan, Jos. Moreno, Thos. A. Maloney, Leon E. Munier, Geo. McLoughlin, Bernard Maloney, John Hefernan, John J. Whelan, Wm. P. Shaughnessy, Eddie Healey, John F. Quinn, Albert Owens, Judge Thos. Pendergast, Wm. Rooney, Stanley Cook.

Floor Committee (Ladies)

Mrs. Elizabeth Keenan, (chairman).

Mrs. Mae Bergman, Mrs. N. Brown, Mrs. Phil Benedetti, Mrs. Nora Black, Mrs. Annie Beizwanger, Mrs. P. Barry, Mrs. Mary Cox, Mrs. Cruaze, Mrs. Emma Connors, Mrs. Rose Cannon, Mrs. Florence Cullen, Mrs. Josephine Collins, Mrs. Mary Cronin, Mrs. Mae Coleman, Mrs. Elizabeth Collins, Mrs. Cooke, Mrs. Nellie Carr, Mrs. Annie Deane, Mrs. Margaret Donahue, Mrs. Doeretry, Mrs. Josie Dunnigan, Mrs. Teresa Deering, Mrs. Nellie Egan, Mrs. Anna Fry, Mrs. Mae Grady, Mrs. Lottie Hannon, Mrs. Katherine Hammond, Mrs. Annie Hopkins, Mrs. Emma Heinman, Mrs. May Kevlehen, Mrs. Annie Linn, Mrs. Mae Murray, Mrs. Mulligan, Mrs. Mary Mollett, Mrs. Elizabeth McFadden, Mrs. Megles, Mrs. Madge McNulty, Mrs. Rose McDermott, Mrs. Teresa McDermott, Mrs. Carrie Noonan, Mrs. Nickersen, Mrs. Mary Shaughnessy, Mrs. Tina Simpson, Mrs. Nora Scharetz, Mrs. Cora Sandeman, Mrs. Mary McFond, Mrs. Margaret Walcott, Mrs. Theresa Thomson, Mrs. Nellie Wright, Mrs. Walters, Mrs. M. Hunter, Mrs. L. Houston.

Ticket Committee

Josephine Skelley, (chairman).

Gertrude Skelley, (vice-chairman). Mary Anderson, Josie Atkinson, Amelia Bostrom, Kathryn Bohm, Emelie Brunken, Marg. Bennett, Amanda Comaich, Mary Cahill, Ann B. Curley, Marg. Corley, Susie K. Christ, Elizabeth Coffin, Kate Estelita, Marg. Enright, Ellen Flynn, Katherine Flynn, Doris Gerber, Josie Hagen, Kate Hines, May Jackson, Mary Knudson, May Kane, Elizabeth Lema, Mary Linn, Mollie Maloney, Mollie Morris, Katherine McLaughlin, Kittie Murphy, Margaret McKenna, Mary Nicholas, Mary O'Brien, Lillie Dineen O'Leary, Mary Poysell, Alma Peterson, Mrs. Pointz, Minnie Rosebrough, Mary Rose, Kate Sweeney, May Sarchet, Ruby Smith, Mrs. Mary Tierney, Alice Wilson, Alice Weston, Mrs. Zraggem, Mrs. John Bergin.

Som' of the Minstrel Show's WISE KRAKS

If twelve eggs are placed beneath a hen and they hatch, who is the mother of the chicks, the hen that laid the eggs or the setting hen? Suppose they had been duck eggs, would the hen that hatched them be the mother of ducks?

* * *

Went to market with horse, buggy and coop containing twelve hens and on the way met a friend, Henry Bucking by name, who asked that I take a parrot to town. So I placed the "duck" in the coop with the hens. While passing the culled folks' cemetery, decided to look back and see how the "zoo" was getting on, and to my surprise, saw 11 of the hens following the buggy in a row so said, "Whoa, Nellie". Looking into the coop I discovered but the parrot and one hen, the parrot having hold of the hen by one wing and asking, "Are you going to get out and walk, too?" Evolution, thy name is hen.

* * *

I dreamed that I went to Hell. How did you know it was Hell?

Why, I saw Peter Gleason, Ray Whitney and John Gaffigan there; then I knew it was Hell.

* * *

They say that Al. Wheelan is a sea lawyer.

Well, what do you call a sea lawyer?

Why, he's a fellow who takes cases off of ships.

* * *

Went to a wake the other night and while there, in walked Chas. Kraut who put a dollar in the coffin.

Why did he do that? Charlie Collins informed him that it was for fare to cross the River Jordan. Well, then came George Jelick who put a dollar in, but I think the poor fellow had to swim the Jordan after all because Stanley Horan took up the two dollars and put a check into the casket and if the latter was taken to the River Jordan in a roundabout way, why the check would be burned.

* * *

Eddie Healy was asked the definition of the word "gratitude". Healy, a graduate of the College of Anti-quity, stated that it was of Greek-Latin origin with a decided Anglo-Saxon accent but the explanation did not satisfy Joe McAsey who requested more lucid information. "Well", said Healy, "I'll give you an example which will define the word plainly." "All right," said Henry Koch, "shoot." And this is what Healy said: "One time, I was out in the country and I saw a calf which was baaing piteously on one side of a fence while on the other side was the mother cow, mooing distractedly. I immediately realized the situation, so I picked up the calf and placed it on the side of the fence with its mother. The cow was elated at having her calf with her and immediately commenced licking the calf's head and to show her GRATITUDE put her head over the fence and licked my arm. Now, that clearly defines the word GRATITUDE." "Why," said Frank Ferenz, "that doesn't explain it at all; that cow simply thought that she had twins."

Well, Al Hintz, are you good at solving riddles? Lyman Wentworth, Frank McDonald, Bert Weinberg and Gus Videau were walking in three feet of snow. What time was it?

I give up.

Why, it was winter time.

* * *

George Connors said he had a black hen that laid white eggs. John Hart aid "That's nothing, I don't see anything strange about that." George said "You don't. I'd like to see you do it."

* * *

Jack Kelly said he had a bee hive of Labor Union Bees—they were the best organized things you ever saw. One day, in passing the hive, one of the pickets flew out and landed on his lip. Bernard Toner asked if it stung him when it lit and Jack said, "No, not when it lit but when the bee sat down—Oh Boy!"

* * *

Do you know that Joe McCann is a hero and received a medal for his heroism? "Why no," said Charlie Anderson. "Tell me about it." So John Keegan related the following: "One afternoon, while walking on the beach below the Fleishhacker Pool, I saw a girl being washed towards the sea by huge waves, and after the third wave had struck her, McCann waded out as far as he dared and threw her a bar of soap and washed her back."

* * *

James Doyle was heard asking Al Greene if he was ever kicked in the face by a No. 12 shoe.

Twenty-Five Years Ago Today

October 11, 1901

Louis H. Mooser was appointed chairman of the committee on order of business when the Democrats assembled in municipal convention in Odd Fellows' Hall. Thomas W. Hickey was chairman of the convention.

Mooser remains faithful to the party and this year won the Democratic nomination for State Controller. Hickey is satisfied to serve in the ranks.

* * *

A leading San Francisco grocer

was advertising good table claret at 40 cents a gallon and sweet wine at \$1.40.

Think of "Best Mission Eggs, 3 dozen, 50 cents!"

Trau & Connolly, grocers, 416 Fourth street, priced the eggs in an advertisement.

They also advertised:

"Three sacks salt, 10 cents; best coffee 25 cents pound; best catsup, large bottle, 10 cents."

Howard's Union Restaurant, 451 Fourth street, sold meals for

"15 cents".

Sproat's Market, 1049 Market street, offered "2 pails lard, 75 cents; best butter, 40 cents; AA Castle whisky, 60 cents bottle; 3-Star Brandy, 80 cents bottle; 13 pounds prunes, 25 cents."

O'Connor & O'Reilly, 33 Fourth street, advertised they were a "union" shop, and offered "best shirts, \$1".

Raisin bread was 5 cents a loaf at the American Baking Co., 313 Sixth street.



S. O. M. Prattle



There was a guy who wondered where all the Smiths came from. Suddenly he gazed upon a building over which hung a sign containing these words: "Smith Manufacturing Company." That settled his worrying.

* * *

There are a lot of married men who wish that they could overthrow a dictator as easily as some of the European nations do.

* * *

According to Frank McConnell, faint heart never kissed the chambermaid.

* * *

In the estimation of Ray Schiller, Ford has made walking a pleasure.

* * *

Moe Davis says, have confidence in everything you do, even when you eat sausages at a quick lunch next door to the dog catcher.

* * *

According to Emil Canepa many people have written things into the Bible that have not added to its truth. A family Bible in this city has this record: "Elizabeth Jones, born September 20, 1785—according to her best recollection."

* * *

Jack Cunningham says the "fan" who stays at home every night and avoids a row with "friend" wife, is some sage. But he who comes for dinner after seeing an eighteen-inning game, and avoids a row with "friend" wife, is some "Genius".

* * *

Percy Goldstein says a chicken goes across the street to show her silk stockings.

* * *

Tommy Hawkins contends that he had a very healthy face until he took the catcher's place in a baseball game.

* * *

Dr. Blanck says there is a place we can hear of a boil, and smile—and that is when it is on the other fellow's neck.

* * *

Bill Regan's advice to those who cannot endure their mother-in-laws, is to begin their plans at once to live alone when their children are married.

Dan Reilly says for you bald-headed fellows to cheer up. You are all right if you are bald-headed outside, if you are not bald-headed inside. He recalls to your attention that Samson did his biggest killing after he lost his hair.

* * *

According to Andy Johnson, Satan did not bring the temptation to Eve instead of Adam, because woman was a weaker, and man's superior, being. He brought the temptation to Eve because a woman isn't afraid of the Devil. If he had brought it to Adam he would have been running yet.

* * *

Al. Katchinski says your teeth may be out, and your hair may be thin, yet there is many a good tune in an old violin.

* * *

Dan Murphy says that nearly always when you hear the lusty wail of a boy with energy plus filling the air, you can look in the window and find a woman's hand at the seat of his trouble.

* * *

"Bill" Crowley was once told that wine, woman and song was the ruination of young men—so he concluded to cut out singing.

* * *

Here's F. H. Pratt's proof that the Ford is the only car mentioned in the Bible: "Elijah went up to heaven on high." Surely nothing but a Ford could accomplish this.

* * *

Gene Mulligan claims that Henry Ford has succeeded in making walking a menace.

* * *

Says Jack O'Connell, John Barleycorn is dead but he left a bootlegary.

* * *

Uninvited "aunts" got into the baskets of some of the picnickers at Fairfax when some of the guests of the S. O. M. Boys left the tables to indulge in skipping the "light fantastic."

* * *

According to Joe Moreno there were just as many careless drivers in the days when horseless carriages existed not—but the horses had sense.

Captain "Bill" Healey is convinced that "hard nuts" are usually cracked somewhere.

* * *

Old "Pop" Healey says if a fellow goes bugs about women, some chicken will get him.

* * *

Jack McManus believes that revenge is sweet but he says it leaves a bad taste.

* * *

According to our congenial member Mike Claraty—tobacco is found in some of the Southern States and in some cigars.

* * *

"Jimmie" Dunworth contends that "E" is the sleepest letter in the alphabet. It is always in B-E-D.

* * *

"Publicity" Heffernan stoutly maintains that the country is not steadier, but less Volsteadier.

* * *

Although "Jimmie" Power is now Postmaster of this metropolis, "Dan" Leary says he hasn't heard of anyone paying his bill by air mail.

* * *

Say, he is a clever guy. Just listen to this emanating from the "King of Sunset"—Phil Kennedy—a can of peaches is nothing more nor less than five or six girls in a Ford.

* * *

"Marty" Rattigan contends that because a Ford is "shiftless" is no sign that it is "a ne'er do well."

* * *

In the estimation of our worthy third Vice—"Jamsie" Smith—Moses is the meanest man so far, he broke all the commandments at one time.

* * *

Arthur Dollard going home the other night noticed an advertisement on one of Roy McNeill's sign boards reading thusly—"Happiness Hose". Immediately did he reason unto himself that they must be for contented calves".

* * *

Speaking of a political bee—Tim Riordan would have you understand that it is closely related to the straddle bug.

* * *

Big Jack Cameron says the farmer is mistaken if he thinks his crops will be helped by the reins of government.



GEO. W. PATERSON

Just venture with me to Memory's land;

That we knew in a bygone day.
The beautiful land of golden hours
Where the sunbeams always play.
Whenever I turn in peaceful thoughts
To the land where skies are blue,
It always unfolds a treasure store
Of dear sweet memories of you.

This wonderful city of ours is effervescent with romance and interest; and particularly was it so in the days when we were young and in our prime. Around the old pioneers who made their home and abiding place in that section of San Francisco which we lovingly refer to as "South of Market" there seems to cling an especial interest that appeals to us most readily and which is not understandable to those who have not dwelt within the confines of that now famous part of this great metropolis. It is, indeed, hard for those who have not been raised or dwelt within that hallowed part of our city to realize the pleasure we get out of any recital of the reminiscences incidental to the early days of those in which we took a particular part and the memory of which has been so vividly impressed upon our minds.

They must enjoy the same experiences we had, they must be similarly circumstanced as we were, indulged in the same adventurous enterprises as we did—in other words have something in common, so different from all previous experiences known or read of by men, in order to appreciate the fraternity that has sprung up among us and the bonds of good fellowship that binds us one to the other and keeps alive that fervent sentiment that burns in our hearts to such a marvelous and mysterious extent.

We may then feel deeply proud of our good fortune and the opportunities that are presented to us at each monthly gathering of the S. O. M. Boys to renew our

friendships and listen to a joke or story from the lips of our time honored pal or brother in the cause. As in our previous contributions to the Journal we will continue to strive to awaken in your dormant memory recollections of the people, places and circumstances that existed in the days when we were young, romantic and free from guile.

An institution that played a particular part in the development of our fair city in the early seventies and particularly in the year in which we celebrated the centennial anniversary of our existence as a nation—to be exact 1876—was that of the California Sugar Refinery. It was run by a stock company composed of the following well known pioneers who were the officers—C. Spreckels was both President and Manager and the Secretary was D. Spreckels. The Board of Directors was composed of C. Spreckels, George H. Eggers, Peter Spreckels, Henry Horstmann and J. D. Spreckels.

A very popular concern in those days was the establishment of W. J. T. Palmer & Co., located at 105 and 107 Mission street—cabinet makers. They gave employment to many men and did a thriving business. Their ware-rooms were located at 323 California street.

Do you remember the 2-story building with the plain front located at 123 and 125 Beale street wherein was housed the establishment of John R. Sims? Their great specialties were the manufacture of iron shutters, girders, burglar-proof safes and bank vaults. They too, employed a goodly number of men and proved quite a factor in the early development of the city.

Stairbuilding was a noted industry in the time above mentioned and among the principal ones engaged in it were the firms of B. H. Freeman & Co., located at 413 and 415 Mission street and that of Langland and Leach, at 485 Brannan street. Another well-known concern was Fulda's Planing Mill, located at 35 and 40

Spear street and the California Wine Cooperage run in conjunction with the mill and all operated by the celebrated Fulda Brothers and their company.

A man that was much sought after was Robert Mills, the glass cutter and glass stainer who held forth at 118 Main street. Many of the property owners of those days had installed pumps on their property and naturally had considerable business transactions with A. J. Smith, the pump maker located at 222 and 224 Fremont street; and with W. C. Wilcox & Co., located at 114 and 116 Beale street who won the gold medal at the 10th Mechanics' Industrial Fair for the best display of pumps of their own manufacture.

The firm of Joshua Hendy manufactured automatic ore feeders, steam engines, governors and circular saws and was stationed at 32 Fremont street. There was a boat builder by the name of Martin Vice who was located at 22 Mission street and was to those times what George W. Kneass is in this generation.

The following description of Wade's Opera House that was located on the north side of Mission street just above Third ought to be of interest to the readers of the Journal. It was built of brick and iron in 1875. The auditorium was 84 feet in diameter and there were three front entrances to the theatre—one 24 feet wide and each of the others 13 feet wide. From the dome to the parquet it was 68 feet and the house seated 2500 people comfortably. The stage was 80 by 100 feet. At the time it was the largest and best appointed theatre this side of the Atlantic Coast and cost \$500,000. The immense chandelier made of glass crystals that was suspended from the dome was an outstanding thing of beauty when the house was in its glory. The opening attraction was Annie Pixley in "Snowflake".

The first bob-tail car that appeared in this city was that which was operated on Mission street and ran from Mission and 13th

(Continued on Page 14)

Memorie

By GEORGE W. PATERSON

the Past

By JAMES H. ROXBURGH

After writing last month about the Maguire Cadets and the Pond Guards, my mind reverted to the time when a political meeting was something to look forward to for each political party sent forth his silver tongued, spell binding orators to impress the general public that theirs were the only candidates fitted to fill the various offices. Before a political meeting commenced, it was important to have a bonfire as a means of publicity and arrangements were made with a wood and coal yard to place a half of cord of pine wood on the corners of designated streets and in front of the hall where the meeting was to be held. The place where the bonfire was to be built was covered with sand to the depth of six inches and the wood was placed on end in a pyramid, coal oil was poured on the center pieces, and at a given signal, the match was applied.

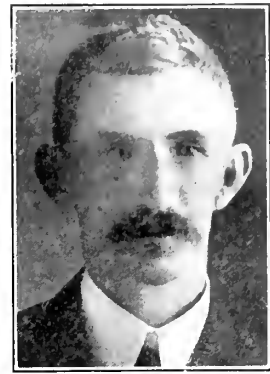
Many were the political bonfires South of Market and for the benefit of the "old timers", I will enumerate the important ones. A bonfire was built in front of Barra's Hall, First and Minna, and it was for the residents of the Ninth Ward (the city, in those days, was divided into wards): the next bonfire was in front of Hibernia Hall, Third street, bet. Howard and Folsom in the Tenth Ward; from there we journeyed to Irish-American Hall, Howard, bet. 4th and 5th; thence to Metropolitan Temple, corner 5th and Jessie, and as this was a large hall, it was deemed necessary to have a number of fires. One was placed at 5th and Market, another at Mint avenue and 5th, opposite the Temple and the third at 5th and Mission, which provided five bonfires in the Tenth Ward. Now, for the Eleventh Ward: the first was at Odd Fellows' Hall, 7th and Market and another at 7th and Mission; then they came down to my neighborhood and had a bonfire at 8th and Folsom for Carll's Hall. The next place was Teutonia Hall, Howard, bet. 9th and 10th, fires being placed at 9th and Howard and 10th and Howard. If the night was foggy, the rosy glare

of the fire could be seen for blocks, and would attract young and old, like a magnet to the meeting; the youngsters to amuse themselves around the bonfire and the elders to attend the meeting to listen to and see the "spell-binders" and the candidates, and one can rest assured that voters from South of Market paid rapt attention to what was said and profited thereby.

Of course, North of Market had their meetings and bonfires but I doubt if they were as enthusiastic as those held on our side of the city. Well, with all of these meetings, it was necessary to wind up with a regular "humdinger", so the Mechanic's Pavilion would be engaged, and thousands of San Franciscans would pour into the massive hall. Bonfires would blaze at Hayes and Larkin and Grove, and once inside, one would hear of what honorable and honest men you were requested to vote for at the election to be held within a few days.

North of Market had its meeting places: B. B. Hall on Eddy street, bet. Mason and Taylor; the Wigwam, corner of Stockton and Geary where the City of Paris now stands. The Republicans erected this building to house their Uniform Corps, notably, the Dirigo Club which marched in every Republican parade. The Dirigos carried flambeaux which carried a mouthpiece on the side, and at a given signal, the Flambeaux Corps would all blow together, causing the torches to send a flame three or four feet into the air, and when this corps passed by, the crowd would yell, "Dirigo, Dirigo, Soup, Soup!"

While the bonfires were blazing in all their glory in various parts of the city, the "stalwarts" were parading up Market street and accepting the plaudits of the crowds which lined the sidewalks. The parade was led by a good band, which had instructions to proceed to the hall and up the center aisle to a position in front of the stage while the uniformed corps lined itself around the hall. The crowd followed the band which continu-



JAMES H. ROXBURGH

ally played the latest and the most popular airs. I wonder now as election day approaches if the voters couldn't be stirred up if we had a few bonfires between now and that time. It might be instrumental in bringing out the voter who sits by the fireside and lets the other fellow do the voting and complains because a friend was not elected or because a pet measure was defeated. In the old days, we went out and worked and the men South of Market were always "strong" for voting and many a good man was elected from and by South of Market.

Now for another subject: I am very sorry that Brother Gus Pratt forgot so many of the ball players from South of Market in his article. He forgot that I was the pitcher for the Comanches and that we beat the Franklins by a score of 14 to 13 and that Lefty Allen pitched for the Franklins. Say, Gus, have you forgotten Jimmie Fogarty, the greatest center-fielder the country ever had; Jack Sheridan, America's greatest umpire, and Jack Donohue. Don't you remember my brother who went east and caught for Augusta, Georgia, catching six weeks straight, one day left hand, and the next day right hand, all without glove, mask or chest protector. And you shouldn't forget Mike Finn, who had the Pioneers; the only Nolan and Billy Barney who was a catcher and there were many more but I will write of them some other time.

PATRICK KANE
POET

Shed your coat, shed your vest,
Turn your collar down and rest;
Shed your trousers, shed your shoes,
Shed some ink and pay your dues.

SOUTH OF MARKET JOURNAL



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VOL. II OCTOBER, 1926 No. 3

"MEMBERSHIP"

A partial list of some of our members will be published from time to time in order that you may know our organization is composed of many of our leading citizens and successful business men.

We should have at least 5000 members by the end of this year and therefore ask you to hand in the names of some of your friends whom you know are eligible to join our ranks. Applicants must be over 21 years of age and prior to the fire of 1906, must have resided "SOUTH OF MARKET" street.

The dues are 50 cents per month and our organization meets the last Thursday of each month, in the Knights of Columbus Bldg., 150 Golden Gate avenue.

"BOARD OF DIRECTORS"

Our Board of Directors meet the second Tuesday of each month in Knights of Columbus Building.

The Board is comprised of 15 members who rarely miss a meeting. Matters concerning the welfare and success of our organization are discussed at these meetings and any member who has any suggestions to offer, the board will be pleased to entertain them. You can appear in person or address a communication to the secretary.

"OUR DUTY"

"I AM A CITIZEN OF NO MEAN CITY", might well be applied to those of us who reside in San Francisco, the city by the Golden Gate. It is our sacred duty to exercise the right given us, that is, TO VOTE.

We should vote early in order to assist those in charge of the election booths, for as you are no doubt aware, there will be a large number of amendments on the ballot this year.

Our laws prohibit us from entering into politics, but we consider it a duty to ask each and every member of our organization as well as their family's and friends, to VOTE on November 2nd.

IN MEMORIAM

The sympathies of the South of Market Boys are extended to the family of James Tehaney, 158 Hawthorne St.; died Oct. 2, 1926.

Programme of

SOUTH OF MARKET MINSTRELS

Held Last Meeting—September 30th

Presented by Courtesy of the "Alhambra"

Interlocutor, Eddie Healy

Tambos

Ed Galoupe
Sam Piercey
Bernie Sullivan

Bones

Byron Slyter
Nels Mathewson
S. Brandenburg

Soloists

Eddie Healy
Dr. Chas. Wall
Walter McIntyre

Eddie Douglas
Michael P. Brennan
Dr. Haven and
Quartette

Chorus of 40

Musical Numbers

1. End Song, "My Gal Is a High Born Lady"..... Nels Mathewson
2. Solo, SelectedEddie Healy
3. End Song, "When the Rent Comes Round".... Bernie Sullivan
4. Solo, "Dear Old Gal".....Dr. Chas. Wall
5. End Song, Good-bye, Liza Jane".....Byron Slyter
6. Musical Novelty Dr. Haven and His Four Horsemen
7. Solo, SelectedWalter McIntyre
8. End Song, "How Do Do, Miss Mandy?"..... Sam Piercey
9. Solo, "Little Annie Rooney".....Eddie Douglas
10. End Song, "Loading Up the Mandy Lee"..... Ed Galoupe
11. Solo, SelectedM. P. Brennan
12. End Song, "Right Church, But Wrong Pew"..... S. Brandenburg

Grand Finale

Ask the wife to buy "BLINDCRAFT" wares

NEW MEMBERS

The following gentlemen were elected members of the South of Market Boys at the meeting of September 30th:

- 1—Adam, Chas. H., 77 Pearl St.
- 2—Adami, Wm., 964 Hampshire St.
- 3—Barnett, Judge A. T., 58 Palm Ave.
- 4—Bogue, J., 2076 Bancroft St.
- 5—Bradley, G. E., 242 Turk St.
- 6—Brown, Chas., 34 Turk St.
- 7—Burnes, Bernard, 143-23rd Ave.
- 8—Burke, Edw. R., 140 Ellis St.
- 9—Burch, L. E., 492 Grove St.
- 10—Clausen, J. H., 505 Mission St.
- 11—De Roza, Jack, 165-11th St.
- 12—Derby, Walter J., 1041 York St.
- 13—Dwyer, Tim, City Hall.
- 14—Essasy, J. A., 713-2nd Ave.,
(San Mateo)
- 15—Faucett, Wm. H., 25 Norton St.
- 16—Fawke, Al. T., 136A Belvedere St.
- 17—Ford, Thos. P., 178 Gillette Ave.
- 18—Fraser, Jas., 42 Stillman St.
- 19—Holland, J. J., 594 London St.
- 20—Hurley, Mike, 3128-21st St.
- 21—Hynes, Wm. D., 847 Oak St.
- 22—Jacobs, Saul, 2270 Filbert St.
- 23—Jurisch, Jerry, 18-7th St.
- 24—Kent, Douglas, 489 Chenery St.
- 25—Kenny, Frank C., 1298 Haight St.
- 26—Kenny, Henry, 549 Kearny St.
- 27—Lander, Fred A., 2455 Franklin St.
- 28—Lang, W. H., 410 Mississippi St.
- 29—Lanthier, Fred, 49 Lafayette St.
- 30—La Rue, Walter, 438 Grove St.
- 31—Lavell, Thos., 274-4th St.
- 32—McCarthy, Thos., City Atty's Off.
- 33—McCarte, Jos., Hall of Justice.
- 34—McGorey, J. J., No Address.
- 35—McInerney, P. M., 604 Lisbon St.
- 36—Madden, Jas., Jr., 2918 Webster St.
- 37—Maloney, F. C., 1084 McAllister St.
- 38—Miron, John, 560 Natoma St.
- 39—Moran, Frank, 1618 Howard St.
- 40—Mullen, Wm. R., 179 Julian Ave.
- 41—Mullen, Rob't J., 574-3rd St.
- 42—Murphy, P. J., Secy. of I. O. O. F.
- 43—Nigro, Vincent E., 2924-23rd St.
- 44—Nuhn, P. F., 63 Whitney St.
- 45—O'Callaghan, T., 1922 Folsom St.
- 46—O'Kane, Thos. J., 636-55th St.,
(Oakland)
- 47—O'Meara, J. J., 2440 California St.
- 48—Paganucci, M., 1410 Ingalls Ave.
- 49—Parsons, Teddy, 177 Lillac Ave.
- 50—Schudmack, Daniel, 630 Oak St.
- 51—Smith, Walter A., 266-17th Ave.
- 52—Shortridge, Samuel, Menlo Park.
- 53—Schubner, A., 620 Eddy St.
- 54—Simmons, Ray, 65 Rausch St.
- 55—Wright, Jos., 1225-25th Ave.
- 56—Zimmerman, Chas., 116 Vienna St.

An Impressive Meeting

A committee of the "Boys" called on Mrs. Hayes to comfort her in her deep sorrow and at the same time, exacted a promise that she would attend the Annual Ball of the South of Market Girls, Saturday night, October 30.

Alfred F. Sullivan

Arthur J. Sullivan

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MEMORIES—PATERSON

(Continued from Page 10)

streets, along Mission to 5th, to Market to Dupont to Sutter and the Oakland Ferry.

A great landmark for many years was P. Beamish's Shirt Manufactory, located on the ground floor of the old Nucleus Building, at the corner of Third and Market streets—now known as the present Examiner Building.

The ninth of September, 1875 was the date when the famous Lotta fountain was formally dedicated. It was made more famous in recent years by the celebrated appearance of Mme. Tetrassini on several Christmas eves in song recitals.

How many of ye old pupils of Eighth Street Grammar School recollect when Miss A. Aaron taught there? But few we reckon. She dwelt on Perry street at 131½. There was a carpenter by the name of J. Aaron, also, but he lived at 352 Third street; and there was another "Aaron" known as "Morris" BUT HE WAS A TAILOR and lived at 533½ Fourth street.

Frank Abbott, a famous cook, hailed from 251½ Clementina street. Another well-known personage of the generation we are referring to in this issue of the Journal was Margaret—a widow. She ran furnished rooms at 80 Clementina street and seemed to do well. A rather popular machinist was Jack Abel. He dwelt at 227 Second street.

Another Charlie that commanded some attention in those days was Abelfelder, the tailor. He lived at 442½ Clementina street. On the N. W. corner of Fourth and Tehama street, there was located a fruit store presided over by Herman Abraham who lived at 248 Clementina street. At the same place dwelt Marks Abrahams, the junk dealer.

And speaking of the Abrahams we recall the fancy dry goods store that was located at 44 Sixth street and operated by P. Abrahamson and Son. The proprietor was Nathan Abraham and he lived at 9 7th street. Another Abraham by the name of Simon was the presiding genius at a barber shop that did business at 860 Howard street.

At 820 Folsom street there was located the firm of Brook & Withrow famous for the carriages and wagons they turned out. Z. H. Cunningham was also engaged in that business, but he was at

656 Howard street. Then there was the well known concern of J. Neumiller & Co., manufacturers of carriages and wagons that held forth at 1053 Market street.

Kimball Manufacturing Co. was a well-known establishment in the days long gone by and was located at S. E. Corner of Fourth and Silver street. There was a time when the well-known firm of T. & D. Lundy was situated at 777 Mission street. Then they were known as importers of clocks.

Many of the early San Franciscans bought their clothing from the popular store of G. Hamburger and Brother, then located at 52 Third street. Every time a customer made a purchase a battle royal ensued. Nobody would pay them the price they asked for the desired suit or selected garment. The customer invariably made the price. If the Hamburger's refused the offer made, the customer left the store and proceeded up Third street. It would not be long, however, before they were after him and agreed to let the article, whatever it might be, go at the price offered. The customer would then return to the store, abuse them still further by asking them "if they took him for a thief" and "thought he got his money easy" or something similar. And then before they attempted to wrap them up, tell them to throw in a pair of suspenders and a handkerchief or a tie gratis, all of which the Hamburgers' agreed to do rather than lose a sale.

On the S. E. corner of Market and Fourth street there stood an expressman by the name of M. J. Acton, who did a wonderful business delivering merchandise and moving for the merchants located in the neighborhood. Can you ever forget the candy store that stood on the south side of Market just below Fourth street and run by the Thain Brothers, Alexander and Fred? Whenever you would call upon your sweetheart, wife or daughter you always paid them a visit and provided yourself with a box of their sweeties for presentation to the object of your affections. Both brothers passed away many years ago and left quite a fortune to their families.

Reverend Father Accolti, S. J., was stationed at St. Ignatius College when it was located at 841 Market street during the years of 1875 and '76, and Charlie Ackman

(Continued on Page 15)

MEMORIES—PATERSON

(Continued from Page 14)

domiciled at 743 Tehama street about the same time.

Some of you perhaps recollect "Bob" Acton who was a boot-maker by trade and worked with Buckingham & Hecht and lived at 551 Howard street. Then there was "Billie" Adair who lived at 575 Minna street and clerked with George H. Mendell. Alexander P. Adams was a surveyor and dwelt at 543 Second street. Jamie Aiken was a brawly individual in those days. He was a member of the firm of Moynihan and Aiken and took a very active part in the affairs promoted and fostered by both the St. Andrew's Society and the Caledonian Club. He was a most enthusiastic Scotchman and did much to advance the manners and customs of his fellow-countrymen. He lived just below Folsom street at 308 Seventh street. James C. Aiken was another canny Scot. He was a boiler maker with the Portland Boiler Works and lived in the rear of 266 Clementina street. Robert Aitken was a carpenter at that period and lived at 115 Second street; while Wm. Aitken was a coachman with Peter Donahue, the well-known pioneer, and lived with him at the N. E. corner of Bryant and Second.

Space will not permit further references to the sturdy inhabitants of our fair city in the present issue of the Journal so we will reserve the names we have on hand for the November number. We're glad to learn that you all got so much pleasure out of a perusal of our latest contribution. Let the good work go on.

CONDOLATORY

The personnel of the South of Market Boys was deeply affected and shocked to learn of the death of the loving son of Mrs. Samuel Hayes, President of the South of Market Girls. It takes this means of extending the heartfelt sympathies of each and every member of the South of Market Boys and join with you in mourning the loss of a splendid man. Many of the "Boys" attended the services at St. Charles' Church, Saturday, October 9, and the officers accompanied the remains to the burial place, Holy Cross Cemetery.

POLITICS—WHEELAN

(Continued from Page 6)

manently stationed in a firehouse; driver of the engine, the stoker, engineer and driver of the hose cart. The members of the engine company were extra-men who either were employed during the day at some trade or had a job lighting lamps for the gas company. The pay of an extra man was \$35 per month. They could sleep in the fire house. The center of political activities those days was either at the corner grocery or at the fire house.

"Where have all the good democrats of the old days disappeared to? They are either dead or have become Republicans. In the old days about the only Republicans South of Market were the negroes. Now all the young, likely lads of Irish descent have turned Republican. Why, even Tom Finn is now a Republican, and I remember the time when Republicanism was nothing to him, when he was one of the rising young Democrats of the old 28th Assembly District.

"The Hickory Club at New Montgomery and Mission streets was the headquarters of all the Democrats in the 28th and 29th Assembly District; yes, and even for the whole Seventh Ward. No Republican would dare even to look in the door of the club. Whatever candidate they declared for was always elected. Why I remember one time that the boys sent one of their crowd down to a precinct in the neighborhood that was reported lost, and he beat up all of the election officers and ran out of the room with the ballot box under his arm and brought it to the club, where it was disposed of. He was arrested and given six months for this trivial offense and this incident nearly lost the district leadership of the Democratic party for some of the South of Market leaders. After serving two weeks of his sentence, he was mysteriously discharged from the county jail. During his stay at the old jail on Broadway he was visited by hundreds of good, old time Democrats, and he wanted for nothing.

"Well, I must be getting along out to the Richmond district, where I live, and where I am the only Democrat registered in my precinct."

WHO'S WHO IN SOUTH OF MARKETDOM

James Rolph, Jr., Cornelius J. Deasy, James E. Power, Andrew J. Gallagher, Thomas P. Garrity, J. Emmet Hayden, Thomas W. Hickey, James B. McSheehy, Alb't S. Samuels, Warren Shannon, Thomas A. Maloney, William P. Stanton, John J. Whelan, Richard J. Welch, John A. Kelly, Timothy A. Reardon, James F. Smith, J. P. Horgan, Percy I. Goldstein, Wm. P. McCabe, Peter R. Maloney, Thos. R. Murphy, Thomas Healy, M. F. Hannan, Ralph Pincus, Daniel J. O'Brien, Thomas J. Murphy, Arthur A. O'Neill, Michael Doyle, Charles H. Kendrick, W. A. Blanck, Thomas Flaherty, W. A. Granfield, Philip H. Sapiro, James Kerr, Daniel C. Murphy, John H. Theiler.

Samuel Shortridge, James D. Phelan, P. F. McCarthy, James Dunworth, Arthur J. Sullivan, Richard Cullen, John J. Casey, Harry M. Kelly, Fred Klevershal, Al Katchinski, John W. Cobb, Joseph F. Hotter, John L. Flynn, J. A. Dunleavy, Frank McStocker, John L. McLaughlin, F. H. Pratt, Eddie Healy, Syl. O'Sullivan, Jos. McTigue.

John F. Quinn, Edward F. Bryant, George W. Paterson, Mathew Brady, John A. O'Connell, H. I. Mulerevy, Ray Schiller, Thomas F. Finn, Wm. J. Quinn, T. I. Fitzpatrick, Leon E. Munier, F. J. Murasky, Wm. D. Burns, J. J. Van Nostrand, John M. Heffernan, Thos. F. Graham, Patrick H. McGee, Edw. P. Shorthall, James H. Roxburgh, Harold Louderbaek, Wm. Healy, Thomas J. Ford, Ralph McLeran, Peter McGee, T. F. Prendergast, Geo. Assmussen, James G. Conlan, John J. Collins, A. T. Barnett, Edward Graney, Alex. Dulfer, Frank W. Dunn, A. Borkheim, D. S. O'Brien, Albert P. Whelan, Joseph M. Golden.

SOUTH OF MARKET GIRLS PAY OFFICIAL VISIT

Mesdames Elizabeth Hayes, Nellie Maloney, Minnie Gerrans and Hannie McNamara paid us a visit at the last meeting to invite the South of Market Boys to participate in their Grand Annual Ball to be held at the Exposition Auditorium, Saturday evening, October 30th. Are we with them—A B S O L U T E L Y !

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**DO YOU REMEMBER THE ELECTION OF
NOVEMBER 8, 1892****Non-Partisan Municipal Nominees**

No. on Ballot	
3-Mayor.....	L. R. ELLERT
9-Auditor.....	CHARLES ASHTON
20-Sheriff.....	H. H. SCOTT
27-Tax Collector.....	C. H. WETJEN
29-Treasurer.....	OTTO KLOPPENBURG
35-Recorder.....	MAX BROOKS
44-County Clerk.....	J. J. MORAN
50-District Attorney.....	W. A. BEATTY
53-Attorney and Counselor.....	W. C. BURNETT
60-Coroner.....	L. C. COX
66-Public Administrator.....	E. J. BOWEN
72-Surveyor.....	J. H. HUMPHREYS
79-Supt. of Public Streets, Highways and Squares.....	T. ASHWORTH
90-Judge of Superior Court	GEORGE A. PROCTOR
92-Judge of Superior Court	CHAS. W. SLACK
95-Judge of Superior Court	F. W. VAN REYNEMOG
96-Judge of Superior Court	WILLIAM T. WALLACE
109-Judge of the Police Court	H. L. JOACHIMSEN
112-Judge of the Police Court	CHARLES A. LOW
114-Judge of the Police Court	H. D. TALCOTT
119-Justice of the Peace.....	J. E. BARRY
120-Justice of the Peace.....	G. W. F. COOK
121-Justice of the Peace.....	FRANK H. DUNNE
128-Justice of the Peace.....	W. W. McNAIR
133-Justice of the Peace.....	W. M. WILLETT
141-Supervisor, 1st Ward.....	T. H. COLLETT
146-Supervisor, 2d Ward.....	J. BROWELL
155-Supervisor, 3d Ward.....	J. B. GARTLAND
161-Supervisor, 4th Ward.....	P. J. KENNEDY
166-Supervisor, 5th Ward.....	S. W. FORMAN
174-Supervisor, 6th Ward.....	B. P. FLINT
179-Supervisor, 7th Ward.....	L. A. GARNETT
185-Supervisor, 8th Ward.....	W. CHAMBERLIN
194-Supervisor, 9th Ward.....	F. KORBEL
200-Supervisor, 10th Ward.....	F. SHIRLEY
203-Supervisor, 11th Ward.....	M. CLARK
214-Supervisor, 12th Ward.....	WM. PROLL
222-School Director.....	J. T. BURKE
228-School Director.....	CHARLES A. CLINTON
229-School Director.....	E. P. COLE
236-School Director.....	S. E. DUTTON
238-School Director.....	F. W. EATON
241-School Director.....	F. J. FRENCH
245-School Director.....	O. M. GOLDARACENA
252-School Director.....	F. A. HYDE
256-School Director.....	G. A. MERRILL
261-School Director.....	C. B. PERKINS
263-School Director.....	EDWARD POLLITZ
273-School Director.....	THOS. STEALEY

294-Auditor.....	CHARLES ASHTON
(Unexpired Term ending Jan. 2, 1893)	
301-Judge of Superior Court.....	J. A. WRIGHT
(Unexpired Term ending Jan. 2, 1895)	
305-Judge of Police Court.....	H. D. TALCOTT
(Unexpired Term ending Jan. 2, 1893)	
307-Justice of the Peace.....	J. E. BARRY
(Unexpired Term ending Jan. 2, 1893)	
312-Supervisor, 1st Ward.....	T. H. COLLETT
(Unexpired Term ending Jan. 2, 1893)	
317-Supervisor, 2d Ward.....	J. BROWELL
(Unexpired Term ending Jan. 2, 1893)	
326-School Director.....	EDWARD POLLITZ
(Unexpired Term Ending Jan. 2, 1893)	

Non-Partisan Nominees for the Legislature
These names are to be voted for on the
General Ticket**28th ASSEMBLY DISTRICT**

No. on Ballot	
52-State Senator.....	WILLIAM J. DUNN
55-Assemblyman.....	THOS. P. CUSICK
29th ASSEMBLY DISTRICT	
52-State Senator.....	WILLIAM J. DUNN
55-Assemblyman.....	WM. T. BOYCE
30th ASSEMBLY DISTRICT	
52-Assemblyman.....	ISRAEL S. COHEN
31st ASSEMBLY DISTRICT	
51-State Senator.....	CHAS. S. ARMS
57-Assemblyman.....	JOHN J. KENNEDY
32nd ASSEMBLY DISTRICT	
51-Assemblyman.....	JOHN E. BUCKLEY
33rd ASSEMBLY DISTRICT	
51-State Senator.....	J. D. HORAN
56-Assemblyman.....	W. D. BERRY
34th ASSEMBLY DISTRICT	
53-Assemblyman.....	GEORGE C. SARGENT
35th ASSEMBLY DISTRICT	
51-State Senator.....	J. D. HORAN
57-Assemblyman.....	J. M. HIGGINS
36th ASSEMBLY DISTRICT	
55-Assemblyman.....	EDWARD SHORT
37th ASSEMBLY DISTRICT	
52-State Senator.....	MONROE GREENWOOD
56-Assemblyman.....	THOS. W. BURKE
38th ASSEMBLY DISTRICT	
52-State Senator.....	MONROE GREENWOOD
56-Assemblyman.....	C. H. FORBES
39th ASSEMBLY DISTRICT	
51-State Senator.....	CHAS. S. ARMS
57-Assemblyman.....	W. T. KIBBLER
40th ASSEMBLY DISTRICT	
54-Assemblyman.....	R. L. THOMAS
41st ASSEMBLY DISTRICT	
51-Assemblyman.....	O. D. BALDWIN
42nd ASSEMBLY DISTRICT	
54-Assemblyman.....	SAMUEL SHAEN
43rd ASSEMBLY DISTRICT	
52-Assemblyman.....	SETH MARTIN
44th ASSEMBLY DISTRICT	
51-State Senator.....	JOHN FAY
55-Assemblyman.....	A. DECOURTIEUX
45th ASSEMBLY DISTRICT	
51-State Senator.....	JOHN FAY
55-Assemblyman.....	WM. H. GATELY

Apple Sauce

"What are thim?" asked one Irish-
man of another.

"Thim is cranberries."

"Are they fit to eat?"

"Are they? Why, whin thim
cranberries is stewed they make bet-
ter applesauce than prunes do."

* * *

Boomeranging

"My dear, I wish you could make
bread that my mother used to make,"
remarked the groom.

The bride smiled and answered in
a voice that did not tremble: "Well,
dear, I wish you could make the
dough that father used to make."—
Sample Case.

**"JIM" AIKEN**At age of "Sweet 16" when he was known
as "Handsome Jim"

ALOHA—HAWAII

In perusing the "Memories of the Past" of Dan J. Lyons and James H. Roxburgh in the July issue, it called to mind many familiar names. There is, however, one particular friend of mine whom I have always, since I first made his acquaintance, considered one of the finest type of S. O. M. American citizen who held the love and respect of all people coming in contact with him.

I refer to J. Gilfillan, a mechanical engineer who lived on Langton street in the early '80s. I, having at one time the pleasure of being employed for several months during the year 1883 when he was in charge of setting up the machinery for a sugar mill on Horner's Plantation, Kukaiau, Island of Hawaii, Hawaiian Islands.

Several of the S. O. M. Boys including myself having made the trip to the Islands on the Steamer Mariposa, amongst them two Navy shipmates of mine; Charles Corke and Peter (Paddy) Ryan, the following steamer arriving at Honolulu, James F. Hilbus, another ex-navy S. O. M. Boy came ashore. Arriving in San Francisco from the harvest fields (where many of the S. O. M. Boys took advantage of the fair wages during the season) and having received a note informing him that we had left on the steamer that day, he strolled into a barber shop and while conversing with the barber (they always had the news) was informed that the steamer was a few hours late on account of the mail.

He told us that he jumped out of that chair hardly half shaved and tossed the barber a dollar and started for the wharf and had plenty of time before the steamer pulled out. He left his valise, etc., at the Montgomery Hotel, but as we were all traveling very light in regards to baggage, none of us carrying enough wardrobe to flag a train or dust a fiddle, the suitcase that Hilbus left at that hotel wouldn't bring a fortune to the purchaser at a dead-horse sale.

However we all went to work at the sugar mill on the Island of Hawaii. There were several other S. O. M. Boys working there also; a few names I recall, Charley Duane, Yorkey McNulty, Bill Maloney and several others whose names I have forgotten.

I was only there a few months, while James Hilbus was there for over twenty-five years, and was captain of vessels plying to the Islands in that vicinity. He was

also Captain (Admiral) of King Kalakaua's navy, consisting of a vessel of about 300 tons, and mounting a 1-pound Howitzer and well supplied with provisions and stock that would make a rum runner envious in these dry days.

However Hilbus eventually came back to California, was employed as a store-keeper for the Spring Valley Water Co. in this city for some time and passed away in Mendocino County several years ago.

Charles Corke passed away during the flu epidemic in New York City when this country was in the grip of that plague.

The Hawaiian Islands was surely a palace of dreams those days, and owing to the climate and discrepancies of the natives for styles, a dressmaker or beauty parlor operator would only require a few leaves and shade of a cocoanut tree for an established place of business.

Sylvester M. O'Sullivan.

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CHAUNCEY
Tramutolo
CONGRESSMAN
4th District

**SOUTH OF MARKET BOY
AGAIN HONORED**

Charles Kendrick of the board of trustees for the War Memorial, has been named General Chairman for the November 11 dedication of the site and cornerstone ceremonies. Committees will be named by the mayor and numerous civic, veteran, military and auxiliary organizations, to take part in active preparations for the Armistice Day formal program at the site of the War Memorial group of buildings.

WIT "S. O. M."

Sergeant McGee says some persons are beginning to fear that so much money was spent in the primaries that there's not enough left to have much fun with in the election campaign.

* * *

When "Tommy" Hickey was quite a small lad he drove a nail in one of his mother's new chairs, and oh, boy! didn't he catch it; she roundly censored him for reckless driving.

* * *

"Who was that peach I saw you with?"

"She wasn't a peach, she was a grapefruit."

"Why grapefruit?"

"I squeezed her and she hit me in the eye."

* * *

Some Ham

A young lady was waiting to mail a package at the post office when a stranger bumped her shoulder. She glared at him, thinking it was done intentionally.

"Well!" he growled, "don't eat me up."

"You are in no danger, sir," she said. "I'm a Jewess."

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(A WORLD WAR VETERAN)

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This space donated by his South of Market friends

SOUTH OF MARKET JOURNAL

NOVEMBER, 1926



Vol. 2, No. 4

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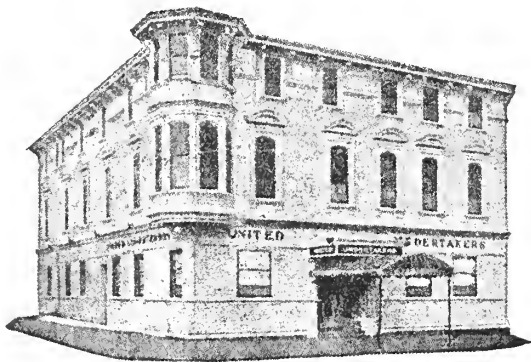
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South of Market Journal

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*Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
 Who never to himself hath said,
 This is my own, my native land.*

—Scott

Vo. II.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA, NOVEMBER, 1926

No. 4.

PRESIDENT GARRITY'S MESSAGE

With upwards of 850 members present at the last meeting, which by-the-bye, represents the average attendance at our regular monthly meetings; the fact was directed to the attention of your officers that there is not in San Francisco an organization that has an attendance record of the South of Market Boys, Inc.

Seventy-five of those present were made happy with gifts, particularly those purchased from "Blindcraft" with the \$100 which was unanimously voted at the September meeting. In addition, there were forty gifts that remained from the Picnic.

Our next session, which will be held on Tuesday evening, November 23rd, instead of Thanksgiving Day, will eclipse anything heretofore presented by the Entertainment Committee. Assistant Fire Chief Tommy Murphy, Chairman, announced that the super comedians, Eddie Healy and Scotty Butterworth, will put on a two-hour show with nary an intermission or an idle moment. Those who laughed away the blues at Schultz's Birthday Party will be repaid by a continuous spell of laughter at the portrayal of a South of Market Barber Shop. But remember, admission will be by your "Paid-up" card ONLY, and no return checks.



THOS. P. GARRITY
 President
 South of Market Boys

A number of choice, acorn-fed turkeys will be given away—your opportunity to take one home with the compliments of the organization.

And after the BIG show in the Auditorium, there will be another spell of entertainment, downstairs where each will eat and make merry to the strains of music of a hidden orchestra.

Make it a point to be seated prior to 8 o'clock as the meeting will commence promptly at that time—and I promise that there will not be any unnecessary delays.

BUT bring your Paid-up Card!

COMING EVENTS

THANKSGIVING DAY, THURSDAY, NOV. 25

N. B. The next meeting has been changed to Tuesday, Nov. 23rd, for the reason that the regular meeting falls on Thanksgiving Day.

**Regular
 Monthly
 Meeting
 TUESDAY
 NOV. 23rd**

The next regular monthly meeting will be held on next TUESDAY, Nov. 23rd, promptly at 8 o'clock, in the Knights of Columbus Auditorium, 150 Golden Gate Ave.

"THANKSGIVING PARTY"

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MUSIC ENTERTAINMENT
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TAKE HOME A TURKEY or one of the other 84 gifts with the compliments of the South of Market Boys.

The Drama South of Market



ALBERT P. WHEELAN

The Old-Timer was lounging in a deep-seated velvet chair, in one of the big movie houses, and I happened along, and sat beside him. He was soliloquizing: "This sex stuff makes me sick. Why can't the movie producers show the public something worth while?" I replied, "They are catering to the jazzed tastes of a new generation. If the old spoken drama was revived, as it was played in your youth, it would not attract a corporal's guard for an audience." He said: "Well, anyway, give me the old days. The days when Moroseo educated the youth of South of Market in the best of the old plays. I tell you it was highly educational, and while the movies have made wonderful progress, they seem to me cold and dead beside the spoken drama, with real actors like Moroseo had in his casts. What wonderful old plays graced the boards of his humble little theatre—Union Hall, over the old Omnibus Street Railway Co.'s old horse and car barn, on the south side of Howard, above Third street."

"I remember Darrell Vinton, always the hero; Ed. Holden, always the heavy villain; the Nannery sisters, May and Genevieve, the heroines, and Jim Brophy—who was always good to his mother, in whatever play he had a part. Ralph E. Cummings, James Carden, Jas. Griffith, Caro

Frise, Jessie Norton, in minor parts, and the dashing Norval McGregor, as the stage lover. James T. Brady, now a big New York producer, and the father of Alice Brady, the movie star, gained his start with Boucicault's play 'After Dark.' George Webster with his stirring and spectacular drama, 'At the Bottom of the Sea.' It is so long ago I cannot remember the names of the hundreds of plays I witnessed there, but I can recall a number of amusing incidents connected with Moroseo's.

"May Nannery, in 'East Lynne' or 'The Earl's Daughter'; 'Passion's Slave', with Ed. Holden, smashing the furniture and doing five acts of temper; 'Oliver Twist' with Ed. Holden, as Bill Sikes, with his terrible looking bull-dog, finally ending with dog jumping from the roof of a house, and the villain hanging himself from the chimney pots; the plays of the great master of melo-drama D'Enerey: 'A Celebrated Case', 'The Two Orphans', and 'The Red Pocket Book'; 'Ten Nights in a Bar-room', showing the evils of intemperance; Tom Taylor's 'The Ticket of Leave Man', the story of a poor convict hounded by the police, introducing to the infantile and youthful minds of South of Market, 'Hawkshaw, the Great Detective.' A lesson in geography, Jules Verne's 'Around the World in Eighty Days', showing a scene in old Chinatown, San Francisco, with a fat Chinaman selling cat's meat pies to unsuspecting English tourists, and the great scene in India, with a real elephant upon the stage; 'Under the Gas Light', with several villains using every subterfuge of the underworld to annihilate the sweet, curly headed blonde hero, his capture by the aforesaid villain and their attempt to murder him, in the most convenient way, by tying him to the railroad track, of course, near at hand, and his rescue by the heroine just as the papier mache train was about to cut him in small pieces; 'The Silver King', a memory of virtue triumphing over evil, amid plenty of snow and ice; George Westsells in 'Michael Strogoff, or The Courier of the Czar', a picture of Russian cruelty and infamy, end-

ing, of course, with Michael sitting upon top of his enemies and those of the Czar; Idalene and Ben Cotton, in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin', and other Southern plays and Carrie Clark and Jas. C. Ward, in the great Irish drama, 'The Red Fox'."

Continuing, the Old-Timer said: "My first introduction to Shakespeare's plays was at Moroseo's. Darrell Vinton, in 'Hamlet, Prince of Denmark', Darrell played the part of Hamlet, but what the boys were more interested in was the Ghost of Hamlet's father, and I suppose the actors and the whole company appearing in the play were also interested in seeing the ghost walk on Saturdays. Then followed, 'Richard the Third', and what a villain was this old king. Ed. Holden as Richard, and Vinton, as the virtuous and conquering Richmond. I suppose if they ever show that play again in this age of fast autos, Richard's lines, 'A horse! a horse! My Kingdom for a horse!' will mean nothing to the coming generation.

"I remember James T. Brady as 'Old Tom', in his play 'After Dark', and he was great in it. How the kids would cheer him when he escaped the machinations of the villains of the play. I attended the first performance, and I recall 'Old Tom' being blackjacked by a red-faced villain, in a dive somewhere in the slums of London, and then being dropped through a trap door into the tunnel of the Metropolitan Underground Railroad, and falling somewhere from the flies into the middle of the railroad track. I can even now hear the steam escaping from the valves of the engine, the grinding of the approaching train, but the train never crossed the stage, it only got into the middle of it, when it fell over and pulled the tunnel completely down. So, the boys and girls had to witness the performance on another day, when no accident marred the even tenor of the action of this absorbing drama.

"George Webster in 'At the Bottom of the Sea', was another favorite drama of South of Market. The great scene being the floor of the ocean, with the

mighty George in a diving suit giving battle to several sharks, sword-fish, and a devil-fish or two.

"The price of admission to the theatre was 10-20-30 cents, according to the location of the seats. The great days for the kids were Saturday and Sunday matinees. The theatrical week ended on Saturday night and commenced with a new play Sunday matinee. I remember taking my girl to Morosco's one Sunday afternoon, and as we sat together in the front row, munching molasses peppermints, and alternately hissing the villain, and applauding the hero and heroine, a large stable rat crept stealthily from under the stage and bit my little friend in the leg. A boy across the aisle spied the rat and gave a loud yell and what a bedlam the place was in a few moments. The girls jumped up on the seats and boys chased that rat all over the hall, throwing their hats and caps at it, when a hero, in real life, in the form of a big boy, kicked the rat and killed it. Now all of this happened in the middle of the show, but the play went on as if nothing out of the ordinary had happened. The little girl was taken to a nearby drug store and then we went back to the show. It was the custom to take your girl to a candy store at Third and Folsom, kept by a native of the Grecian Isles, and partake of an ice cream soda, cost 5 cents, and then spend another 5 cents for mottoes—candy hearts—bearing printed forms of your undying affection for your fair one.

"What I liked more than anything else was to receive through the mail the 'Advance Courier', issued weekly, giving you a complete resume of the play to be shown the following week. I have one before me now, and what memories it brings back to me. It gives the program for the Thanksgiving Week, November, 1891. Miss Laura White, appearing as The Clipper in a play of the same name. This is billed as a sensational Musical Comedy by E. J. Schwartz. The synopsis of the play recalls some thrilling

scenes, but it is too long to give in full so I will only tell you of the last act.

"Act IV. Reception Room of the Academy. Miss Finch reads the marriage service. A Burglary. The burglar makes love to the heroine. He is repulsed. The hero about to be executed. The black bride. The execution stopped, for the pardon arrives in time. Clipper foils the villain who is shown in his true light. 'Seize the man.' The villain is seized by Officer Rosencranz. The hero: 'Now I will speak.' 'That lady is my wife.' A happy wedding.

"The staff of the theatre was a large one for so small a show house: Leslie Morosco, treasurer; Oliver Morosco, ticket agent; Ed. Peters, assistant ticket agent; Eugene Haswell, door keeper and advertising agent; Elmer Owens, assistant advertising agent; John Althausen, head barkeeper; E. J. Thomsen, special officer; R. Boland, head usher; Fred Lupkin, head porter.

"The staff on the stage: Stage director, E. J. Holden; scenic artist, Charles Shields; Geo. Van Ness, stage carpenter; Frank Thomas, assistant; Geo. Walker, properties; Harry Rosemond, assistant scenic artist; William Mortimer, gas man; Alfred Meyer, orchestra leader.

"Morosco leased the old Grand Opera House on Mission street, above Third street, several years after leaving old Union Hall. This was a magnificent theatre. A large crystal chandelier graced the roof over the orchestra, and when lighted, it flickered with all of the colors of the prism. I witnessed the great tank drama, 'A Dark Secret', at this theatre. An immense tank of water occupied the center of the large stage, and I recall that some stage villains broke the arm of the hero who was to row a boat race for the honor of his college. The hero with his arm in a sling is led out by the beautiful heroine, who is sympathizing with him, when the hero, in a voice of agony, cries out, 'My God! is there no man in all England, who can take my

place and win this race?' The hero is astounded as a heavy set man dressed in boating togs, carrying a large scull in his right hand, steps from behind the wings. The hero says: 'Who are you?' The stranger replies, 'I am Henry Peterson, champion oarsman of _____,' but Henry could never finish the sentence, for when he came to the words 'oarsman of—' some kid in the gallery would yell 'OF TAR FLAT.' So Henry became known to the theatrical world, as 'Henry Peterson, champion oarsman of Tar Flat.'"

We had not paid any attention to the show, and it was over before we realized it. Then we filed out of the movie house with the crowd, and the Old-Timer and I parted at the corner, and I quite agreed with the sentiments of the Old-Timer, that I would rather spend an afternoon at Morosco's than see all of the rest of the movies that will ever be made.

GOOD NEWS

The Best Foods, Inc. has presented the organization with 84 packages of their celebrated condiments for distribution at our next meeting. The assortment is made up of Best Food Mayonnaise, Thousand Island Dressing, Relish and Pickles—each one a delectable product which the wife would unhesitatingly serve at the Thanksgiving repast. Come early, get a good seat before 8 o'clock, for President Garrity says that the meeting will be short and snappy and the gavel will fall promptly at 8. There will be such a wonderful entertainment that the President will necessarily curtail the meeting so as the membership will enjoy the show and partake of the repast that will be provided as an after-math.

Bro. Hugo Ernst, who recently returned from an extended trip abroad, had a very interesting message for the members at the last meeting.

Watch for SPECIAL XMAS NUMBER
of the JOURNAL

Only the Strong Survived

I am a South of Market Boy, born and raised South of the Slot, also a member of the organization. In all the time I have been reading the Journal I have not seen anything about some of the places or about the old boys from around the immediate neighborhood which I knew so well.

Second and Folsom—Co. II, League of the Cross Cadets, Jack Casey, Sergt.; 2nd and Folsom gang; the Joyce Boys, Mike and Pete; Rough House Bill McDonald, former State Senator; Olson Bros.; Nolan Bros., draymen; Tom Sears, now a police officer.

Third and Howard—Geo. Curran, now a Municipal carman; Tommy Gilfeather, fighter; Geo. Montague, a clever little bantam-weight; Harry Shubert; Joe Fitzpatrick. Tenny's second-hand store, Harry Tenny, Prop., former bantam-weight.

Third and Folsom—Attell's second-hand store, owned by Mrs. Attell, mother of Abe; the 3rd and Folsom gang had in its membership the following: Jack Forn, Brick McGodde, Tiddie Moran, Joe and Pete Carroll (Joe Carroll was National Amateur boxing champion in the 122-lb. class). I wonder how many will remember the fight on the street at 3rd and Harrison that Pete Carroll and Tommie Snailman had—a good fight, with Pete having a little of the best of the bout. Pete, now departed, was a diamond in the rough, a wonderful character, a little noisy but a good man. Many may remember the street fights he had with Abie Attell in which he always came out first.

Moroseo's theatre and old horse-car stable on Howard, near 3rd; Cole's livery stable, 3rd, between Howard and Folsom; Chas. Hamilton's cigar stand, 3rd and Harrison, and the gang that hung around there was in a class by itself. All the fights between youngsters took place on Harrison street hill after school. Jack Donahue, a fireman, who died recently, lived on Harrison near Ritch and next door lived old John Toland and his brother, Dan Toland. They were greyhound men and always had a cellar full of hounds, some of which raced at old Ingleside. The son, Charlie

Toland, trained the dogs and would run them all around the hills at night. Charlie and his father embarked in the drayage business, but the venture was not a success, as the father insisted on having the hounds on the teams all the time and as a consequence, there wasn't any room for freight, so Charlie decided to go out of business. Charlie was a very fine little fellow and had a brother by the name of Jack, who is a member of the South of Market Boys. Jack was a happy-go-lucky sort of fellow, good natured and would give away his last dime to a friend. He and Walter Beale and a few more took a trip up north. It was just about the time of the break from prison of Red Shirt Gordon and his gang, so they took Jack and Beale and the bunch for prison breakers. The gang had a laugh on Jack and Beale when they came home.

Harrison street, near 4th St.—The Quill family, also the Blennerhasset boys. Harrison, near 3rd: Big Geo. McKenna, his father ran the faro games on the excursion boats on Sunday when they went around the Bay. Harrison, near 4th: The Burton boys, there were four or five in the family. Harrison, near 3rd: Silverstein's barber shop, 4th and Harrison streets: Dillon's drug store. Fourth, near Harrison: the Wires family—Warney, Everett and Ralph. Next door, Tooey's vegetable store, then Nelson's butcher shop and then Norton's grocery store. Clara street, bet. 3rd and 4th: The Parkinson family, Rob and Everett (Norris); then the Garrity bros., draymen and a few doors up Charlie Bennett, next door, Tom Blennerhasset, and then Joe Jenkins, next Tom Foley and Joe; across the street, Jess Marshall and Manuel, his younger brother, who was champion coast skater. Fourth and Clara streets: Southern police station, Captain John Spillane; 4th and Shipley streets, Butchenback meat market; 4th, bet. Clara and Shipley, Koes bakery; 4th, near Shipley, Clinton Deporter's restaurant, whose son was called "Oyster"; 4th and Shipley, Richards restaurant, where all the teamsters from McDonald's Coal Yard ate for 20

cents—soup and all. Pete McGee used to eat there and ask him if he remembers the time some kid threw a dead chicken through an open window one night when they were all eating; 4th and Shipley, Jack Doughney's saloon, who ran for Tax Collector once and only lost by a few votes; 4th, near Shipley, dry goods store run by Louise Leibbrooks, mother and younger brother. Louie is a letter carrier at the present time. Shipley street, bet. 3rd and 4th, southside, Doughney family, next door, Crane family and then Gene Burtz; next, Baine family, then Brannan's; next, Tracey family, then Joe Burns; next, Joe Plume and family, then Leo Marion; next, Haggerty and then William Watson, and Frank Luttritz and family; next, Mrs. Smith and daughter; next, Courtney family, one of the sons is captain in the S. F. Fire Dept.; next door, Joe Schantz and Minnie Schantz and family; next, Larry Farrell, plasterer and Nelson family, with one son later a Supervisor. Charlie, I think his name was; next, Joe Schurmer, then Happy Savage and brother, Willie. Do you remember the old electric laundry—Folsom street, bet. 4th and 5th Sts.? Do you remember the bunch of young fellows who hung out at the corner of 4th and Folsom Sts.? Here are some of them by name: Frank O'Leary, John McConnelly, Jim McConnelly, Happy Quigge, Jerry Quigge, Tom McConnelly, Tom McDermott, Henie Scincerbrainan, who used to fight under the name of Jack Moriarity. He died seven or eight years ago. D. Cullen, John Dunadane, Jack Durkin, Phil Lindecker, Henry Lindecker, Dutch Blundell, the teamster, Roger Blundell, Din Linehan, Bill Cullen, Little Terry Quigg, who used to box at the Olympic Club, a fine little fellow who was killed over in France. Little Flute Schakilington, fought under the name of Charles Weber at old S. F. Club. Remember Joe Thomas, who lived on Shipley St., bet. 3rd and 4th, while next to him lived the Pratt family, Rob was one of the same—next door, Officer Joe Cronin and family, down the street a little was the Glover family.

(Continued on Page 15)

Do You Remember?

When Supervisor Andy Gallagher stood in front of Andy Lang's Cigar Store at 3rd and Silver with a punching bag under his arm so that the young ladies in passing would cast admiring glances at the S. O. M. Adonis?

When Bobbie Harrigan was Andy's chief second?

When Harry Ring was purveyor of gloves to H. R. H. Sol Levinson from Clam Alley?

When Chas. Montague was Engineer of No. 10 Engine?

When Tom McEllian boxed Jim Corbett, the amateur heavyweight champion of the Pacific Coast?

When Indian Joe, decorated with anything shiny that resembled a medal, trudged his weary way with a saw over his shoulder?

When Uncle Sam, the negro candy man, entertained the youngsters with his Dixie songs? Sam was an unusually tall individual, wore a silk hat which heightened his appearance and carried his stock of candies in a

flat wooden case which he used for a seat when he related his stories and sang to the children.

When Hattie Stewart and Tommy Gillen displayed their fistie proclivities? The original stunt attracted widespread attention for Hattie was the first woman to box on the stage.

When Pat McGee sang "Down Went McGinty" and "Where Did You Get That Hat"?

When Francis P. Masson of the Masson Freres who lived at 39 Tehama sold candy from a basket which he carried on his arm? These brothers were far-seeing and just before the Soudanese war, they got options on all of the gum arabic they could locate. As a consequence, even the United States government was compelled to buy gum arabic for the manufacture of explosives from a South of Market Boy. The Massons made an enormous sum of money on their "corner" and Frances betook himself to France where he married the daughter of the proprietor of the largest silk mills in

Lyons. France even felt the presence of a South of Market Boy for he was the first individual to introduce electricity in the silk mills which made the output greater than ever before and it gave his institution prestige over all competitors.

When the Gypsies took the dancing bear, Bruno, around and all the youngsters for blocks would congregate and look awestricken as the bear whirled around with half of a tree on his shoulder?

When Johnny Serres, 201 4th, handed out a delectable glass of California's best for five cents? Gee, but those were the happy days.

When Joseph Jacquemet, 4th and Stevenson, did most of the floral work South of Market?

And another Frenchman, whom many will remember, was Ernest Jacquot, importer and dealer in French wines and liquors who had his place of business at the corner of Fourth and Folsom.

South of Market Girls

"HALLOWE'EN", with all its various activities such as house parties, children romping the streets in their weird costumes and organizations entertaining friends in various ways, and notwithstanding all this, the South of Market Girls crowded the Civic Auditorium, Saturday, October 30.

Upwards of 7,000 people enjoyed a wonderful program and danced until the wee hours of the morning. The entertainment which consisted of several vaudeville numbers, community singing, etc., was in charge of Mrs. Nellie Maloney and she is entitled to a great deal of credit for the wonderful program.

Our President, Thomas Garrity, acted as announcer and also as the floor director. The Grand

March was directed by Assistant Chief Tommy Murphy and Geo. McLaughlin, being led by Mr. Thomas Garrity of the South of Market Boys, Inc., and Mrs. Elizabeth Hayes of the South of Market Girls.

Mrs. Elizabeth Hayes, as the President of the organization, was assisted by the following officers and chairladies of the various committees:

Mrs. Josie Shelly, 1st Vice-Pres.
Mrs. Hannah McDonald, 2nd Vice-President.
Mrs. Sarah Armstrong, 3rd Vice-President.
Mrs. May Barry, Recording Sec'y.
Mrs. Minnie Dobbins, Fin. Sec'y.
Mrs. Hannie McNamara, Treasurer.
Mrs. Dell Eden, Marshal.
Mrs. Georgia Wedemeyer, Sentinel.

Mrs. Martin, Pianist.
Mrs. Elizabeth Keenan, Chairman, Executive Committee.
Mrs. Nellie Maloney, Chairman, Entertainment Committee.
Mrs. Annie Neylon, Chairman, Concessions Committee.
Mrs. Annie N. Curtis, Chairman, Badges Committee.
Mrs. Mamie Goldsmith, Chairman, Music Committee.
Mrs. Ellen Bell, Chairman, Printing Committee.
Mrs. Alice Cotter, Chairman, Radio Committee.
Mrs. Mary Conroy, Chairman, Auditorium Decorations Committee.
Mrs. Minnie Gerran, Chairman, Publicity Committee.
Mrs. Gladys Martin, Vice-Chairman, Executive Committee.
Mrs. Gertrude Shelly, Vice-Chairman, Ticket Committee.

The Tattler

"Yo, ho and a keg of rum" says Jack McManus—and shouldn't one of the Shipping Board know.

* * *

"Do write and be write" but don't write another man's name on a "scrap of paper", says Arthur McQuaid of the S. F. P. D. Banking Detail.

* * *

"Give us our daly letter", says Postoffice Jack Daly, but be sure 'tis sent by air.

* * *

Joe Nyland says that one time his physician recommended wine so he got a BARREL but he was so weak that he couldn't budge it. However, in a month's time, by CONSISTENTLY partaking of the beverage, he was able to throw the barrel over his shoulder. (Ed note: I am weak, Joe; "Lead kindly light.")

* * *

"Great Scott" says Evatt for he never, never uses strong language.

* * *

Joe Nyland is a real old "has-beener". Drove a jerk-line team from Wawona to Yosemite Valley for the Washburn Brothers shortly after the discovery of the Valley. Joe never used profanity to get the best out of

the mules. All he had to do was to yell "Gee-Haw" a few thousand times at them and they would respond willingly.

* * *

Ed Walcott was asked how in "S. O. M." Herman Goldman survived as a youngster at 8th and Folsom. Standing six feet two in his stock-ingless feet, Herman shows why and how he survived; and he still is in business on Howard between Fifth and Sixth and is known as the Insurance insurer of the district.

* * *

Reno P. Knoblaue says Eddie Healy as Mlle. Za Za reminded him of the days that the south side of Market street between Fourth and Fifth housed many of Barnum's ex-celebrities.

* * *

Wm. G. Zupar believes that Za Za's rendition of Salome will tend to revive that phase of the terpsichorean art.

* * *

M. J. McBrearty's has adopted the motor hearse. It is but fair that he patronize an industry that keeps him so busy.

* * *

In the estimation of Pres. Garrity, it is the girls of today and not the

wrongs against them that should be redressed.

* * *

Ed Burke says that the big mistake of the younger members these days is holding a girl on his lap before he can support her.

* * *

According to Dan Leary, many fathers are now engaged in "working" their son's way through college.

* * *

"Why Walk" Maloney emphatically insists that many girls with short skirts are still modest enough to wear kneecaps.

* * *

When it comes to suggestions which are sometimes in order, leave it to Publicity John M. Heffernan. He wants a loud speaker placed in the hall for the use of the President, Secretary and others so that the voices will carry to the rear of the hall. (Editor's note:—As long as Heffernan is in the hall, the loud speaker is entirely superfluous.)

* * *

"Whoa, Nellie" Billy O'Kane can't resist the calling of the old days; he always carries a whip in the limousine.

Doings of Some of the "Boys"

Police Chief Daniel O'Brien was chairman of the Arrangements Committee of the San Francisco Boy Scouts Annual Circus held at the Exposition Auditorium, Friday evening, November 12th.

* * *

Major Charles Kendrick, director of the South of Market Boys, was chairman of the Armistice Day programme.

* * *

His Honor Mayor Rolph and Dan O'Brien, as usual, took active parts in the Armistice Day celebration.

* * *

James Barry, former Chief of the Department of Electricity of the Board of Public Works, has been appointed vice-president of the Alabama Power and Light Co.

* * *

A delegation was on hand to

welcome Timothy Reardon and family on their return from Detroit where Mr. Reardon represented labor at the National Convention.

* * *

Phil Sapiro, director of the Municipal Band, provided music for Armistice celebration, day and evening.

* * *

Hon. Richard J. Welch will leave for Washington, D. C., on the 28th inst. and a large delegation of the "Boys" will be on hand to say "Au revoir, but not good-bye."

* * *

John A. Kelly, director, has entirely recovered from a prolonged illness and is again actively engaged in promoting the organization's interests.

* * *

Phil Dietz, who was reported

dead, declares that the announcement was greatly exaggerated.

* * *

Committees of South of Market Boys and Girls, accompanied by a number of entertainers, visited the Livermore Veterans' Hospital, Sunday, November 14, and provided a wonderful show in good old South of Market style.

* * *

William A. Blanck, M. D., director, has moved his offices to 2517 Mission street, near 21st. The telephone number is the same as heretofore, i. e., Mission 1843.

* * *

Bros. Thos. Maloney, Katchinski, Kendrick and Reardon, who arranged for the suits for the South of Market baseball nine, attended the initial game, Sunday, November 14, and a photograph was taken of the committee and players.



S. O. M. Prattle



When the other hog-calling contests are over, says Louis Taylor, let's have a few contests in calling road hogs appropriate things.

* * *

According to Chairman Healey of the Membership Committee, physiologists claim that women are growing larger bones. This, no doubt, will compensate them for the loss of their rags and hanks of hair.

* * *

Mike Doyle says that too much of the uplift of this country is confined to noses.

* * *

According to "Jack" Cameron, no other educational institution equals matrimony.

* * *

Trustee Birdsall says that riches are not a menace unless we divorce the dollars from sense.

* * *

According to Tommy Hawkins, the "five senses" are nickels.

* * *

The members in general got a "big kick" out of the drawings at the last meeting of the boys.

* * *

Judge "Jimmy" Conlan was the "Busy Kid" in distributing the stuff secured from the blindcraft at the last meeting.

* * *

George Asmussen says that men in the postal service should wear mail suits.

* * *

"Tommy" Hickey contends that America's rubber is no longer in her neck. That's why the Sesqui exposition failed.

* * *

Dancing is on the wane, says John Dhue. Still there is a good deal of it on the wax.

* * *

According to Thos. J. Keenan, the first co-educational institution was Eden.

* * *

John A. Kelly says there is one consolation in owning an automobile—it has no tail to get over the reins and cause a run-away.

* * *

Frank Grimes got a big kick out of the last meeting of the S. O. M. He carried away with him some of the jokes that were sprung there.

James T. Bell says a good income for a man is about 10:30 or 11:00 P. M.

* * *

Anthony Murphy says old maids have certainly sidestepped a bunch of trouble.

* * *

Wm. H. Barry contends that no joy is greater than that of the fat lady when she gets on the scales and finds that she is losing weight.

* * *

Barney Maloney thinks that because Sunday is a day of rest that gives some people a license to sleep in church.

* * *

James F. Smith, our worthy Vice-President, inclines to the belief that mosquitoes are religious, because they "sing" over and then "prey" on you.

* * *

Now that Henry Ford has doubled the days of rest, in the estimation of "Will" Carroll, the owners of his product will have more times to wear 'em out.

* * *

And talking about rings, Joe Moreno opines that one on the finger is worth two on the phone.

* * *

At the recent S. O. M. Girls' Big Doings at the Civic Auditorium, John Heffernan didn't miss a dance, didn't miss any of the chatter that was going about that big institution; in fact didn't miss a trick, but he had a tricky little Miss with him.

* * *

If that affair had been a bridge party, Captain William Quinn would have copped the prize, for he held some wonderful hands that evening.

* * *

Our gallant Prexy was very much on the job at the S. O. M. Girls' Party. Besides acting as the Master of Ceremonies upon that auspicious occasion, he led the Grand March with that energetic and estimable President of the South of Market Girls organization, Mrs. Samuel Hayes.

* * *

Following them were William Langdon and Mrs. J. Shelley, all done up for the occasion.

* * *

Then came Mrs. H. McDonald and her very congenial husband, in the Grand March.

Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong were the next in the line and after them came May Barry and her escort.

* * *

Ah, but look here, who was the next couple that made their appearance that night; why, no less than the financial giants—Treasurer Mrs. Hannie McNamara and John J. Whelan—but then that was the natural consequence—for money begets money, don't you know?

* * *

A busy man upon that occasion was Fire Chief Tommy Murphy. He was here, there and everywhere. He certainly looked the part of the "Hard work Kid" and had not an opportunity to observe the hose.

* * *

Jimmy Aiken insists that a boil on the stove is worth two on the neck.

* * *

And there is his side-kicker—Pratt, who has participated in a number of banquets in his time and who says a "fowl" on the platter is better than one in baseball.

* * *

Emmet Hayden took "a night off" to attend the S. O. M. Girls' Frolic.

* * *

Somebody at the ball was heard to say that that large gentleman with the spotless short front and attired in his ultra "Tux" standing just three pases from the center aisle was none other than "Jim" Kerr.

* * *

In the estimation of "Johnny" O'Connell—the humorist of the S. O. M. Boys—matches work only when they strike.

* * *

"Will" Granfield, referring to the new fad prevailing among the female sex these days, insists that after wondering thousands of years how to fix their hair, finally decided "to cut it off".

* * *

Henry Vowinkel, decorator par excellence, recently returned from Reno where he discovered a "Bonanza" which went astray a few decades ago.

* * *

Jim McTiernan says all the hot air does not emanate from the species Homo—if you do not believe it, take a peep into one of his acetylene tanks.



GEO. W. PATERSON

Memorie

By GEORGE W. PATERSON

Old places, old laeces, old faces are best,
 Old friendships are dearer than all the rest.
 Old plays, and old ways and old days are all blest.
 Old memories are dearest, for time is the test.

It is no wonder then that you get such a thrill from reading these contributions to the Journal. As it pleasures you to read them it also pleasures us to write them. Thus there is a mutual sympathetic cord that seems to vibrate when we revert back to those days that time seems unable to efface.

So again will we on with our task to recall to your memory sweet recollections of persons and places that had their innings in the seventies and which, perhaps, when mentioned, will produce that thrill you always experience when reading about them.

The first places that suggest themselves at this writing are a number of retail dry goods stores that flourished in those days and received their patronage from the immediate vicinities wherein they were located.

There was Abraham and Son at 44 Sixth street, S. Ansel at 206 Sixth street, and Mrs. Sarah Apple at 28 Sixth street. Then there was Pat. Flanagan at 146 Sixth street, S., and A. Cohn at 246 Sixth street and M. H. Flannery at 310 Sixth street. Besides those there were also the concerns of A. Garfinkel and N. Goldsmith, located at 230 and 468½ Sixth street. On Third street you would find S. Blumenthal at No. 158, John Galligan at 306, S. Goldsmith at 256 and M. J. Gavan at 154. Beeker and Jacoby was another well-known establishment that held forth at 302 3rd street.

On Fourth street you would find Mrs. H. Bole at No. 310 and James Bell at 338. Mrs. M. Conrad thrived at 151 Seventh street and Sarah Butterworth fared well at

1139½ Folsom street. So did Harriet Flether at 1128 Folsom street. Perhaps some of you recall Callahan Curtin when he was located at 601 Market street. Here's one you surely recollect—the store run by Peixotto and Silverman and located at No. 42 Third street. Then there was a little store run by Mrs. Hanfin at 352 Third street; others located on Third street were those of Kennedy & Durr at No. 112; Maher & Manion at No. 224; Morris Marks at 450; McBain & Moral at 222; T. A. McDonald at 218 and McMahon & Nelson at No. 6, and Louis Levy at 412.

Another popular store in those days was that of O'Neill, Kennedy and Stewart, established at 875 Market street. George Hummell ran one at 105 Fifth street. Reverting to Sixth street we find that there existed at that particular time besides those already mentioned, the following—one run by John W. Jones at 24 Sixth street, another by L. Keser at 15 Sixth street, one by James M. Moran at 204 Sixth street, one by W. Lewenthal at 222 Sixth street and one by M. Kellner at No. 306 Sixth street.

At 114 Second street there was a store presided over by Mrs. Rebecca Kerlin and another that was fairly successful was that run by E. Kent at 241 8th street. Now, by way of diversion we will leave the retail dry goods emporiums and try to awaken your memories of individuals who pursued various lines of endeavor but who did their bit to make the South of the Slot famous and who in their modest way contributed to the development of this wonderful city of ours.

Now, there was Charlie Adams, the carpenter, who dwelt at 110 Minna street, and Howard N. Adams, who plied his trade with the Omnibus R. R. Co. and whose dwelling place was at 823 Mission street. Robert Aitken was another carpenter well known in his day and he resided at 115 Second street. Perhaps some of you recollect S. Peckerman when he ran a clothing store at 214 Sixth street and Miss E. S. Anderson, a teach-

er that taught in the old Lincoln Primary School when it stood on Fifth street near Market street, and who dwelt at 311 Harrison street. Then there was Charlie E. Anderson, the policeman who lived at 9 Perry street.

As the Scotchman would say—dae ye ken when Messrs. Ambrose and Morse conducted the Second Street House, as it was called—at the N. E. corner of Second and Minna streets? Well, if you do, then you surely remember William Alvord, who was Park Commissioner and who lived at 564 Folsom street.

Johnny Allen was a very popular individual in his day and about the time we are writing, ran a grocery and liquor store on the N. E. corner of Rausch and Folsom streets. He was a fine looking man and cultivated an enviable moustache. Another, John Allen, a carpenter by trade, dwelt at 709 Tehama street. A well-known club in those days was that called Americus and it was located at 701 Howard street.

Kramer and Co. was a rather successful concern. They were located at 511 Market street and manufactured a popular line of ladies' underwear. You must remember the old Pioneer Carpet Beating establishment that was run by J. Spaulding & Co., and was located at 353 and 355 Tehama street and thereby made that street famous.

Another well-known firm that flourished at that time was the Carriage and Wagon manufactory operated by H. M. Black & Co. at 851 Market street. A man that stood pretty well in his profession was the painter, Frank Ames who dwelt at 548 Mission street.

There may be among you some who remember when the New Olympic Varieties was located on the S. E. corner of Third and Mission streets and when the Palace Amphitheatre and Palace Opera House occupied the S. W. corner of Mission and New Montgomery streets. Member when Ernest and Theo. Althof ran the celebrat-

(Continued on Page 14)

the Past

By JAMES H. ROXBURGH

I wish to make a correction in my September article. I did not move the Union Iron Works from the Northeast corner of First and Mission to First and Folsom as the article stated, so desire to place it back on the corner from whence it was taken.

Brother Paterson mentions 1159 Mission street as Crusader's Hall. This hall was erected for Capt. Jack Stratman as an Armory for the Stratman Zouaves. In 1891, it was leased by the United Brewery Workers' Union who subleased the upper floor to the German Painters and Furniture Workers' Union. As Secretary of the Federated Trades, I had my office on the second floor, having moved from the Metropolitan Temple in May, 1892. The Federated Trades also met here on Friday nights but disbanded in December, 1892, to organize the present Labor Council with the purpose of securing the Building Trades Unions as its members.

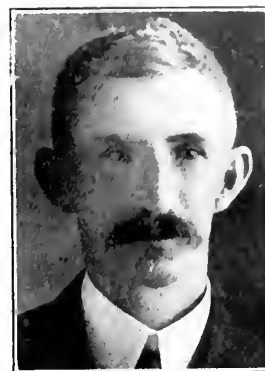
My attention has been called to the fact that I had not mentioned Charley Towers, foreman for Moynihan and Aiken, boilermakers. Every Sunday and holiday Charley would visit his nephew, John Collins, who lived on Cleveland between Seventh and Sherman and take him walking. Charley's greatest delight was to see youngsters enjoying themselves, and Fourth of July gave him an excellent excuse for having a crowd of children amusing themselves under his able direction. He would gather all the youngsters, friend and foe, and march them to Geraghty's, corner of Harrison avenue and Folsom street and present each with a flag and a bag of candy and then have them form in line and parade up and down the streets of the district. Many of the readers will undoubtedly remember this incident when they were either participants or observers of the gala Independence Day parade.

Annie Nyhan, who resided on Folsom near Ninth, married Peter Curtis of Folsom street between Harrison and Folsom avenues. Mrs. Curtis for more than twenty-

five years was in charge of the telephone office at the corner of Sixth and Jessie.

In the old days before the Spring Valley Water Co. extended its pipe lines South of Market, the residents of the District depended upon the water cart for its household requirements. One of these institutions was owned by Joe Fairfield and his establishment consisted of a large barrel or pipe mounted on two wheels and drawn by a horse. The minimum amount Joe would sell was twenty gallons which was measured out in five gallon containers and then poured into the purchaser's barrel. Old Tom Tierney had three children and lived at 24 Folsom avenue where he had a well which supplied his neighbors. In those days, mother bathed us on Saturday night in the family wash tub and when we got a little prosperous, a tin bath tub was purchased which was hung outside of the kitchen door to the envy of the neighbors. Well, it took a large amount of water to keep us youngsters clean which, I believe, was responsible for Tom Tierney's well going dry. With this advent, Joe Fairfield got a new customer, but the twenty gallons he supplied were far from sufficient to bathe us all and leave a surplus for wash day, Monday. We had a lot of fun, however, toting water from the cemetery at Seventh and Market down to the house and it was necessary to make several trips to fill the barrel. Tom Tierney's son, Jack is now a Deputy U. S. Marshal and still lives on the spot where he was born, 24 Folsom avenue. His brother, Ed, is bailiff in Judge Hunt's Court and the sister married a man well and favorably known to many of us, Detective Ed Wren.

In all likelihood, many remember the amateur orchestra which was the hit at Father Mathew's T. A. B's., in old Irish-American Hall on Sunday evenings. The orchestra gave an imitation of the calliope of the old steamer "Chin-du-wan" and it was accomplished so realistically that the owners of the steamer provided the members



JAMES H. ROXBURGH

of the orchestra with free transportation on any of its excursions. The personnel of the orchestra consisted of John Gaffigan, clarinet; Ernest Schubert, piano; Frank Tilton, accordion; Billy Granger, piccolo, and Billy West, banjo.

The fight between Dempsey and Tunney recalls a fight of long ago when Billy Curley and Tom Coyle fought for five hours and had three referees. I presume that the fight would have lasted longer but both of the boys were exhausted and were too weak to stand. The fight was with bare fists without a purse to the winner; it being solely an "honor" fight, and it was fought in a sand lot at Eighth and Howard.

While the thought is in mind, I must not fail to mention the names of three South of Market heroes: Joe Brown, the barber, Paddy Plover and Pat Canavan, who wore "plug" hats on Sunday; brave men, these lads.

When the City Gardens were in their hey-day, they once advertised in a spectacular way to entice the people on Sundays. On this particular occasion, a man rode around town on a beautiful dapple grey horse bearing a banner "This horse will be sent up in the air tied to a balloon. Anyone catching him can have him." This particular Sunday, the garden was crowded, all eager to see the balloon and horse which were located in one corner of the grounds. The bag was being rapidly filled with hot air when the announcer requested the crowd to hurry out as the balloon was about to be cut loose. When the crowd had repaired to the main part of the grounds, the balloon with a horse attached shot swiftly up into the air. "There she goes," the crowd shouted and the youngsters start-

(Continued on Page 15)

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VOL. II NOVEMBER, 1926 No. 4

OUR ORGANIZATION

No organization in San Francisco has increased more in membership, popularity, finances and in good-fellowship, than the SOUTH OF MARKET BOYS' INC., and rightly so.

We were all one large family when we lived "South of Market", and we are one large family now. We are assisting those in need, securing positions for those out of employment and in every way trying to help the members of our organization.

The business meetings are short, so that the members are not burdened with a lot of details and good, wholesome, clean entertainment is provided. At our next meeting we will give the members a Thanksgiving party, and Turkeys will be given away.

Eddie Healy and Scotty Butterworth will put on a wonderful show entitled, "ONE NIGHT IN A BARBER SHOP". This is expected to outdo "SCHULTZ'S BIRTHDAY PARTY".

Admission will be by "PAID UP CARD ONLY" and we ask each and every member to come, but please "DO NOT" invite your friends, for positively none but members will be admitted. You pay fifty cents per month for the privilege of enjoying these entertainments and it is not fair, neither is it just, that outsiders should be permitted to occupy a seat when members are forced to stand. So please remember our monthly entertainments are for "PAID UP MEMBERS ONLY".

Following the show, refreshments will be served, "SO COME", enjoy yourselves and take home a turkey.

THE REASON IS OBVIOUS—

October 24, 1926.

South of Market Journal,
Gentlemen:

Of course, when the spokesman of our coterie addressed me last night at the meeting giving me some "old-time" jabs and some new "digs" that were foreign to me, I blushed and laughed with them, although I did not know anything about the duck they referred to. A friend alongside laughed all evening about the references, and I thought there was something wrong with him, for I failed to see the joke, although my name was continually mentioned in connection with chickens, ducks and parrots.

There was an awakening the next morning, however, when I read the Journal and found that the joke was on me. In the future it shall be read thoroughly before the meeting as forewarned is forearmed, in fact, there was much in the Journal that I should have read before attending the meeting.

And for that, I am going to get even in my own way—by helping out. I have read in the newspapers that the Old Peoples' Home is in need of reading matter and if it applies to them, other institutions must be similarly situated. You will therefore send a year's subscription to the following:

San Francisco City and County Hospital.

Old Peoples' Home, San Francisco.

Palo Alto Veterans' Hospital.

General Lettermans' Hospital.

and whatever the expense is, send me the bill and I will mail you a check.

In closing, I wish to state that the Journal is a wonderful means of advertising as all the "Boys" I know, read it from cover to cover and then pass it to someone else to read. It is a safe bet that at least five persons read each copy, and if I had anything to advertise, it would certainly be the medium I would use to obtain co-operation and get results.

With kind regards, I am,

Fraternally,

HENRY J. BUCKING,
2925 Twentieth Street,
San Francisco, California.

IN MEMORIAM

The sympathies of the South of Market Boys are extended to the families of:

Robert Hayes
Gus A. McMahon
James J. Farrell
Jeremiah King
Jules Levingue

SICKNESS

We are happy to state that the following gentlemen are rapidly recuperating from their indispositions:

Albert Samuels
Thomas Murphy
Henry Gleeson
Samuel Solomon

NEW MEMBERS

The following gentlemen were elected members of the South of Market Boys at the meeting of October 28th:

Adams, Fred.....2022 Fell St.
 Bartlett, E. P.....Pier 7, Pilot's Of.
 Benjamin, Raymond
 care J. Heffernan, Kelleher
 & Browne
 Berg, Chas.....Relief Home
 Campbell, C. C.....1185 Shotwell
 Carroll, Dick.....418 22nd Ave.
 Cohn, Meyer.....882 Fulton St.
 Cole, H. J.....2792 24th St.
 Crama, Robt.....1244 Mariposa St.
 Davis, Dr. H.....2148 Union St.
 Dennis, Robt. W.
 1546 Portola Drive
 Doherty, J. E.....1325 Hampshire St.
 Donovan, Chas. H.....267 Dolores St.
 Early, F. J.....1400 Valencia St.
 Fitzgerald, J. J.....2160 Union St.
 Freeland, Wm.....4 Mint Ave.
 Gallagher, Edw.....1670 Green St.
 Hartnett, Chas.....608 Paris St.
 Hartnett, Clarence.....195 2nd Ave.
 Johnson, Walter P, Judge
 800 Powell St.
 Knottner, Leo F.
 1311-A Masonic Ave.
 Kunnecke, Wm.....274 22nd Ave.
 Levey, Edgar.....166 19th Ave.
 Lewis, Harry.....Pilot's Of., Pier 7
 Lynch, Bernard
 110 Illinois St., Vallejo
 Lynch, Hugh J.....71 Athens St.
 Mason, E.....Pier 7, Pilot's Of.
 Mullane, J. J.....3952 26th St.
 McDonald, Joseph
 123-A San Jose Ave.
 McGrorey, J. J.....18 Collins St.
 McTiernan, W. E.
 121 Ellington Ave.
 Nielsen, A. S.....37 Lafayette St.
 Parker, Clyde
 Pier 7, Pilot's Office
 Pierce, F. J.
 Pier 7, Pilot's Office
 Reavey, Edw. J.....25 Pearl St.
 Riordan, M.....35 Bennington Ave.
 Rush, R. V.....166 Maynard St.
 Silverstein, L.....1379 Silver Ave.
 Slater, Jack.....474 16th St.
 Smueich, A. J.....561 28th St.
 Stewart, O. W.....3516 17th St.
 Swanson, A.....Pier 7, Pilot's Of.
 Tarpey, M.....Pier 7, Pilot's Of.
 Thompson, A.....Pier 7, Pilot's Of.
 Twthing, M.....Pier 7, Pilot's Of.
 Walsh, E. P.....19 Beulah St.
 Whelan, James
 Imola, Napa Co., Calif.
 White, Eugene.....858 York St.

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Alfred F. Sullivan

Arthur J. Sullivan

Arthur J. Sullivan & Co.

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Importers, Jobbers and Manufacturers
of Notions, Toys, Novelties and
Carnival Supplies

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Harry M. Kelly

All Kinds of
INSURANCE

Thirty Years Service

441 CALIFORNIA ST.
Sutter 7680
Res., Park 1750

MEMORIES—PATERSON

(Continued from Page 10)

ed Althof Brothers? The former lived at 864 Mission street, while Theo domiciled at 536½ Jessie street.

With the Pacific Iron Works there was a patternmaker named Alonzo W. Allen. He resided at 78 Natoma street. Charlie Allen—a painter of some renown—lived at 525½ Howard street. Frank Alvord ran a small bakery shop at 759½ Howard street. He received much of the patronage of the neighborhood. Daniel Allee was a surveyor and dwelt at 245 Stevenson street. On the N. E. corner of 4th and Clara streets, Marcus Albers ran a grocery and liquor store.

David Alexander of the firm of D. Alexander & Co. lived at 1047 Harrison street. There was one Charlie Alexander that had a cigar store at 957 Market street—he lived at 500 Jessie street. Wm. H. Alexander, a compositor with J. H. Carmany & Co. for many years, lived at 421 Fourth street. A. Albers, who was a carrier for the Chronicle for quite a long time, resided at 224 Fourth street.

About the time we are writing of, the California Sugar Refinery Co., which we mentioned in our article in the last issue of the Journal, had made considerable progress. Its capital stock was set at \$1,500,000 and sold for \$500.00 a share. The officers were changed somewhat from that mentioned in the last issue of the Journal. Claus was still the President, but J. D. Spreckels became Vice-President and A. B., became Secretary. The Board of Directors then consisted of C. Spreckels, J. D. Spreckels, Wm. Center, H. Brickwedel and C. Mangels. They still engaged in the manufacture of sugars and syrups at the plant located at 8th and Brannan streets.

In the latter seventies there was a well-known real estate firm operating under the caption of C. D. Wheat. It was located at 740 Fourth street. It paid special attention to South Beach, Potrero and South San Francisco properties. The California Brass and Bell Foundry was a very popular firm in its day—it was run by Messrs. Weed & Kingwell and was located at 125 First street.

In those days Messrs. Wells, Russell & Co. ran the Mechanic's Mill, which specialized in sawing, planing and general mill work and

which was located at the corner of Mission and Fremont streets. William Heney did a thriving business in wood and ivory turning in his shop situated at 109 Mission street.

The President of St. Ignatius College at that period was the Reverend John Pinaseo, S. J., and the Church and College occupied the premises at 841 Market and 344 Jessie streets. There was an establishment at 607 and 609 Brannan street run by Cornelius O'Donnell wherein Morocco, Kid, Goat and Sheep skins were prepared and sold. Even in that day there was some demand for these luxuries.

Stair building was quite an industry then and Arthur McGuire did his share. His place was located at 413-415 Mission street. John Mallon at 19 Fremont street had a monopoly on the glass staining, cutting, embossing and designing business. McAfee Boiler Works was quite a noisy but prosperous institution in those good old days and was located at 210 and 214 Spear street.

Ornamental and galvanized iron cornices were much in demand at the period mentioned above and Messrs. Foderer and Hunt, located at 226 Mission, were the ones who supplied the wherewith to meet the ever increasing demand. Few perhaps, recall H. Crockard, the shipsmith, who was located on Mission street between Steuart and Spear streets. Repairing ships was his particular line of endeavor.

Gannon's Cigar Store, on the southeast corner of 5th and Market streets is a place that you will readily recollect, for it was a kind of landmark for many years. There may be a few of our readers that will remember John McKenna, the cabinet maker who dwelt at 632 Brannan street, and Michael McKenna, the wheelwright who worked with Michael McCue and lived at 490 Eighth street.

Those of you who lived on Harriet street in those days may perhaps remember Alfred Aaron who was a clerk with M. Sheyer & Brother, and lived at No. 28. Isaac Abraham was a waiter at the old Occidental Hotel—one of the most popular hotels of its day—and he lived at 133 Tehama street. Wm. Abernethy followed the carpenter trade and domiciled at 826 Folsom street. T. F. Adams was a mining expert and he lived at 542 Minna street.

(Continued on Page 15)

MEMORIES—PATERSON

(Continued from Page 14)

There were quite a few who earned their living by waiting on the table and one of them was John Abell. He lived at 421 Fourth street. There was a Patrick McKenna who ran a saloon at 314 First street and another who worked at laboring—but he lived on Kate street, No. 31.

James McLeod was a marble polisher and worked with J. Daniels & Co. He lived at 284 Stevenson street. George McLeod was employed by Larkins & Co. and he dwelt at 602 Howard street. Daniel McHenry was quite a politician of the old school and worked in the Street Superintendent's office. He lived at 445½ Natoma street. John Quinlan was a blacksmith of some note and he dwelt at 405 Stevenson street. Then there was a John Quinlan who worked as a porter. He lived on Mission street at No. 546.

Philip and Nathan Abraham who ran the store at 44 Sixth street, lived at No. 9 Seventh street. There was a painter by the name of Alexander McKenzie but he lived at 816 Mission street. Peter McKenzie was a ship carpenter and dwelt at 72 Tehama street. Even in those days there were electrotypers. One of them was Russell McKinnon. He worked with the firm of Miller & Rickard and lived at 249 Tehama street.

Edward McKittrick was a butcher and lived at 509 Minna street. John J. McKnight was a conductor and lived at 711 Howard street. Some of you may remember the old expressman who stood at Market and Stuart streets. Jas. McLaughlin was his name. I will mention three other celebrated personages of that period and then say adieu for this issue. I trust the mere reference to them will awaken in your mind memories of others that were co-workers with them in the battle of life and which will cause that thrill to play upon your heart-strings that you were ever wont to feel. The first I would mention was Thomas Maguire, an engineer who lived at 322 Jessie street. The next was Charles Quinn, the shoemaker, who dwelt at 156 Tehama street, and finally Edward M. Quinn, who drove a hack for Richard Smith, and who resided at 552 Bryant Street.

ONLY THE STRONG SURVIVED

(Continued from Page 6)

family, then the Trozack family; next, Ed. and John Smith. Ed is a city fireman. Fourth and Tehama Sts., Brown's corner, the gang there: Chick Haggerty, Lieut. Fire Dept., Joe O'Leary, Bill Quinn, Capt. of Police, F. Haggerty, Welch, Dan O'Leary. Do you remember George Peterson from Harrison street, near Rich street, welterweight fighter? Do you remember Bill Kyne the race horse man, Tom Kyne, Betting Commissioner, Jack Kyne and Joe Kyne—they all lived on Harrison street, near Rich street? Remember Folsom street, bet. 4th & 5th, Dinny Roth, Cive Roche, both are firemen of the S. F. Dept., father ran a saloon on Folsom, near 4th. Also the McDonnell Coal & Coke Co. on the same corner—Pete McGee used to drive for him. Schulken & Sons, hay and grain—Folsom, near 4th—Walter was a heavyweight fighter—Dashaway stables and Healy and Powers, horseshoers. Also Folsom Street, near 4th. Soley, blacksmith—Folsom and 4th—Remember Harry McCond who used to do his stuff at the S. F. Club, 6th street. Remember tryout night, S. F. Club, remember teamster's strike, fight at 6th and Bryant, also Market and 3rd. Remember Willie White and Joe Higgins—4th and Perry streets?

Member, Old-Timer—Yes?

MEMORIES—ROXBURGH

(Continued from Page 11)

ed in the direction of the balloon as it sailed towards the Potrero hills. Among the followers were the Doolan boys, Dick and Frank, who raced after it through mud and slush. The balloon finally drifted over the bay into which it dropped about a mile from the old cattle wharf. The crowd kept on coming until the wharf was crowded with men, women and children. Two men in a row boat towed the bag and horse to the wharf, and what a disappointed aggregation it was for the horse was a wooden one. When the horse was hoisted to the wharf, the crowd pounced on it (there were souvenir hunters in those days, too); some took the legs, some got parts of the mane, a small boy yanked the tail out, another gouged out an eye, so luckily, after all, that it was only a wooden horse.

WHO'S WHO IN SOUTH OF MARKETDOM

Aitken, Jas.
Amknecht, A. F.
Asmusen, G. J.
Attell, C.
Atwood, A. D.
Anglin, Dan.

Barry, Edw. P.
Barry, Wm. J.
Becker, A. H.
Benjamin, Chas. F.
Benjamin, Ike
Birdsall, Walter
Blanck, Dr. W. A.
Boland, D. J.
Boland, Jas.
Bonney, James W.
Bonsor, W. T.
Borkheim, A. L.
Borkheim, Wm.
Brady, Frank
Brady, Matt.
Brady, Richard E.
Brennan, Charles
Brown, Chas.
Brown, Frank A.
Buchanan, Chas.
Bulger, Capt. Thos.
Britt, Joe
Breyer, Sam T.
Byrnes, Jos. H.
Buckley, Daniel
Backstedt, W. H.
Benedetti, Phil
Bolger, John J.

Cain, John J.
Canepa, E.
Carr, F. J.
Casserly, Eugene
Casey, J. J.
Claraty, M.
Comisky, Hugh
Conklin, Frank
Conlon, James E.
Connell, Tim.
Creely, Dr. Thos. R.
Cullen, Geo.
Cullen, Richard
Cunningham, J. J.
Cunningham, John F.
Callaghan, M. H.
Cussen, Jas. S.

Davis, Milton M.
Dever, Frank
Dhue, Jas.
Dhue, John
Diez, Phil J.
Dollard, Arthur
Doran, Daniel E.
Duffy, Geo.
Dulfer, Alex.
Dunning, F. P.
Dunworth, Jas.
Dijean, Alec.

(Continued on Page 18)

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Aimless Chatter**It Satisfied Him**

"So you let your husband carry a latch-key?"

"Oh, just to humor him. He likes to show it to his friends to let them see how independent he is—but it doesn't fit the door!"

Looking Out?

There was a young fellow who took Great pride in the way he could look

A man in the eye,

And tell him a lie,

And now he's in jail as a crook.

Identity

Customer on phone—"Hallo! Hallo! Who is this? WHO is this?"

Clerk—"How do I know? Ask yourself who you are."

Couldn't Fool Dad

Father—"Who came to see you last night?"

Daughter—"Only my girl friend from the office."

Father—"Well, you might tell her she left her pipe on the piano!"

Handy Teeth

The captain, taking inspection, noticed Private Brown had no tooth brush.

"Where's your tooth brush?" he demanded.

"Here, sir", said Private Brown, producing a large scrubbing brush.

"You don't mean to tell me you can get that thing in your mouth?" shouted the captain, angrily.

"No, sir", replied Brown, without changing his expression. "I take my teeth out."

A Place in the Sun

"I'm going to open a plumbing store in Arizona."

"It's 110 in the shade there."

"I don't have to stay in the shade all the time."

A Small Error

"See here", said the angry visitor to the reporter, "what do you mean by inserting the derisive expression 'Applesauce' in parentheses in my speech?"

" 'Applesauce?' Great Scott, man, I wrote 'Applause.' "

Good morning! Have you swam the channel yet?

Daughter—"Oh, papa, what is your birthstone?"

Father of seven—"My dear, I'm not sure, but I think it's a grindstone."

To Be Sure

"I hope, dear", said the bride of the traveling salesman, "that you'll think of me every day while you're gone."

"Yes, dear, I will", responded hubby absently. "I'll make a memorandum of it."

Gone But Remembered

"What is your occupation?"

"I used to be an organist."

"And why did you give it up?"

"The monkey died."

Teaching Him

Mr. Eichenstein returned home from his hardware store and found his wife rocking the baby and singing, "By-low, baby, by-low; by-low, baby, by-low—"

"Dot's right, Sarah. You teach him to buy low and I'll teach him to sell high."

Now She's Canned

"Mamma, are peaches good canned?"

"Yes, my dear."

"Would the new maid be good canned?"

"Of course not. Why ask such foolish questions?"

"Because I heard papa tell her she was a peach."

His Specialty

Bookkeeper—"Do you play any instrument?"

Billing Clerk (sadly)—"Only second fiddle at home."

A Good Reason

"How is it that you, who are so lucky at cards, always lose at horse racing?"

"Because I can't shuffle the horses."

Keeping Him Busy

Foreman—"Now, Murphy, what about carrying some more bricks?"

Murphy—"I ain't feeling well guv'nor; I'm trembling all over."

"Well, then, get busy with the sieve."

CHRISTMAS JOURNAL—

The next issue of our Journal will be a Christmas number. It will contain articles from many of our prominent members, as well as some of our leading citizens.

If you have any item which you think would be of interest to our members, we will be glad to publish it. Send it to the office of our Journal at 150 Golden Gate avenue.

In order to publish the Christmas number which will contain twice as many pages as the ordinary monthly publication, it will be necessary to secure additional ads. We therefore ask all members who are in business to assist us by securing space in this edition. Also any members who can secure ads, will kindly advise us at the Journal office and we will have our representative call. Above all, we appeal to the members and their families, to patronize our advertisers, for as they help us, we in turn should help them. Give them your patronage, and make it plain that this is done for the reason that you have seen their ad in the South of Market Journal.

No Change in Results

Hubby—"I miss the old cuspidor since it's gone."

Wifey—"You missed it before—that's why it's gone."

Strategy

"What became of that widow with the teething child?"

"She's all right. She married a floorwalker."

A Constant Strain

"Are you bothered much with things dancing in front of your eyes?" inquired the eye doctor.

"Yes", admitted the plumber, "and those new garters bother me some, too."

His Reason

Caller—"Won't you walk with me as far as the car, Tommy?"

Tommy—"I can't."

Caller—"Why not?"

Tommy—"Cause we're going to have dinner as soon as you go."

When Fred C. Hawes, Manager of the Reno Hotel, struck San Francisco, he located at the Hancock House, Mission, between 3rd and 4th, a few doors from Exoria Hall. He never left the district for there was no place on the map just like it.

WORLD OF WISDOM—**Correct, At That**

"What kind of a fellow is old Binks, down at Poseyville?" asked one traveling man of another.

"Most even-tempered man I've ever known", was the reply.

"Good!" exclaimed the first. "This is my first trip in this territory and I like to get a line on prospective customers."

A week later they met again.

"Say", said the first traveling man, "you told me old Binks was the most even-tempered man you'd ever known. Why, when I dropped in on him he had just fired a clerk, jumped up and down on his hat, told a customer to go chase himself, and kicked the stuffing out of a filing cabinet. And he was carrying on this way just over some mere trifle."

"Well", remarked the second traveling man, "that how he always is."—*Country Gentleman.*

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Reasonable Prices

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WHO'S WHO IN SOUTH OF MARKETDOM

(Continued from Page 15)

Ernst, Hugo
Eachern, Jas.

Farrell, John L.
Finn, J. J.
Finn, Jas.
Finnigan, Wm.
Fitzhenry, John
Flynn, James
Foran, J.
Ford, T. J.
Foster, Dan T.
Fay, Luke

Garrity, Ed. J.
Gallagher, A. J.
Gilmour, Geo. A.
Gleeson, Capt. H. S.
Goldman, Henry
Gonzales, Dr. F.
Granfield, M. H.
Graney, Ed.
Greggins, Alex.
Grimes, Frank
Galloup, Edw.

Hagerty, W. R.
Hamilton, Chas.
Hawes, Fred
Hayden, J. Emmett
Healy, Frank W.
Healy, Capt. Wm.
Hickey, Thos.
Hoffman, Henry
Holtz, Louis
Hopkins, James
Huff, Joe
Hynes, Wm. J.

Jacobs, Gus.
Jacoby, Al.
Johnson, Pat.
Jones, Henry
Jordan, Jas.
Judge, Capt. B.

(Continued in December issue)

Not only does Watson say
"Where's the needle?" but he
wanted to know where his ad was
in the October number of the
Journal. Watson is known as an
astrologer of repute and 'tis said
that he made some funny "signs"
when his ad couldn't be found
after the fifth perusal.

A Traveling Prisoner

Superintendent—"It is our custom
to let a prisoner work at the same
trade in here as he did outside. Now
what is your trade: shoemaker,
blacksmith, or—"

Prisoner—"Please, sir, I was a
traveling salesman."

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& Browne
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De Benedetti, Phil 2980 - 16th St.
Mission Florists 2577 Mission St.
Union Florists 3017 - 16th St.

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Watson 316 Valencia St.

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Comiskey & Connolly 1182 Valencia St.
McBrearty & McCormick 643 Valencia St.
Sullivan, Arthur J. 2252 Market St.
United Undertakers 2596 Howard St.

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Fashion, Dick Cullen 2585 Mission St.
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McMahon & Keyer 119 Kearny St.

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SOUTH of MARKET JOURNAL

CHRISTMAS NUMBER



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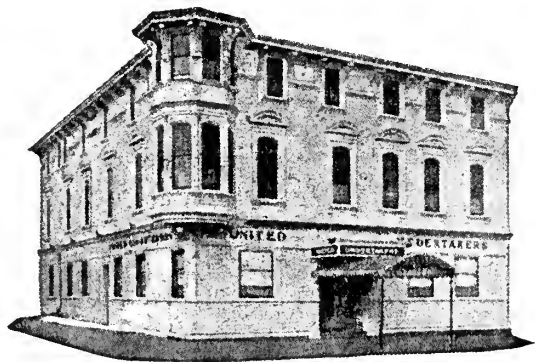
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Official Organ
of the
The South of
Market Boys
Inc.
San Francisco
Calif.

South of Market Journal

December
1926



VOLUME II.
NUMBER 5

Your Journal Committee and the personnel of the paper takes this opportunity to extend the Season's Compliments to each and every member.

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Cor. 38th Ave.

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1014, near 10th Ave.;
Cor. 22nd Ave.;
Cor. 27th Ave.

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906, near Fulton St.;
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Cor. 16th Ave.;
Cor. 22nd Ave.;
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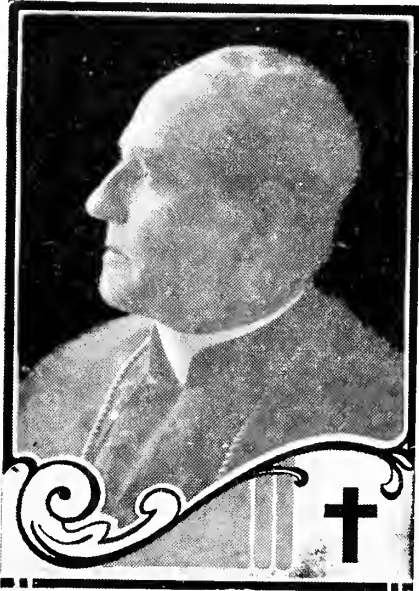
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.. Greetings ..



HIS GRACE, MOST REVEREND ARCHBISHOP
EDWARD J. HANNA

To the members of the South of Market Association the Archbishop sends cordial, heartfelt Christmas Greetings, and prays upon them every "best gift and every perfect gift" during the Christmastide.

EDWARD J. HANNA.



RABBI R. I. COFFEE, D. D.

To my friends in the "South of Market Boys" I confer my heartiest congratulations and best wishes.

My earnest wish is that they may continue to grow and prosper in the years to come and I extend to each and every member the Season's Greetings.

RABBI R. I. COFFEE.



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South of Market Journal

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 Dr. W. A. Blanck
 Thos. W. Hickey

*Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
 Who never to himself hath said,
 This is my own, my native land.*

—Scott

Vol. II.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA, DECEMBER, 1926

No. 5.

PRESIDENT GARRITY'S MESSAGE

By the time this December issue reaches you, Christmas will be at hand, and it is the earnest wish of your President that each and every member of the South of Market Boys and their families will enjoy to the fullest the Yuletide spirit, and that the New Year which will be ushered in shortly will be a very happy and a bountiful one. This wish is also conveyed to the South of Market Girls.

It was our privilege to honor our fellow member Congressman Richard Welch and his wife, as they left for Washington. It was a goodly gathering that gave him the well-wishes of his fellows, and this on the stormiest day of the season.

The last meeting surely was all that could be expected. The members turned out in great force, and not only enjoyed the meeting, but the gifts of turkeys and various articles presented by the "Best Foods" People.

Everybody seemed well pleased with the show put over by the



THOS. P. GARRITY
 President
 South of Market Boys

Butterworth - Healy Entertainers, yes, by all but one poor fellow, who could not see any humor in it at all. However, he should complain to the officers of the Club, not to others. That the refreshments were enjoyed was apparent

by the lack of them within a short space of time.

It is with regret that we hear of the illness of several members of the Club, and amongst them that great club enthusiast and Chairman of our Entertainment Committee, Tommy Murphy, but at this writing, thank the Lord, he is well out of danger and on the road to health.

At this time I call attention to all members that a new card will be issued to all members for the January meeting; the color will be green and the white card will not be recognized by the doorkeeper. So Boys, if you owe any money for dues, see the Financial Secretary, Peter Maloney, and get straightened out, or the green card will not be forthcoming.

COMING EVENTS

**Regular
Monthly
Meeting
Thursday,
Dec. 30th**

The next regular monthly meeting will be held on next Thursday, Dec. 30th, in the Knights of Columbus Auditorium, 150 Golden Gate Ave.

MUSIC

BUSINESS MEETING

ENTERTAINMENT

JOIN US IN WELCOMING THE NEW YEAR

Yuletide Greetings

By JAMES ROLPH, JR., Mayor of San Francisco

To all the South of Market Boys and to the South of Market Girls, I extend my heartiest good wishes for a most pleasant Christmas and for a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

Since its inception two years ago, the South of Market Boys' organization has occupied a place in the community life of San Francisco, which has fully justified the faith of those who conceived the idea of banding together natives of San Francisco who were born south of Market street. Many an old-fashioned "get together", many a pleasant reminiscence has resulted from the Club's activities, and it is truly a wholesome spirit which is engendered by this organization not alone among its members but among all the people of this great city.

Today the South of Market Boys have more than three thousand members and a substantial treasury. New members are being



MAYOR JAMES ROLPH, JR.

added monthly, and I am sure that in the years to come interest in the organization and its objects will be intensified rather than lessened among those who compose the membership.

No city in the land has a more brilliant, more interesting history than has San Francisco. Contemplate, for instance, the great new Russ building being erected on a site which was purchased by Christian Russ and his sons in 1847 for \$37.50. Contemplate the new Mark Hopkins Hotel, a \$5,000,000 structure just opened on land where once stood the home of one

of California's great railroad magnates in the days when mansions similar to his occupied the summit of Nob Hill.

The childhood of our present generation seems far in the past, and we are loath to lose the memory which it holds for us. The day is not far distant when the generation now growing into manhood and womanhood will look back upon 1926 as a period likewise in the dim past and when they, too, will recall their early days and the joys and sorrows which those childhood days have held for them.

As I have said, it is wholesome for us to contemplate in retrospect the days of our youth and to foster the friendships we then made. I hope that at no time in the future of San Francisco may we lose sight of the thought which brought the South of Market Boys into being, for such sentiments make for a bigger and better city in which to live.

The Spirit of South of Market

By MAJOR CHARLES H. KENDRICK

Whether it be in the bleak wilds of Alaska, the snow-driven plains of Canada, or the blistering desert of Mojave, that spot which we first called home is always dearer than all else beside.

Also is it true that the greater the span of years since we last saw that old home place, the more intense is our longing to once again wander amid its familiar scenes.

How tender, then, to us old-timers of South of Market, must be the memories of those childhood scenes which nearly a generation ago vanished forever in a hurricane of fire and smoke.

While the specter of poverty ever hovered among the teeming thousands of the old South Side and courageous smiles often masked aching hearts, the hands of Time have now woven a web of enchantment in and about all the old streets and alleys, and all that was bitter has died and only that which was sweet has lived.

And as the passing years con-



MAJOR CHAS. H. KENDRICK

tinue to throw into bolder relief the rugged character of the old South Siders, we see that our city found in them a citizenry with hearts of gold and with natures and experiences ideally fitted to carry onward the spirit of the '49ers, a spirit which has made San Francisco unique among all the cities of the world.

It was the South Side which preserved and nurtured that western spirit of common decency and steadfast democracy, of plain speaking and of scorn for sham. It was because of that old district that this precious heritage of vital

western qualities have now become ineffaceably fixed in the character of our city.

From the South Side also came the great champion of white labor for California and with him the irresistible force that wrote the Oriental Exclusion Act into our National Constitution, thereby safeguarding the working men of California from being pauperized by Oriental competition.

Indeed, volumes might be written about that virile and independent community that lived South of Market before the fire. It was a rugged and self-reliant stock, practically all of whom had to fight their own way through life and secure their own prosperity. Such a stock could not help making a deep impression upon our city, and the fact that its seed is now scattered and flourishes in all sections of this metropolis guarantees that the spirit which has made San Francisco famous throughout the world is still in safe hands.

The Old and the New

By DANIEL J. O'BRIEN, Chief of Police

Christmas is again about to dawn upon us and then follows another year. It is almost 21 years since many of us South of Market Boys were shaken and burned out of our homes.

Many changes have come over San Francisco during that twenty years and more, but we who have been privileged to live South of Market in the early days have much to be thankful for. We came from a community where men were men and women fulfilled their natural destinies.

We had not the schools that we have today, but what we did have were good institutions. Our activities, both mental and physical, were watched over and supervised by the splendid men and women who governed the schools and class rooms of that day.

We had not the playground facilities that are available to the youngster of today in the various neighborhoods, but we found time to get some learning, we found



DANIEL J. O'BRIEN

time also for physical exercise, even in the various club rooms in which we held membership, and some of us helped to support our families. We had numerous bouts of fistcuffs with each other, which all tended to give us greater courage and strength, none of us being the worse for it today, and out of it all from the South of Market Boys' district come mechanics, business and professional men, men serving the tax payers as public officials, not alone in this great city of San Francisco, but in many other cities throughout our country, in fact, many of them have become famous

throughout the world, in their particular activities.

We have watched and been a part of the age of progress. We have had our horse cars, our bobbed tailed one-horse cars, our two-horse cars with the conductor, our cable cars and last, but not least, our electric cars—the latest in street railway transportation, which made its first appearance through the South of Market district, and has been continuing the same even to the present day.

We have seen the one story cottage, we have seen the two story flat and the three story flat follow each other as time rolled on, we have seen the small factory and the shop, we have seen them enlarge the small sized warehouse and we have seen floor space added to it, and today we see in the South of Market district the four and five story manufacturing plants, the large and many storied warehouses and the skyscraper,

(Continued on Page 24)

From the Pony Express to Aeroplane

By JAMES E. POWER, Postmaster, San Francisco

In the early days of the gold miners, 1849 and 1850, their keenest interest next to the search for gold was news from their folks at home and from the outer world. The mail service was handled by steamer or sailing vessel over the Isthmus of Panama or around the Horn, and was not only infrequent but a long time in transit. So in 1860 the idea of establishing a Pony Express from the western terminal of the railroads at St. Joseph, Missouri, to San Francisco was conceived and put into operation.

On April 3, 1860, the first Pony Rider left St. Joseph with the first transcontinental mail. In about seven days he was in Sacramento, and the rider and his mail and his pony were taken by boat down the Sacramento River to San Francisco. His arrival was greeted with tremendous enthusiasm.

The Pony Express was one of the most romantic transportation



JAMES E. POWER

services in history. The ponies ran about ten miles to a relay, and the men rode between one hundred and one hundred and fifty miles. The mail was kept moving night and day without pause, except to change the Pony Riders. The danger from the weather and from the Indians called for the best of courage and endurance, and the lives of men and horses frequently paid the supreme sacrifice. Buffalo Bill was one of the most famous of these Pony Riders.

As it took the mail two days to get from New York to St. Joseph and nearly eight to reach San Francisco, a total of ten days of a transcontinental schedule was

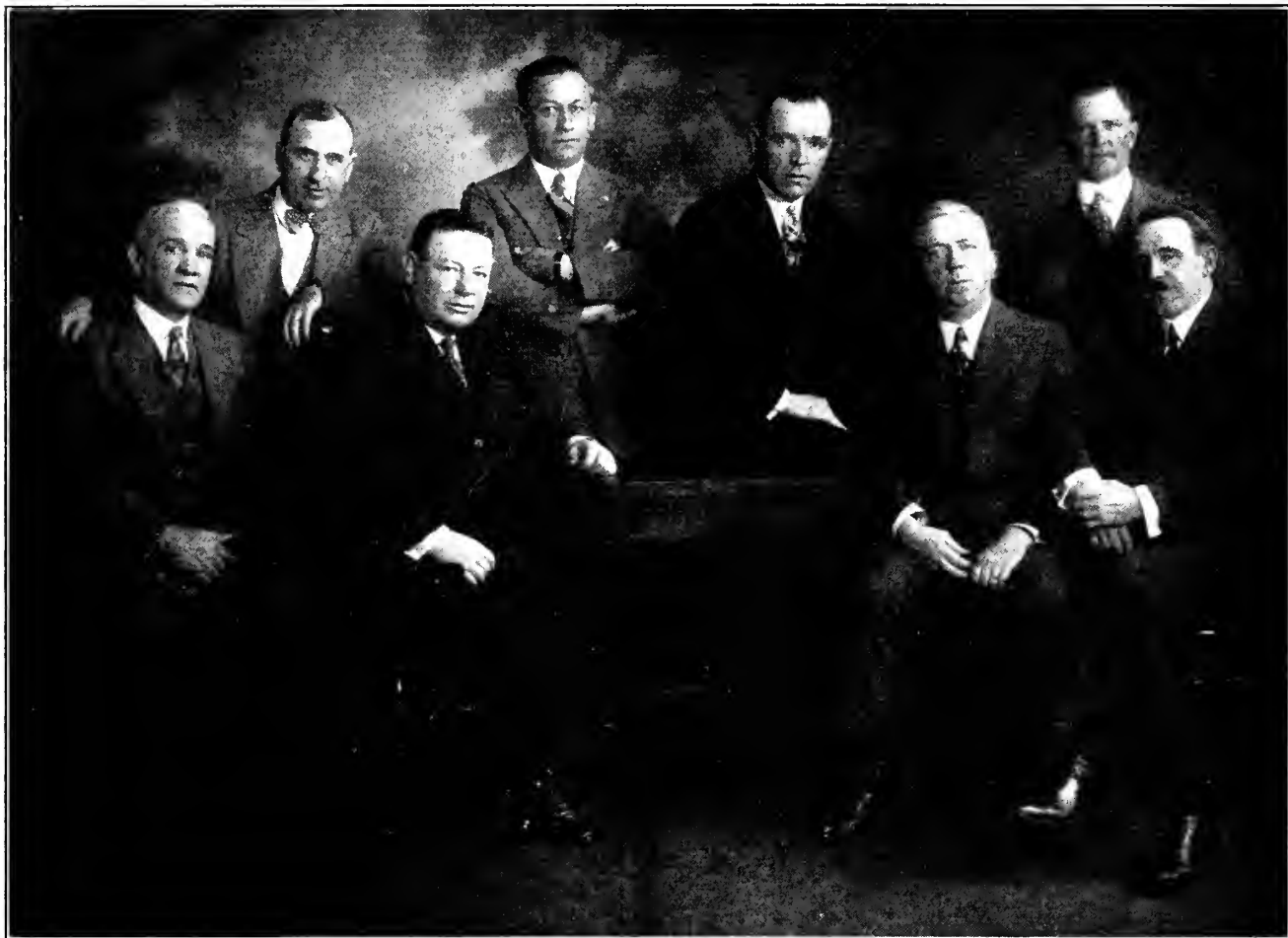
found unsatisfactory; and so as the railroads were pushed westward from the east and eastward from the west until finally meeting at a town called Promontory in Utah, the completed transcontinental railroad system was immediately taken advantage of by the postal service and gave a transit time from New York to San Francisco of approximately seven days.

This time was cut down as railroading grew more efficient, until in December of 1905 the first through special mail train from New York to San Francisco cut the time down to three days and eighteen hours.

Then in 1918 the growing art of aviation was called upon to supply a combination train and aeroplane mail service, which cut the time across the continent to eighty-three hours.

Then in 1924 was inaugurated the through transcontinental air

(Continued on Page 24)



PERCY I. GOLDSTEIN
MICHAEL DOYLE

ALBERT S. SAMUELS
THOMAS P. GARRITY

PETER R. MALONEY

JOHN F. QUINN

THOMAS A. MALONEY

JOHN J. WHELAN

Organizers of the South of Market Boys

In the month of November, 1924, the distinguished gentlemen pictured above met for the purpose of getting together the various members of the social clubs existing in the good old days.

Mr. Peter Maloney of the San Francisco Police Department, assisted by his brother, Senator Thomas Maloney, deserve much of the credit for the start of the South of Market Boys Organization. It was their idea that those who were born or lived South of Market before April the 18th, 1906, should be eligible to membership in the new organization.

Accordingly a meeting was called and organization was effected by the following: Albert Samuels, Percy Goldstein, Peter

Maloney, Thomas Maloney, Michael Doyle, John F. Quinn, John J. Whelan and Thomas Garrity. The following were chosen temporary officers: Albert Samuels, president; Thomas Maloney, vice-president; Peter Maloney, secretary; John F. Quinn, treasurer, and Percy Goldstein, sergeant at arms.

It was decided that the organization be known as South of Market Boys and those present were instructed to notify their friends and former associates and have them attend the next meeting, which was held two weeks later, and some fifty were present. At the third meeting upwards of two hundred attended and it was decided to elect permanent officers.

The following were chosen: Thomas Garrity, president; Albert Samuels, first vice-president; Thomas Maloney, second vice-president; James F. Smith, third vice-president; Peter Maloney, financial secretary; William Granfield, recording and corresponding secretary; John F. Quinn, treasurer, and Percy Goldstein, sergeant at arms.

The object of the association shall be to promote friendship, maintain character, repute and mutual respect, and to ever be a helpful influence for everything good and worth while among the boys born and reared, "South of

(Continued on Page 28)

Who's Who in South of Marketdom

(Continued from November Issue)

Johnson, Chas. G.
 Johnson, Theo.
 Jorgenson, W. E.
 Jacobs, Saul
 Kahn, Bert
 Kane, J. J.
 Katchinski, C.
 Kearns, Martin
 Kelleher, P. J.
 Kent, Milo
 Kelly, Ed.
 Kelly, Harry
 Kelly, John A.
 Kendrick, Chas. H.
 Kennedy, Phil J.
 Kern, Sam C.
 Kerrigan, Frank
 Kilroy, Jack
 Kirchner, Fred
 Kleversal, Fred
 Kenneally, C. F.
 Koshland, Adolph
 Kraut, Emile
 Krow, Max
 Kuttner, Louis
 Kierce, F. J.
 Kahn, Emile
 Kittredge, A. E.
 Keating, J. J.
 Kazaka, Jos.
 Karnza, Jack
 Koch, Henry
 Lane, Jack J.
 Lawley, T.
 Leary, Dan.
 Lenahan, Dennis
 Levy, Ben
 Levy, C.
 Lewis, Ed.
 Lindecker, Phil
 Looney, Jas.
 Love, Walter
 Lucitt, E. F.
 Lynch, Hubert T.
 Lowry, M. L.
 Lavigne, Jules
 Lettich, Antone
 Lloyd, Harold
 Lee, Geo. W.
 Levy, Harry
 McAsey, Jos.
 McBreaty, M. J.
 McCabe, William
 McCann, Jas.
 McCarron, John
 McCarthy, Justine
 McCarthy, P. H.
 McCauley, J. E.
 McConnell, F.
 McCormick, P. J.
 McDonnell, P. J.
 McElroy, Jas. B.
 McEntee, P.
 McGee, Peter M.

McMahon, W. G.
 McManus, J. J.
 McNab, Gavin
 McQuaide, Arthur
 McShane, Henry
 McSheehy, Edw.
 McSheehy, James B.
 McStocker, Frank B.
 McTiernan, J. J.
 McTigue, Jos.
 McGovern, Herry
 McGowan, Hugh
 McGrath, James
 McGrath, Tim
 McGreevy, C.

McLaren, Ralph
 McLaughlin, Dan. F.
 McLaughlin, Geo.
 McLaughlin, John
 McGlone, D. J.
 McCarthy, Chas. H.
 McCauley, Hugh
 McCann, J. J.
 Mooslin, Dr. M. B.
 McCallum, D. H.
 McGiney, Edw.
 McAuliffe, Rev. Jos.
 McGough, Dr. J. A.
 McCarte, Jos.
 Macintosh, Dr. W. C.

Mackowski, Otto
 Manogue, A. J.
 Maher, Dan.
 Maher, J. W.
 Maloney, Bernard
 Maloney, William
 Manion, John J.
 Markey, Frank
 Marks, Ike
 Miller, Emile
 Moreno, John G.
 Moreno, Jos.
 Morrissey, N.
 Mulcrevy, Harry I.
 Mulligan, Gene, Sr.
 Murasky, Frank Jr.
 Murnae, Jack
 Murphy, Fred
 Murphy, Wm. A.
 Moreno, Morris
 Murphy, Fred Jr.
 Miskel, W. J.
 Madden, Fred J.
 Manning, Thos. P.
 Meyer, Adolph
 Mannix, M. J.
 Meyers, Al. H.
 Murray, D. J.
 Moore, Owen
 Mullane, J. J.
 Neil, Al.
 Newmann, Sid.
 Nolan, Edw.
 Neilan, J. J.
 Nyland, R. L.
 Nichols, Harry
 O'Brien, Chas. M.
 O'Brien, Daniel, Jr.
 O'Brien, George
 O'Brien, Luke
 O'Callaghan, Dan.
 O'Connell, John
 O'Hara, Hugh
 O'Leary, J. J.
 O'Leary, John F.
 O'Neil, Dr. A.
 O'Neil, Dan J.
 O'Shea, Frank
 Owen, Peter J.
 O'Brien, Wm.
 O'Leary, Frank
 O'Connor, Dr. C. C.
 Oppenheimer, Louis
 Oberdeener, Jos.
 Parker, Par. R.
 Partman, Frank H.
 Paterson, G. W.
 Pegullion, Emil
 Pincus, Ralph
 Porter, Andrew
 Pratt, A. D. Gus
 Pratt, F. J.
 Powers, Dan T.

Christmas Greetings

THE FOLLOWING MEMBERS OF THE "SOUTH
 OF MARKET BOYS" WISH YOU A MERRY
 CHRISTMAS AND PROSPERITY FOR
 THE NEW YEAR

John A. Kelly Immigration Service
 Ralph Pincus Columbia Theatre
 Chas. A. Kendrick Realtor
 John A. O'Connell Sec'y Labor Council
 Wm. A. Blanck M. D. Physician and Surgeon
 Thos. W. Hickey Attorney-at-Law
 Thos. P. Garrity President, South of Market Boys
 Albert S. Samuels "Lucky Wedding Rings"
 W. A. Granfield Granfield Tire & Supply Co.
 Leon E. Munier Publicity
 Jack Moreno Pilot
 Wm. J. O'Connell Hibernia Bank
 Mike Claraty "Cigar Merchant"
 Emile Kraut Bus. Agt. Dredgemen's Union
 Andrew C. Johnson Printing, 817 Folsom
 Thos. Maloney State Senator
 Ray Schiller Leather Goods
 Jerry O'Leary Philadelphia Shoe Store
 Mike Doyle Sheriff's Office
 Daniel C. Murphy State Senator
 E. J. Quillinan
 James Rolph, Jr. Mayor of San Francisco
 Timothy Reardon Pres. Board of Public Works
 Thomas F. Graham Judge, Superior Court
 Phil J. Kennedy 24th and Bryant, Bank of Italy
 Frank W. Healy Concert Manager
 John J. Van Nostrand Judge, Superior Court
 Joseph F. Moreno Sec'y Marine Engineers
 Thomas F. Prendergast Justice of the Peace
 Pat. R. Parker Judge, Superior Court
 John J. O'Toole City Attorney
 John J. Collins Real Estate & Insurance
 James G. Conlan Judge, Superior Court
 Daniel J. O'Brien Chief of Police
 Daniel O'Neill Contractor
 John J. Whelan Secretary
 Peter R. Maloney S. F. Police Department
 Wm. J. Quinn Captain of Police
 Alex. Dulfer Printer of the "Journal"
 John F. Quinn "Printer"
 Stanley Cooke Refrigerators

(Continued on Page 10)

Do You Remember When —

By ALBERT P. WHEELAN

A tight rope walker carried Leslie Morosco across Howard St. on his shoulders, from the theatre and back, while walking a tight rope stretched across the street?

S. O. M. Director "Jack" A. Kelly was rapped across the knuckles with a rattan by Morosco's special cop, as Jack was lighting his first cigarette?

"Billy" Ackerson was a successful candidate for Superintendent of Streets, and the boys around 3rd and Howard streets gave a big parade in his honor, with music, fireworks, red fire and everything?

The gang held forth in Daly's Charter Oak Saloon, N. E. corner of 3rd and Howard streets?

Dr. Rotanzzì conducted a drug store on the S. E. corner of 3rd and Folsom streets?

Supervisor Byington was imported South of Market from the Western Addition and elected Supervisor of the 7th Ward, his first political position?

"Waddy" Googan, the old time hack driver, lived on Folsom St., across from Essex St., next door to Patterson, the banjo player?

Patterson, the banjo player, performed nightly in front of his residence to a large crowd of youthful admirers?

Senator "Roughhouse" McDonald played marbles with the kids at Essex and Folsom streets, and cleaned the crowd?

Deputy Court Clerk "Jack" Rafferty was the best dressed and most admired youth on Tar Flat?

Police Officer Green unsuccessfully endeavored to enforce the ordinance prohibiting the playing of baseball on the public streets, and how he would endeavor to capture the violators of the ordinance by running alongside of the Folsom street horse cars?

Old Man Sparrow, for whom

Sparrow's Alley was named, was the terror of all the youths living on Folsom, between 1st and 2nd streets?

Father John Nugent, Fremont and Harrison streets, chased the small boys for ringing the church bell—his picnics at Shell Mound Park—and his lectures on Ireland in the hall at 1st and Folsom streets, over the League of the Cross headquarters?

Judge "Tim" Fitzpatrick's father guarded the millions in the Mint?

Billy Hawkins shot Martin Kelly at a peaceful gathering of Republicans?

Peter Phelan, father of George, Jack and Tom, lived on Folsom and Essex streets—and was Supt. of the Fulton Iron Work's boiler shop?

Mrs. Murphy was Principal of the Jefferson Primary School (Tehama Street School) and Miss Ephram was teacher of the fifth grade?

Dr. Bill Kearny worked for Dr. Peter Kearny in the drug store at 2nd and Folsom streets?

Dr. Angel kept a drug store opposite Dr. Kearny's drug store and ran opposition to him?

Billy Lyons drove the Folsom street horse cars, and when he was promoted to conductor how he carried all his friends free of charge, defending his act, by saying he always wanted company?

Mike Coffey's hacks were the best patronized and most popular vehicles S. O. M.?

Joe Plunkett was elected State Senator and filled all of the appointive offices in the State capitol with his friends from S. O. M.?

Public Defender Frank Egan worked for Brady, the boiler maker, heating rivets, for three bucks a week?

Judge "Tom" Graham was defeated for the Assembly and was appointed a Deputy County Clerk, the beginning of a long and honorable political career?

Justice Abe Barnett was a practicing lawyer and defended Justice Frank Dunn for throwing rocks at a Chinese wash house?

When a snow storm hit San Francisco and the gang snow-balled everyone and when the snow melted and disappeared how they threw rocks at one another?

When the game of Duck on the Rock was a rough and popular game played with cobblestones?

Jerry Collins was elected to the Assembly and was the ideal of the gang at 4th and Folsom Sts.?

Attorney Leon Samuels was the legal advisor of the boys at Folsom and 4th streets and the whole neighborhood?

Asst. City Atty. Charley McDonnell was a kid, living on Isis street and worked for a lawyer where he developed his taste for Appollinaris Water?

Pat Sullivan, the hotel man, was a cop and beat the pavement along Folsom street and slept the night watch out in the office of McDonald's coal yard?

When Peter McGee and Joe McFaul fought for the championship of Folsom street and the battle was a draw?

Julius Kahn's father kept a bakery on north side of Folsom street, east of 4th street?

When the boys from the Tehama street school waited on the 2nd street bridge for the girls coming from the Rincon school?

Peter Donahue, the iron founder, had an orchard on 2nd street, near Bryant street?

Postmaster Powers lived opposite St. Mary's Hospital on Bryant street?

WHO'S WHO IN SOUTH OF MARKETDOM (Continued from Page 9)

Patch, W. O.	Robertson, Sydney	Tausig, Sam	Ulrich, Jos.	Wiskotchill, Ed.
Quillinan, E. J.	Rosenberg, Morris	Taylor, L. A.	Unger, Marco	Wren, Ed. J.
Quinlan, Dennis P.	Rosencrantz, C. J.	Thomson, Capt. A. G.	Vail, C. J.	Wynn, W. J.
Quinn, Jas. M.	Roxburgh, Jas.	Tomalty, J. J.	Vowlwinkel, H.	Watson, George
Quinn, W. J.	Russi, Jos. G.	Tuite, Jos.	Walcott, Frank	Welch, Geo. I.
Rauer, Robt.	Raphael, Max.	Twomey, L. E.	Wallace, John W.	Williamson, Ray
Regan, Dan P.	Rosenberg, L.	Tierney, Martin	Warren, Geo. W.	Walcott, Geo. H.
Reilly, Dan J.	Reck, Albert	Theiler, J. H.	Wheelan, A. P.	Zupar, William
Roberts, Lee S.	Rose, George, E.	Trodden, Thomas	Wilson, James A.	Zimmerman, Chas.

"Southside" Boy at Erie, Pa. Writes—

You will probably be as surprised to receive a subscription from this neck of the U. S. as I was to receive a copy of your last issue, sent me by my brother Ed from Sacramento.

To begin, I am a native of San Francisco, born and bred at 8th and Harrison streets. Attended Franklin Grammer School when John Mone was principal. Later he was succeeded by John Brooks. Your contributors Dan J. Lyons, Jas. H. Roxburgh, Wm. McLoughlin, Geo. W. Paterson and "old timer", brought back memories to me of 50 years ago. Dan Leary, auditor's office, will remember me. Alex. Greggains will probably remember me when we held dances in the butcher shop on 7th between Bryant and Brannan streets. Alex. was the orchestra and played the accordion. Among the members who attend the dances were the Walker boys, Koeghel, Mulloy, Deitz, Kiernans, Brennens and others whose names have gotten away from me.

Those who attended dances in those days in Huddys, Platts, Union, Ixoria, Humboldt, Arcade, Yosemite Halls, might remember "Shakes", the hat box kid.

My greatest pride was acting as bat boy for the old Reno B. B. Club, when they played at Recreation Park, 25th and Folsom. Andy Piercy, Park Manager. Line-up of Reno Club: Sandy Irwin, C.; Dan Riardon, P.; Conny Carroll, 1B.; Hen McKenna, 2B.; Con Bigelow, 3B.; Skin Brown, S.S.; Jack Cadigan, L.F.; Jack Hennessy, C.F.; Jimmie Britt, R.F.

Sandy Irwin, under his right name, Nava, later went with the Providence team, and caught

for Charlie Sweeney.

To Wm. J. McLoughlin will say, looking back all these years, I can hear Phil McGuire, the copper, chasing us kids home at night. I can hear Harvey Graham "Fire Wood" and can see him in the ring at Harry Maynards. I can feel myself swimming in the channel at the foot of 8th street and diving to escape ther-Germ-ans as they came from the refinery.

Dear Editor, how many of your readers will recall when the hall at 8th and Folsom, over Prunty's, was called Carroll's Hall. Later the Yosemite Club, of which I was a member, took over the hall.

Remember—across 8th street from the hall, M. Galvin and old Mr. Brooks and their greyhounds.

Remember—Con Donohue and his two stores at 8th and Bryant, and some of the boys, Broady Kiernan, Peter Finnigan, Johnnie Cronin, Andy Maher, Ed Wren, Mike Finn, Redney Ryan.

Remember—The Bay District Track. Katie Pease, Thad. Stevens—True Blue races.

Remember—the greatest 3rd baseman of his day, Jerry Denny, now in the hotel business, New Haven, Conn. Ed. Morris, the catcher, now in the State Department office at Pittsburg, Pa.

Remember—the wrestlers of those days, Wm. Muldoon (now on the Boxing Commission of New York) Clarence Whistler, Theo. Bauer, Andre Christol, Duncan C. Ross, Sam Matthews, Donald Dinie.

Remember—when the 6 day races were held in Mechanic's Pavilion, 8th and Mission streets. Billy Edwards and wife, Geo. and Gus Guerrero, Chapple and wife,

Peter McIntyre and Prof. Bush.

Remember—the boxers of those days, the Maynards, Patsy Hogan, Tom McCormack, Owen Judge, Dan O'Connell and Jack Brady. I wonder what became of Billy Foley, Secretary-Treasurer of Rincon Parlor, No. 72, N. S. G. W., of which I was, for a time, a member.

I wonder if Geo. J. Asmussen, of the United Undertakers, one of my boyhood buddies is still hale and hearty.

"Old Timer" did not mention Fishback and Cameron, clog dancers from 8th and Folsom who started at Woodward's Garden.

Now, Mr. Editor, I have something on my "chest" I want to get off. Some years ago I wrote a business firm in your city. I received a reply and a call down. They said I should not use the word Frisco, but give it the proper name. I believe all the old timers will agree with me that the name San Francisco has not got the pep or the punch as the good old name Frisco.

Am enclosing check for \$3.00 for 1 year's subscription and will look for your Journal, as it certainly was interesting to me.

While I cannot be with you in person, I will be there in spirit, and my thoughts will be of the happy days (sometimes a little rough) spent at Fairfax, Badgers, Shell Mound, Scheutzens, and Belmont Parks.

With best wishes to all old timers South of the Slot, I remain,

Yours truly,
JAS. D. TRACY,
Asst. Supt. Parks and
Public Property,
City Hall, Erie, Pa.

And—

Herman Goldman is firmly of the opinion that many a man who goes out for a lark gets a chicken.

* * *

According to George Gilmore, in the good old days women spun flax and wound the yarn around their fingers; but now-a-days, many of them spin yarns and wind men around their fingers.

It's a tall child now-a-days that can hide behind its mother's skirt, says Phil Benedetti.

* * *

A Scotchman and a Hebrew were playing a golf match. Each one had one hundred strokes after 17 holes had been played. On the eighteenth the Hebrew had a paralytic stroke and the Scot made him count it.

Our genial Dr. Arthur O'Neill was asked the other day by one of his patients if a girl could do anything for an unattractive knee. Not a thing, was his reply, but grin and "bare" it.

* * *

According to Judge Graham the bonds of matrimony don't seem to draw much interest.

A Pioneer School—St. Ignatius Academy

By ALBERT P. WHEELAN

The lust for gold and the spirit of adventure lured many from their homes to California in the latter '40's and '50's. Not so with the founders of St. Ignatius Academy. Their aim was to infuse the good influences of morality and religion into the lives of the pioneers and to educate the youth of the State. With this great object in view the Jesuit fathers commenced their great work by starting the building of a school at the Mission Dolores in the early fifties. This project was too great for them to accomplish because of their inability to procure finances for the purposes, and though they had purchased a lot of land and had commenced the building of a school, they were forced to abandon the project, and it was not until about 1855 when they began the successful work of building a school, church and residence upon the present site of The Emporium.

On May 1, 1855, Thomas O. Larkin and Rachel Larkin, his wife, delivered to Rev. Nicholas Congiato, Superior of the Jesuit Missions of California and Oregon, a deed for a one hundred vara lot, on the south side of Market street, west of 4th street, for the sum of \$11,500. The lot was numbered 127—One Hundred Vara Survey—and as shown on Le Count's Map of San Francisco. The purchase was made through the Rev. Father Maraschi, who borrowed the purchase price, paying 1½% per month for the money.

The property was situated, in what was then an inaccessible portion of San Francisco—lying in a narrow defile between the sand hills, known as St. Ann's Valley. Soon after making the purchase of the property, lumber was brought to the ground, with a great deal of difficulty and expense, and three buildings of a common type were erected. Market street was then nothing but sand dunes, and had only been leveled off and cut through to Third and Market streets.



ALBERT P. WHEELAN

These buildings were completed in about three months, and were formally dedicated July 15, 1855. The institution was not yet given the dignity of a designation as a college and was called an academy. The school building consisted of one room 40 feet long and 25 feet wide, while the living quarters consisted of two rooms and a kitchen. All of the buildings faced Market street.

Father Maraschi was pastor of the church, and had as his assistant Father Joseph Bixion. The first lay teacher was a Mr. John Haley, who constituted the faculty of the school, aside from the priests. The Academy opened for the reception of pupils on Monday, October 15, 1855, and Richard McCabe enrolled as the first pupil. Unfortunately the early records of this pioneer establishment have been lost or have disappeared, and much of the early history of the school depends upon the memory of old timers.

The best account of the early days and struggles of this pioneer school is contained in the personal statement of a lay brother of the Order, preserved for posterity by the Rev. Joseph W. Riordan, S. J., author of "The First Half Century of St. Ignatius Church and College", published, "San

Francisco, Cal., 1905", from which this article is compiled. Father Riordan's book was published just before the fire of 1906, and but few copies of the work survived and it has become a very scarce book. The work is a monument of research and scholarship. Father Riordan personally interviewed Brother Albert Weyringer, who told him the following account of the old days on Market street.

Brother Weyringer said: "We lived in a hole surrounded by sand hills. Towards the city, which was some distance to the east, and from which we were cut off by barriers of sand, there was but one house, and that the shanty of a milkman on the adjoining lot. Westward there was the Lincoln school standing out into what is now Market street, but during my residence at St. Ignatius the buildings were unoccupied.

"Behind us rose a sand hill which sloped again towards Mission street, and served as neutral territory between our college and a public school which had been built there. This neutral ground, however, was often invaded from the school mentioned, for a Jesuit in cap and cassock was a rare object of curiosity to the children of San Francisco in those days; and, perched on the hilltop, they surveyed the scene below, making Father Maraschi the butt of many a remark, much to the mortification of their teacher who could not repress their rudeness.

"The residence was small and poor, and the accommodations so scant that, for a time, Fathers Accolti and Maraschi shared the same room. But, as, for sleeping, Father Maraschi used only a mattress which he rolled up by day and spread upon the floor by night, his part of the furniture was easily housed. Brother Isabella, myself, and a Frenchman named Pierre, an old soldier of Napoleon's army, a good old man, whom Father Maraschi had taken in out of charity, occupied rude bunks in the attic.

(Continued in January Number)

South of Market in the 50's and 60's

By GEO. H. BARRON, *Curator* (M. H. de Young Memorial Museum)

In the early youth of the life of San Francisco, our prominent men of that day picked out Rincon Hill as the choice and logical spot for the homes of their budding and growing families—but they little dreamed that the city would grow so fast or that prosperity and wealth would come so quickly. The warm sunshine of the more sheltered part of our beautiful Bay appealed to them—here the eye could rest on long stretches of limpid blue water—here nature seemed embowered and encompassed in a God-given blue sky, and here, also, they were protected from the sharp and blustery west wind. There were other hills they could have chosen—Telegraph Hill—Russian Hill—even Nob Hill, which only came into its own after the city had really grown to be quite a young lady. But it was on Rincon Hill they settled—the big men of those days—the Ash's—the Sharons—Talbots—Folsoms—Gilmores—Ralstons—Empeys—there they built their beautiful homes, and the making of Rincon Hill into a home-center progressed rapidly. Scores of roomy resi-

dences, built more for comfort than for architectural beauty sprang up, soon to be covered with in masses of roses and shrubbery. As these gardens and homes increased in number, several small streets like Essex and Hawthorne were cut through the big blocks making a thing of beauty of the whole hill.

By the last of the fifties Rincon Hill, then at the height of its glory, was the abiding place of nearly all of those pioneers prominent in the public life of our city at that time.

Second street led up to the hill—on these few blocks had been established the various stores of the better class—however, the line of trade was firmly drawn at Folsom street. Only exclusive homes flourished beyond.

But the same tide of increasing prosperity which made these homes so desirable led to their undoing and final desertion. The trend of business and commerce demanded, more and more outspreading highways, and as early as 1863 there was talk of cutting Second street through Rincon

Hill. Slowly but surely the very industries founded by these same prosperous home-owners and from which they drew their wealth, encroached upon their very doorsteps. The climax came in 1868 after the starting of legislation calling for the cutting through of Second street and thus making a commercial traffic channel direct to South Bay where the big mail steamers had their docks and where ship-building and other industries had been established.

In the meantime another social center had been formed on the east side of Russian Hill, where the view of the Bay and another part of the growing city proved a successful lure and fascination to many—here the Tevis's and Haggins and many others built their homes—later on to be the nucleus of the settlement on Nob Hill.

The cutting through of Second street brought about the commercial development of the district. A number of the old families remained until the fire scattered the residents to various districts of San Francisco.

"South of Market Here We Come, Right Back Where We Started From"

By ROBERT H. WILLSON

What newspaper do you read?
A South of Market daily!

Certainly you do, unless you're a foreigner and understand only the East Bay language.

What organization but the South of Market Boys has ever claimed possession of the public press of a big city—a complete monopoly?

A few years ago the dailies were all trying to straddle the slot, sitting tight along Market street. Now there's only one "Farthest North" daily left and the "monarch" has an eye turned southward.

Newspapermen are all South of Market Boys. They may live where they please but meal tickets are all issued on the South side.

Social standing with the South of Market Boys, I find, is established by having spent some of one's earlier days in this district.

How about those of us who never spent a whole day anywhere else but South of Market—that is, not a working day? We've spent our lives on Folsom street, Stevenson street, Annie street, Mission street and Ninth street. No disrespect to the Chronicle. They're South of Market Boys now.

With a South of Market mayor, a South of Market press and the South of Market Boys what is left to be desired?

The John McLaren park is to be South of Market and everyone who wants to build a bridge proposes to build it South of Market. The experts have decided only this year that the most valuable foot of property in the city is on the south side of Market street.

The South of Market Boys from a nearer point of view look very much like the city's band wagon.

Anyone who can get half a hold will try to climb on board.

Musketeers of the Mission, they might be called—"one for all and all for one."

"Give me just half a dozen boys from the old neighborhood gang", says the leader facing an emergency. Here is where you will find them—South of Market Boys—more than half a dozen.

And if the crisis should ever come when you'd hesitate to trust the Democrats or the Republicans, the wets or the drys, the politicians or the proletariat, the prosecution or the defense, the ins or the outs—call on the South of Market Boys. The answer is ready—"San Francisco first!"

Any axes or knives to grind? Wait until you hear the bell of the scissors grinder. Don't bring them around here.

And You Take—

By JUDGE THOMAS F. GRAHAM

Judge Thomas F. Graham, known as the "Great Reconciler", gives his views on marriage and divorce:

Modern marriages are not failing. When folks spring that one on me, it makes me weary. They are just as lasting today as ever, and as many happy couples are going down the long lane of life hand-in-hand as in the past.

Just because a few do not make a go of it, we cannot line up the entire marriage institution and proclaim it unsuccessful. It is indeed the rare case that comes into the divorce courts, despite the fact that divorces are growing more common.

And the reasons assigned are many. Movies—(that seems to come first to mind in today's discussion of any evil)—but there's nothing the matter with the movies. Why blame them?

They say there's too much entertainment and people go to the movies too much. Well, let them. It's harmless amusement, and for \$1.50, papa, mama and the kids can all see a good educational show, and get this—**THEY SEE IT TOGETHER.**

One member of the family does not go to the show, while the rest stay home. It isn't done that way. Or if father is too tired that particular night and wishes to smoke his pipe and read his paper in quiet, mother takes the youngsters, and you see them hanging to her skirts as she leads them all to the movies.

Is that a disintegrating home influence? Is that something pernicious that leads father, mother and the babies astray?

Of course not—how foolish! There they are with each other taking their pleasure as a family group. What could be a more stabilizing factor of family life? Another reason—apartment houses.

Of course folks live in apartment houses. Who wouldn't, when they get all sanitary conveniences, steam heat, hot water, and other service that makes household tasks less troublesome and wearing? And especially



JUDGE THOMAS F. GRAHAM

who wouldn't when you consider that there are not homes enough to go around in this America of ours, we have grown so rapidly in the last decade?

These young married couples cannot live on the street and what more sensible arrangement than getting living quarters with added comforts where they can, even though in the past, nine out of ten families owned their own homes? Rapid growth of population and too slow building is the cause of that. Nearly every young couple look forward as their greatest ambition to owning their own hearthside as soon as they can.

And to say that too many modern improvements and luxuries breed unrest and a loosening of the marriage bond is equally untrue. These wives and mothers in apartment houses, where a few of the more menial tasks of house-keeping are done for them, have more time to devote to their husbands and babies; they have greater leisure to read and study, improve their minds and learn to be greater helpmates and wiser mothers.

A fig for all this condemnation of the woman who does not build her own fire, carry her own wood and draw her own water from the courtyard well. She's a happier, healthier wife and mother because she has been relieved of these onerous tasks.

As to phonographs, radios, and automobiles, I have my ideas on those points also and they do not check up with the way in which the reformers rush into print and hold such inventions responsible, in part, for shattered homes.

In the case of these three again is family solidarity emphasized. Mrs. Smith, Mr. Smith and all the little Smiths, stay at home and play the phonograph, dance, entertain their own little circle of intimates, tune in and listen to the concerts, the lectures and the broadcastings of San Francisco, Salt Lake City, Timbucktu, and maybe soon to the Fiji islanders and the North Polers.

Educational, interesting—all carried on in the home. Automobiles—what comes to my mind? Picnic parties in the cool, green woods, far from the noise and dust of the city. Mother sets the paper plates around, father fries the bacon, the kiddies rustle water and makes the fire; 150 miles for a Sunday jaunt, the family all together. Bosh—all this "automobiles are the curse of family life."

But there's one more bogey, and surely here I will agree with Supreme Justice Dike and others of the clan who cry, "Women's place is in the home."

The last fetish to hurdle, to mount or to straddle is:

Do earning wives destroy home life and justify divorce?

Justice Dike says they do; that when the thought of the home becomes secondary and the wives go out to become bread winners in order to buy more luxuries, the divorce bug flies in the window and buzzes until the couple are in the courts.

But I contend, no. Never, but once in more than two decades on the bench has the wage-earning wife been the cause of a divorce. And in that particular case there was another motive behind the difficulty—the husband was jealous of some man employed where the wife worked.

So, the simple fact that the wife was earning her livelihood has never yet come under my notice as the basis or even hidden background for divorce.

I disagree most strongly on this contention. If a young married woman wishes to aid her husband and together they labor for that ultimate home both have in mind,

(Continued on Page 34)

A WORD ON OUR FINANCES

By John F. Quinn, Treasurer
(South of Market Boys, Inc.)



JOHN FRANCIS QUINN

Christmastide is the time of brotherly love and sentiment.

Brotherly love and sentiment. These are two factors that never enter into the creed of Big Business. But brotherly love and sentiment keep homes unbroken. Can as much be said of Big Business?

Our organization is not yet two years old. It is strictly non-political and non-beneficiary. Considering these facts how is it that a "regular" meeting of the South of Market Boys is like an annual reunion of the average organization? The answer is simple—brotherly love and sentiment are our own watchwords and they bind closer than bands of steel.

Unostentatiously and unobtrusively kindly aid has been given to deserving South of Market folks. To the Florida Relief Fund, the Jewish Relief Association, the Blindcraft Association and the York Memorial High School donations of \$100 each have been given.

We have reason to be proud of our organization and we make no secret of the pride we take in being South of Market Boys.

Everything connected with our organization has been successful, to put it mildly.

Our treasury has shown a substantial increase. And remember, we have accomplished all this without the application of a single Big Business formula.

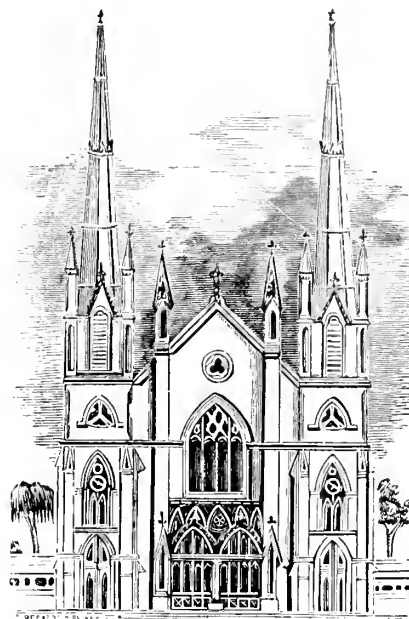
Brotherly love and sentiment are surely strong bonds.

DEDICATED TO GUS PRATT

"There isn't much in life," he said,

"To keep me waiting here;
The friends I knew are mostly dead,

I'm older every year.
I used to hurry up the stairs,
But now I puff and blow,
And find no pleasure in affairs
That cheered me long ago."



HOWARD STREET M. E. CHURCH.

HOWARD STREET M. E. SUNDAY SCHOOL

List of Officers and Teachers, November, 1883

Pastor	REV. F. F. JEWELL
Superintendent	J. W. WHITING
Secretary	J. KIRK FIRTH
Assistant Secretary	W. F. PERKINS
Treasurer	J. B. FIRTH
Librarian	W. M. INMAN
Assistant Librarian	W. F. JANTZEN
" "	WILLIAM HARRIS
" "	NAT T. COULSEN
" "	H. F. PERRY
" "	S. B. MARVIN
Leader of Singing	MISS MAMIE CADY
Pianist	MISS CARRIE KANOUSE
Class No. 1.....	Adult Bible Class, J. K. Jones, Teacher
" " 2.....	J. B. Firth, "
" " 3.....	Mr. Draper, "
" " 4.....	Misses Miller and Bowman, "
" " 5.....	J. W. Whiting, "
" " 6.....	Miss Carrie Jantzen, "
" " 7.....	Miss A. Wilson, "
" " 8.....	D. E. McConaughy, "
" " 9.....	Miss Lizzie Curry, "
" " 11.....	Miss Laura Jones, "
" " 12.....	Miss Shearer, "
" " 13.....	Mrs. Perkins, "
" " 14.....	Miss Maggie Curry, "
" " 15.....	Miss S. Jones, "
" " 16.....	Mrs. W. B. Cluff, "
" " 19.....	Miss Dillie Little, "
" " 22.....	Mrs. J. K. Firth, "
" " 25.....	Mr. T. B. Smith, "
" " 26.....	Miss Nellie Williams, "
" " 29.....	R. Pengelly, "
" " 30.....	Mrs. J. K. Jones, "
" " 31.....	Mr. J. C. Smith, "
" " 32.....	Mrs. Burley, "
" " 33.....	Miss Annie Thompson, "
" " 34.....	Miss Emma Beach, "
" " 37.....	Mrs. J. B. Firth, "



S. O. M. Prattle



According to John Quinn, an untried friend is like an uncracked nut.

* * *

Square-shooter Joe Moreno spends his days doing favors for friends and don't you know not one of them would lend him a breath of fresh air if they owned a cyclone.

* * *

Talking about rings, says Al Samuels, one on the finger is worth two on the phone. Bill Borkheim says it also beats one around the moon.

* * *

Jim Kerr says the worst part of being fat is that you look too healthy to get any sympathy.

* * *

Tom Hawkins claims that all his "would-be friends" have nothing in their shells but alibis.

* * *

If you want to find out, says Bill Haggerty, whether a friend is only an enemy in disguise, just try to borrow some money from him.

* * *

Sam Breyer maintains that too much of the uplift in this country is confined to noses.

* * *

It appears to Henry Jones that Merry England has become gloomy Ingeland.

* * *

So far as we have learned, says our Tom Trodden, Mars didn't try to borrow any money from us.

* * *

Pat McGee, the hero of many banquets and at one time athletic coach, says a fowl on the platter is better than one in baseball.

* * *

John F. Cunningham recently boasted that he never did anything by halves; he admitted being a GOLF player and did things by holes.

* * *

Andy Gallagher says King Cotton is in reduced circumstances because he didn't reduce.

* * *

Hugo Ernst says it strikes him funny that Europe's hatred for America has had no effect whatever on reducing immigration.

* * *

W. J. McLaughlin inclines to the belief that mosquitoes are religious, because they "sing" over you, then "prey" on you.

In the opinion of Joe McTigue the harness usually breaks when a person hitches his wagon to a movie star.

* * *

We understand an Austrian has invented mechanical wings for men. In the opinion of Bill Bonsor they should go rather well on political candidates, along with the adjustable halo.

* * *

Our esteemed Jack O'Connell, weighing carefully both wet and dry statistics, concludes that Prohibition is the greatest blessing that ever menaced this nation.

* * *

Alex. Dulfer contends that it would be happier for all concerned if the nations of the earth were as peaceably inclined as a heavyweight champion is.

* * *

Bill Healy believes a boil on the stove is worth two on the neck.

* * *

According to John Dhue, a dog fills an empty space in a man's life. This is especially true of the "hot" dog.

* * *

Pat Parker of the Superior Court always believed that a Roman holiday meant going on a long hike.

* * *

L. F. Armknecht ventures the information that Scotchmen buy thermometers in winter because they are lower at that season.

* * *

The poor, but pretty girl, hasn't much chance of getting a husband these days, says John M. Heffernan—Gentlemen prefer bonds.

* * *

Louis Holtz says an optimist is a fellow who proposes, thinking his girl won't accept him.

* * *

Al Jacoby says some men owe their success to their wives and some their wives to their success.

* * *

The old time songs, according to Gus Pratt, used to go to the heart but the jazz ones of today go to the "dogs."

* * *

It is now possible to obtain black-tipped cigarettes. These must be the famous widow's weeds we hear "Doc" Levy uses so many of.

Frank Dever undoubtedly has learned that a wild wheat has been found that can stand drouth, nevertheless he contends that "wild oats" seem to require as much moisture as ever.

* * *

Joe Tuite says he is not much of a painter but he has made a few house-to-house canvasses.

* * *

In these degenerate days of women governors and lady congressmen, the female of the "speeches" is more deadly than the male, says Al Wheelan.

* * *

Joseph F. Hotter says: "That people who live in glass houses should pull down the shades."

* * *

Says Gus Corvi, if men and fish kept their mouths shut they would be safe.

* * *

Jack McManus claims a fool's heart dances on his lips.

* * *

According to Joe Huff, a bird is known by its note, and a man by his talk.

* * *

According to George Watson, a tame tongue is a rare bird.

* * *

Dr. Gonzales says a wise man thinks all he says; a fool says all he thinks.

* * *

Hugh Comisky says better say nothing than nothing to the purpose.

* * *

Al Hintz is of the opinion that birds are entangled by their feet; men by their tongues.

* * *

Dick Cullen advises not to give your measure except to your tailor.

* * *

According to Luke Fay, many talk like philosophers and live like fools.

* * *

Harry Kelly says every ass loves to hear himself bray.

* * *

Alex. Greggains believes that one cannot speak well who cannot hold his tongue.

* * *

Capt. Jack Moreno says more have repented of speech than of silence.

* * *

Herman Kohn contends that one may say too much, even upon the best subject.

Santa Claus--Who is He?

By MARTIN F. WELCH

St. Nicholas, more familiarly known as Santa Claus today, was a bishop of Myra in Asia Minor in the fourth century. He was a holy personage and a patron of Russia as well as other countries. His life was devoted to deeds of kindness, especially toward the poor. Legends credit him with possessing supernatural powers. It is said that once while traveling to the Holy Land he stilled a terrific storm. When three boys were murdered by an insane inn-keeper it was St. Nicholas who resuscitated them.

His death occurred December 6, 342, which is his feast day. We now overlook this event and remember him only at Christmas time.

The remains of this good man are now resting in the seaport town of Bari on the southeastern coast of Italy. In the sixteenth century his bones were stolen by certain merchants of Bari from the cathedral of Myra, and on the day they were reburied it is reported that thirty people were cured of various illnesses.

But history is silent on how St. Nicholas came to adopt reindeer as the motive power for his historical sleigh, bearing gifts to well-behaved children; and also why he chose the chimney for entering the home rather than the front door.

If there never had been a real Santa Claus it would have been necessary to create one in fiction in order to satisfy the spiritual yearnings of the human mind. The memory of this saintly man embodies every exalted sentiment which may be found in humanity. He lived in a time when people were obsessed with superstition and lacked the cultural influences of this age. Though his supernatural powers may be doubted by many, nevertheless his followers believed in him, and in worshipping him for his Godliness they became a better people spiritually. The truth or falsity of his miracles mattered little when weighed with the good he accomplished among those who craved religious leadership.



MARTIN F. WELCH

As his name and memory have come down to us through the dark centuries we find his influence for good just as effective today as during his lifetime. His followers compose millions of children throughout the world. Who can deny his great influence around Christmas time when we see that saintly expression appearing on the faces of children. Their conduct—for the time being at least—is in strict accord with the teachings of the holy saint.

Santa Claus typifies the Spirit of Christmas of today. During the short period of his Yuletide reign there comes into the heart of mankind the greatest thought ever expressed—"Peace on earth, good will to all men." The genial and lovable qualities of Santa Claus possesses our beings and for a day we become his imitators. It is then that we display our spiritual side to the world—the side that God intended we should always display, regardless of occasion or season.

In the good old days South of Market, Santa Claus was the hero of every boy and girl, irrespective of race, color or creed. How industrious the boys would become around Christmas time. The dear mothers received much attention from their children. Errands were performed with speed and accuracy. The coal bin was filled to overflowing with coal not always procured from the coal yard in the regular course of trade. It was more likely to have been obtained from the railroad yards or the docks. Wood was

chopped with a rapidity that was never demonstrated during any other time of the year. Boys' faces assumed a cleaner appearance. Shoes received a much-needed polish. Everything that would please Santa Claus was done by youthful hands.

The arrival of Christmas Eve found young hearts palpitating with expectancy. Stockings—good large ones—were hung by trembling hands, and then Santa's army of admirers retired for the night. Many a stubborn battle was fought with Morpheus on this memorable evening; but when he finally won and tired eyes closed in deep sleep the Great Spirit of St. Nicholas entered the humble home—the love of father and mother for their offsprings. No greater picture could be painted than the dear father and mother of South of Market days tenderly filling the stockings of their children on Christmas Eve. What hopes they harbored for their young in those days! What great sacrifices were made to properly rear their children and prepare them for the battle of life! In many instances if parents of those times could have only seen into the future how proud and happy would they have been of their loved ones.

Then, Christmas morning, the dawn of the day of all days, is heralded with the joyous ringing of church bells from all parts of the city, announcing the anniversary of Him, the King of Kings. Almost at daybreak the streets immediately become bedlam. Horns of fiendish sound assault the ears of the sleeper. The youthful followers of Santa Claus swarm from the home with vehicles of all descriptions, destined to live only a short while. Sidewalks are cluttered with toy wagons that threaten to run down the pedestrian. Santa Claus is king for a day. He leads his army of children and grown-ups in a happy celebration.

(Continued on Page 26)



GEO. W. PATERSON

Memorie

By GEORGE W. PATERSON

In a vision that comes when the
day is done,
I dream of the dear days of yore;
And journey the vista of by-gone
years
Till I reach golden youth once
more.

Oh! the joy, the cheer, the glad-
ness it held;
The absence of worry and care;
How bright were the hopes that
filled the heart
And the whole wide world seemed
fair.

Then onward I went in my dream-
ing
Till all the dear past came to
view;
And though the whole vision
seemed golden—
Its best part, dear friend, was of
you.

Deeper and deeper grows the
interest of our readers each
month as we recall the incidents,
places and people that had their
being in that part of our fair
city that has grown famous the
world over—known and revered
as South of Market street. We
have received such wonderful
commendations that we are
prompted to continue our task
with added zest.

Confining ourselves still to the
period about 1877 and '88, the
first one who comes to our mind
is that genial soul John Barrington, who worked as night clerk
in the Postoffice and who lived at
30½ Rausch street. Arthur W.
Banon was a well-known person-
age in those days. He was as-
sistant superintendent of the
Fifth street branch of the Market
Street Railroad and dwelt at 541
4th street. A driver on the Omni-
bus R. R. (the Howard street
line) was Melville Barron and he
lived at 256 Tehama street.

Dave Barry kept a wine, liquor
and cigar store on the northeast
corner of 8th and Heron streets

and dwelt himself at 4 Heron St.
Heron street was a small thor-
oughfare that ran from the east
side of 8th street, bet. Folsom
and Harrison streets.

Patrick Barry was a hack
driver in those days and lived at
540 Mission street. A salesman
by the name of Charles C. Barton
lived at 13 Langton street. Daniel
J. Bassett was a very popular
machinist in those times and was
employed at the Risdon Iron
Works and lived at 39 Clementina
street.

Henry M. Bassett was a team-
ster of no mean ability and he
dwelt at 235 8th street. Messrs.
Battles and Gilleran ran a gro-
cery and liquor store at 241 4th
street. Martin Bauer was a cop-
persmith and lived at 45½ Clara
street. About that time the pre-
siding genius in the study of
mathematics at St. Ignatius Col-
lege at 841 Market street was
Rev. Joseph Bayma, S. J.

Marks Bearwald, who was men-
tioned in a former contribution
to the Journal, was employed as
a cutter with Joseph Lucier and
dwelt at 729 Tehama street, in
the same cottage where after-
wards Edward Harrington lived
—he who at one time was Regis-
trar of the City and County of
San Francisco but is at present
employed in the Tax Collector's
Office at the City Hall. Walter
C. Beattie was a clerk with the
old firm of Dewey & Co. and lived
at 1055½ Folsom street.

John N. Beckmann kept a gro-
cery store at the northwest cor-
ner of Folsom and 7th streets,
and Fremont Blacknell was a
shoemaker and lived at 777½
Mission street. Phil Chapman
was a carpenter of no mean re-
pute in the early days and work-
ed at D. A. Macdonald's Mill on
Spear street and dwelt at 461
Minna street. Paul Charbonnatt
clerked with James W. Ryan and
lived at the southeast corner of
5th and Minna streets.

Another carpenter, well known
then, was Hugh Keenan and he
lived at 1 Rausch street. John
Kelly, the deputy sheriff during
the latter part of the '70's, lived

at 1143 Harrison street. Who re-
members Patrick Kelly the soda
water bottler? He lived at 719
Clementina St. P. A. Kelly was
a policeman and lived at 12 Na-
toma street.

"Bob" Leahy was a plumber
by trade and dwelt at 334 5th St.
Denniss Lucey was another of the
popular carpenters of his day. He
lived at 37 Clinton street. C. S.
Luddington was another driver
on the Omnibus Line. He dwelt
at 737 Howard street. Herman
Ludeke was an architect and
dwelt at 424 Minna street. E.
J. Martin was a machinist and
lived at 733 Natoma street. Then
there was Daniel McKinnon, an-
other carpenter, who lived at 334
4th street. James I. O'Brien
used to shoe horses for Flannagan
& Gallagher but he dwelt at 242½
Clara street.

James Fleming was a laborer
at the time we are writing about
and lived at 714 Clementina St.
On the same block lived James
Burke, the plasterer, but he lived
in the rear of 718 Clementina St.
There was another teamster well
known in those days and his name
was John Morrissey. He dwelt
at 528 Tehama St. Wm. Morris
kept a merchant tailoring place
at 948 Howard street and did
quite a business. Phil Moss who
clerked with James M. Moran
lived at 10 Perry street.

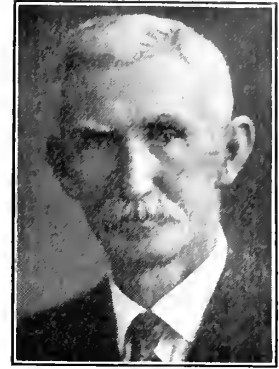
Miss Mary Murray was one of
the leading milliners of those
days and lived at 722 Clementina
St. Phil K. Kennedy and John
B. Brennan ran a drygoods store
at 116 and 118 3rd St. In the
block above, nearer Market St.,
(at 62 3rd St. to be exact), was
where the old time millinery es-
tablishment of Mrs. Kate Mc-
Gruder was located. T. Mc-
Carthy ran a grocery store which
was located at 1025 Howard St.
Another old timer was D. F.
O'Neill. He was a molder with
the Occidental Foundry then and
lived at 719½ Tehama St., bet.
8th and 9th streets.

Nelson B. Adams was a solici-
tor for M. A. Miller and dwelt at
32 Russ street. Edwin Adecock

(Continued on Page 22)

the Past

By JAMES H. ROXBURGH



JAMES H. ROXBURGH

Meeting one of the boys from Boardman Place he told me how the youngsters of other days had a ride on the circus without paying any fare. Some one told him, that if he went to the mint at 5th and Mission, he could get a transfer which would entitle him to ride from 5th and Market to Townsend Street. Believing this story and thinking that the transfers were printed in the mint, he went down and asked the door keeper for a transfer and imagine his surprise when he received a bunch of transfers. So he and the boys hied themselves to 5th and Market and boarded the bob-tailed cars. In those days the Market street cars transferred at 5th and Market, those wishing to go down 5th Street and to the Southern Pacific Depot. The cars ran down 5th and Bluxome, across 4th and right in behind the Southern Pacific Building at 4th and Townsend. After the kids had rode this far they would get off and walk back to 5th and Market where they would board the car again, hand over another transfer and get another ride. These cars were what we used to call bobtails for there was no rear platform, there being just a step from which you entered. When you boarded the car, you passed forward and handed your transfer to the driver, or dropped your fare in the fare box, which was in the front end of the car on the right hand side. When the car was loaded the driver would give two rings of his bell, pull the rope over his head which closed the door and then he started for the depot. Should you not have the right change you passed forward and pushed back a slide in the middle of the door and handed your coin to the driver, who would make the necessary change, after which you would drop your fare in the box. Should you fail to drop your fare in the box, the driver would be watching you through a mirror over his head and if the fare was not dropped, he would ring a bell calling your attention, as well as the entire car to the fact that someone had not paid his or her fare. If you still persisted not to

pay, when you went to get off he would hold the door shut until the necessary fare was paid.

Since I have mentioned the 5th Street cars, let me also mention some of the other lines that I may recall. South of Market had nearly all the street cars in the days gone by, the only exception being the Turk Street line which started from Post and Steiner, to Fillmore and Turk, to Market, to Dupont, to Post, to Kearny, to Bush, to Sansome, to Washington, to Davis, to the Oakland ferry then to Pacific and Davis. This line belongs to the Sixth Street line, which was then known as the Central Railroad and whose ticket office was on Turk Street between Mason and Taylor. The other North of Market cars, being the balloon cars, which ran from Harbor View, to Woodward Gardens. All the other cars were on the south side of Market, except the Market street cars. They ran on Market Street and we might say these were also on the South Side.

Now the first line I will speak of is the Third Street line, which was known as the North Beach and South Park line and ran from Third and Townsend to North Beach. They also had a short line which ran from Third and Brannan to the Mail Dock at the foot of First Street. The main Third Street cars ran up Third Street to Market, to Montgomery, to Jackson, up Jackson to Powell Street, at Kearny another horse was hitched on to pull the cars up the hill to Powell Street, then along Powell to Francisco, where we used to go to feed the monkeys on Sunday and also view Warners Cobweb Palace. I shall speak of this place later.

The Howard Street line, which owned the Third Street line, was known as the Omnibus Railroad and ran from Second and Howard, out Howard to 26th. They had a branch line which ran from 16th and Howard to the Mission Dolores and the Mansion House, which stood on what is now known as 16th Street, which was not cut through at this time. The Fourth Street cars ran from Fourth and Townsend where they

connected with the cars that ran across Long Bridge to Butchertown. From Fourth and Townsend they ran up Fourth Street, across Market to Stockton to Geary, down Geary to Kearny and along Kearny to Broadway. At the foot of the hill another horse was hitched on helping to pull the car up to Broadway. Then the car went along Broadway to Stockton and along Stockton to Francisco. These cars belonged to the Folsom Street line, which was known as the North Beach and Mission Line.

The Sixth Street car started from Ninth and Brannan, down Brannan to Sixth, up Sixth across Market to Taylor, up Taylor to Post, along Post to Kearny, down to Bush, to Sansome, to Washington, down Washington to Davis and Pacific to the Oakland Ferry, which was then located at Pacific and Davis. Returning the cars would go back over Jackson Street to Sansome and continue back the route over which they had come. All the cars that ran out to the Mission started from Second Street. The Folsom and Howard Street lines ran to 26th and Mission Street.

The reason the Folsom and Howard Street lines ran to 26th, was to carry the baseball fans to Recreation Park, at 25th and Folsom. The Mission car ran to Twenty-second and the Market to Twenty-first. These cars that I speak of were two-horse cars and all started from Second Street. It was some years later, that the one-horse or bob tailed cars were put on Mission, Howard, Folsom and Sixth Street lines. In those days we had no transfers, so when a Howard or Folsom arrived at a transfer point, the conductor would lean out from the back platform and wave to the conductor on the other car that the

(Continued on Page 31)

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VOL. II

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No. 5

A RETROSPECT

As we approach the close of the year 1926 and stand upon the threshold of a new year, it is but proper that we should review the achievements of the past twelve months.

First of all, let us ask ourselves, have we been successful as an organization, founded as we have been, to promote friendships, maintain character, cultivate a mutual respect and to ever be a helpful influence in everything good among the boys born, raised or who at any time, lived South of Market Street prior to 1906. To perpetuate the memories, traditions and associations of boyhood days, to merit the esteem and confidence of our fellowmen and to make the character and spirit of South of Market, worthy of remembrance in the history of San Francisco.

We have increased in numbers and in finance. The former by several hundred and the latter by several thousands. We have brought together at our monthly meeting, our Grand Ball in the Auditorium and our outing in Marin County, men who have not seen each other for many years past. There is no organization in San Francisco and this is said advisedly, that can gather together monthly, upwards of 1000 men who come to renew old friendships and enjoy the good, clean, wholesome entertainment that is provided.

As to our activities on the outside, one year ago, our own Eddie Healy, taking the part of Santa Claus, accompanied by the officers, visited the Children's Hospital and there distributed to those children, candy and various trinkets, that brought joy to all. Accompanied by the Duncan Sisters, taking the parts of Topsy and Eva, we visited the crippled children at the Shriner's Hospital, the orphan children of the Protestant and Jewish orphan asylums

and the orphan girls of Mount St. Joseph's. Music and entertainment was provided and candy, dolls, pencils and various other gifts were distributed to the children. It was certainly an afternoon well spent.

Accompanied by a committee of the South of Market Girls, we journeyed to the United States Veterans' Hospital at Livermore, where a very interesting entertainment was provided for the 200 patients of this tubercular hospital. The many letters received from various patients was proof that the visit was an enjoyable one.

Many distinguished visitors to our city have been greeted upon their arrival by a delegation from our organization and a number of our friends who left to journey to various parts and other climes, were given a whole-hearted "Good-Bye."

Substantial sums were contributed from our treasury to the Jewish relief, Father Yorke Memorial and the Florida sufferers. One hundred dollars' worth of household goods was purchased from the Blind Craft and distributed among our members. All this in addition to taking care of our own members, assisting them in various ways, obtaining employment and thereby exemplifying the true spirit of Fraternity.

Our organization was represented in every civic affair during the past year. The Chamber of Commerce, the San Francisco Convention and Tourists League, the Downtown Association and other prominent institutions, are in constant touch with our officers and Board of Directors and we are always consulted on all important matters pertaining to the welfare of the City and County of San Francisco.

Therefore we ask each and every member to continue his interest during the coming year, 1927, by attending the meetings, keeping his dues paid up to date, assisting the membership committee in bringing in new members and particularly to aid and assist us in making our next entertainment and ball, which will be held in April, 1927, a grand success.

Any suggestions for the good of our organization will be graciously accepted by the officers and the Board of Directors.

May we continue to prosper during the coming year and we wish you and yours,

"A HAPPY AND MERRY XMAS—GOOD HEALTH—AND A PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR."

IN MEMORIAM

The sympathies of the South of Market Boys are extended to the families of—

W. P. Sawyer.....	44 5th St.
J. P. McCarthy.....	2186 45th St., Oakland
D. D. Carroll.....	2722 22nd St.
Fire Marshal Michael Hannon.	
Jack O'Brien	
Chas. Anderson.	

SICK MEMBERS

A card to or a call on the indisposed brothers will assist in lightening their burdens:

James O'Connor, St. Mary's Hospital.
Solly Soloman, 1941 Geary St.
James Quigley, French Hospital.
Eddie Galloup, St. Mary's Hospital.
Frank Crowe, 847 Elizabeth St.
Albert Cantet, 2020 Third St.
R. Brugge, 264 Fourth Ave.
Samuel Solomon, Mt. Zion Hospital.
Joseph F. Armstrong, Ward 6, Station "A", Marine Hospital.

GIVING THE VETERANS A TREAT

By Pete Maloney, Financial Secy.

President Tom Garrity and a large gathering of the South of Market Boys, accompanied by Mrs. Samuel Hayes, President of the South of Market Girls, and a substantial number of the "girls", journeyed to the U. S. Veteran's Hospital at Livermore and entertained the patients there with stunts, singing and music.

We entertained in each ward and when the entertainers left they received enthusiastic applause. Ray McGrath, a South of Market Boy and who is a brother to Mrs. Nell Maloney, chairlady of the Entertainment Committee of the South of Market Girls, told us in a letter that the doctors, nurses and patients and all concerned were overjoyed at the entertainment that was put on for their benefit. Mrs. Gertrude Tracey of the S. O. M. Girls, charmed her audiences; Eddie Healy, the old reliable, made the inmates, for the time being, forget their infirmities; Michael Patrick Brennan rendered sweet Irish melodies; Walter King, accordion player, par excellence; the Four Horsemen, musicians without peers, and several other numbers. All these entertainers put everything they had into their singing and playing, because they were entertaining real men, men who gave everything they had for their country, among some of the folks who made the journey were Mrs. Hannie McNamara of the S. O. M. Girls, Mrs. M. Geran, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Doyle, John Dhue, Bill Granfield, Byron Slyter, Mr. and Mrs. Ray Schiller, Jack Murphy, Bill McCabe, Bill McTiernan and many others. Some of the patients from South of Market are as follows: Mat Guerrin, (Matt is a real fellow and was looking fine the day we were there). Matt, at one time, was with the Doherty Brothers. Ford dealers. Matt said "That if Eddie Healy drove in the wards with his green Ford, he was going to tell Eddie whether it was a tunnel Ford or a surface Ford and Matt knows them all. Then there was Walter Oakes in Ward "G", and our representation brought back sweet memories to him. Walter said that King certainly could rattle the keys of his accordion and that Mrs. Tracey and an-

(Continued on Page 23)



DO YOU?

Know that Tom Garrity held a clandestine meeting?
Want to see two little devils?
Remember Pete Maloney's baby picture?
Know whose baby "Scotty" held in the barber shop?
If you don't—ask the South of Market Comedians—Eddie Healy and "Scotty" Buttersworth—they'll tell you.

CONGRESSMAN RICHARD WELCH

Sunday, November 28, upwards of fifty members of our organization gathered at the Southern Pacific Depot, Third and Townsend Streets, to bid adieu to Congressman Richard Welch, one of our members.

Notwithstanding the fact that there was a continual downpour all during the day, the boys showed up in goodly numbers and when the Congressman mounted one of the benches to address the boys he was unable to continue beyond a few sentences, so much was he impressed.

President Garrity presented Mrs. Welch with a beautiful bouquet of roses on behalf of the organization.

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MEMORIES—PATERSON

(Continued from Page 18)

worked as a polisher with James W. Burnham & Co. but lived at 440 2nd St. Samuel Adams was a machinist and lived at 516 Stevenson St. John J. Agnew, who occupied the distinguished position as foreman of the teamsters of the S. F. Gaslight Co., lived at 49 Perry St. Tim Ahern was a blacksmith with the Union Iron Works and lived at 58 Jessie St.

Carlos Castro was a tinsmith and lived at 148½ Clara street. John Coswell was a teamster and dwelt at 20 Rausch street. Cornelius Cotter worked as a laborer and lived at 421 Natoma St. F. D. Cottle was a wool grower and dwelt at 932 Howard street. There was a hostler by the name of Michael Coughlan and he lived at 308 Miuna St. Jimmie Coughlin was a spring-fitter with Bells Spring Co. and lived at 334 Shipley St. John H. Coulyer was an engineer with the California Cracker Co. and he lived at 40 Natoma St. Thomas Courtney, the builder, held forth at 677 Clementina St. A sign-painter by the name of Charles Courtney lived at 664 Howard St. There was another Thomas Courtney, but he was a carpenter and dwelt at 1230 Mission street.

A. H. Cousins was the proprietor of The Beehive Restaurant, then located at 420-22 Folsom St. There was a Frank Cousins, also, a shipwright, and he dwelt at 521 Howard St. Joseph Cowen was a bookbinder with Atholf & Bahls and lived at 412 Tehama street. Stephen Corvin was a carpenter with the C. P. R. R. Co. and resided at 309 3rd St.

William A. Cowley was a salesman with the well known firm of Baker and Hamilton in those days and lived at 426 Tehama St. A General Insurance Agent was J. P. Cox and he dwelt at 113 8th St. Philip King Cox was a carpenter of some note and he lived at 42 Everett St. Stonecutters were very much in demand then and Charlie C. Coyle was one of them. He lived somewhere on Shipley street.

There was a great deal of house moving done in the good old days and John Coyle was one that followed that occupation. He lived at 922 Harrison St. "Billie" Coyle used to be a machinist at the old Risdon Iron Works and he made his home at 209 2nd St.

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VETERANS—MALONEY

(Continued from Page 21)

other lady who sang were praised highly for several days. There was also Paul Dunphy who came from Tar Flat; Paul got a great kick out of the South of Market Boys and Girls and said he felt like stepping a Fox Trot when he heard Walter King's accordion, as it brought him back to the Manzanita's. Then Mrs. Nell Maloney sang and we have all heard the "song bird" and realize how heartily it was received. Nell sang "County Down" and when she finished the song one could hear the deafening applause for a block. Michael Patrick Brennan sang some selections and received a wonderful ovation from the patients. Our President gave an interesting talk to the patients and took the names of all the South of Market Boys who are patients so that they will receive a Christmas Journal.

Any of the "Boys" who can drop a Xmas or a New Year's card to these boys will carry Yuletide cheer to them and your timely sentiment will, indeed, be appreciated. South of Market Boys who were interviewed at the U. S. Veteran's Hospital, Livermore, Calif., are:

Walter Oakes, Ward "G."
Matt Guerran, Ward "G."
Paul Dunphy, Ward "G."
Ray McGrath, Ward "H."

ST. BRENDAN'S ALUMNI

"On Sunday, December 26, at 2 o'clock, in the nurse's reception room of St. Mary's Hospital, Thomas A. Maloney is calling together the students of old St. Brendan's School for the purpose of paying their love and respect to Sister Mary Emanuel, former principal of Our Lady's of Mercy Academy, and St. Brendan's School."

All former students wishing to participate in this fitting occasion are requested to attend, and any information relative to the same will be gladly given by Mr. Maloney, whose phone is Douglas 229, or Mrs. Anderson, Atwater 1492.

A DESIRABLE GIFT

A year's subscription to the South of Market Journal for \$2.00. Some "Boy" from the "Southside" would appreciate the stories contained in the Journal.

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DANIEL J. O'BRIEN

(Continued from Page 7)

proving that even men of money, business and responsibility have an abiding faith with us—the South of Market Boys in that district.

We were compelled to find new locations for homes away from the old South of Market district and with the progress made by San Francisco, South of Market district took on a commercial and manufacturing aspect, many of the South of Market Boys with their families moving into the outlying districts and adding their energies and personalities to the up-building of the new sections of the city.

While South of Market cannot at the present time be called a residential district, the spirit of old South is still in the breasts of the sons and daughters of that district, as is demonstrated by our organization and the South of Market Girls.

San Francisco is recognized as one of the great cities of this era, rich in wealth, rich in friendships and rich in memories, and the most important events which have made history for our city have been participated in by South of Market Boys.

At this time of the year it is fitting that we should extend to our pals, and neighbors and their children of the days of old, the South of Market Boys and the South of Market Girls, a Merry Christmas, a Bright, Happy and Prosperous New Year with many more to follow.

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(Continued from Page 7)

mail service, the continuous flight through night and day between New York and San Francisco, cutting the time to approximately thirty-three hours.

This original trunk line owned by the Government is being supplemented by privately owned contract air mail routes, which reach nearly every city of importance in the country.

The air mail is the latest and fastest system of mail transportation. What the future holds in further development of speed in carrying the mail no one can say.

**GENUINE SOUTH OF MARKET
SPIRIT**

On the night of January 15, 1919, St. Raphael's Church at San Rafael was burned to the ground. The following morning the master of the Masonic Lodge of San Rafael called on good Father Foley, the pastor, and informed him that the Masonic Hall was at his disposal for any purpose for which he may desire to use it.

This man was Abe Borkheim, a South of Market boy, and by this act he exemplified the real South of Market spirit.

Following the fire of 1906, Abe moved to San Rafael, where he is still superintendent of the Carson Glove Company, but he always had a longing to get back and meet his old friends of South of Market.

SAVE THE TIN FOIL**DUES, "DUE" CARDS AND
THEN DUES**

The opportunity is taken to introduce to "delinquent" members Pete Maloney, Financial Secretary of our organization. In January, 1927, the new "Due" card will be issued to **paid-up** members, the color of which will be green, instead of white as at present. There are some who will not receive the new membership card for the reason that they are delinquent in their dues. In order to see how your dues stand, look on the reverse side of the membership card and observe the months that are stamped "paid." By the time this article is read, those in arrears will have received a statement as to the amount owing and can pay the Financial Secretary at the meeting on December 30, 1926, or send it by mail to Pete Maloney, Hall of Justice, or to his residence, 707 26th Ave. Remember, brothers, the new card will be issued in January, 1927, and no card other than the green one will be recognized for our meetings, so start the New Year off with a "Paid-up" card.

POLICE BALL

The Widows' and Orphans' Aid Association of the San Francisco Police Department has selected Saturday night, February 19, 1927, as the date of its annual concert and ball, to be held at the Exposition Auditorium.

Capt. Wm. J. Quinn, Director of the South of Market Boys, Inc., is Chairman of the Grand Concert and Ball Committee and our members are earnestly requested to give their hearty support to the yearly event.

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Half Block from Market St.

Yuletide Greetings

**H
AND
A**

MEMORIES—PATERSON

(Continued from Page 22)

There was a party by the name of Dominick Coyne who was employed as a shoemaker with Einstein Brothers and Co., boot and shoe manufacturers, and he lived at 950 Howard St.

Frank Coyne was an expressman who used to hold forth at the corner of 2nd and Howard streets and he resided at 274 Clara St. George Crabe, a carpenter, lived at 40 Moss St. Alexander Craig of the firm of Craig & Sons lived at 126 6th St. His son, Frank, lived at 830 Mission St. At the bookbindery run by J. B. McIntyre there was a man employed by the name of H. P. Cramer and he lived at 837 Folsom St.

John J. Crane used to run a grocery store on the southeast corner of Howard and Rausch Sts. H. S. Craven was a mining and civil engineer and he lived at 29 South Park. Andrew Crawford was a carpenter by trade and he dwelt at 74 Tehama St. There was an old time hotel called the "Tiger", located at 444 and 446 Brannan St. and George W. Crawley, Jr., was the proprietor and lived there.

"Billie" Creighton was a popular helper with Moynihan and Aiken and he lived at 9 Clara St. John C. Cremony, a journalist with "The Commercial Herald", lived at 810 Mission St. Phil Crimmins was another shoemaker that worked for Einstein Brothers and he dwelt at 45 Ritch St. Con Sullivan was another shoemaker but he worked with the United Workingmens' Boot & Shoe Co. and lived at 220 Langton St.

"Danny" Sullivan was a bricklayer in those days and lived at 214 1st St. There was another Daniel Sullivan who lived at the same place but he was a Plasterer. Rev. Florence Sullivan, S. J., was one of the popular tutors at St. Ignatius College when it was located at 841 Market St. "Jimmie" Sullivan was very much in demand in those days as a coachman, he lived at 638 Folsom St. There was a laborer by the name of James Sullivan, also, but he lived at 78 Everett St.

J. H. Sullivan used to sharpen tools at 817 Market St. but lived at 421 Stevenson St. The watchman at night of the P. M. S. S. Company's Properties was one by

(Continued on Page 28)

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SANTA CLAUS?—WELCH

(Continued from Page 17)

But what of the children that because of poverty Santa Claus seemingly overlooked in those times? Words fail to describe the anguish of the child who awakes on Christmas morning and finds that the great and good Santa failed to visit the home. Oh, the bitterness and despair that came into the hearts of the widowed mother at the disappointment of her child. How many South of Market Boys are there high in the world of business, professional and political life today, who once suffered the agony of looking into an empty stocking on Christmas morning? Somehow or other Santa Claus would enter the poverty-stricken home. The neighbors whispered among themselves that the widowed mother and her brood had been forgotten. Immediately the great spirit of old Santa would deluge the home with armfuls of clothing, food and toys. Grateful tears filled the eyes of the grief-stricken mother and her young. Good old St. Nicholas had not forgotten them after all—rather tardy but nevertheless in time.

Humanity in all of its upward
(Continued in Next Column)

SOME MORE

"Figures can't lie", says Wm. Zupar. Ye Editor agrees, "Women's figures, these days, can't lie."

* * *

Sidney Robertson says:

"Fee simple and a simple fee,
And all the fees entail,
Are nothing when compared to thee,
Thou best of fees—Female."

* * *

John O'Connell was heard to remark on a recent rainy day: "My umbrella is a regular Catholic."

"How so?" inquired Jack Whelan.
"Because it always keeps lent."

* * *

Andy Porter says, "You can do anything if you have patience. Water may be carried in a sieve if you can only wait."

"How long?" asked Jim Kerr.
Andy coolly replied, "Till it freezes."

SANTA CLAUS?—WELCH

(Conclusion)

struggles has carried with it the memory of St. Nicholas. May his great influence ever be nourished in the human breast and may his followers ever sing in greater numbers as Time rolls on, "Peace on earth good will to all men."

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ORGANIZERS OF THE SOUTH OF MARKET BOYS

(Continued from Page 8)

Market," and their descendants; to perpetuate the memories, traditions and associations of boyhood days; to inspire among the youth and manhood of San Francisco proper respect and appreciation of days gone by; and instill among all an eternal desire and striving to make the lives and conditions of their sons a source of pride and satisfaction to the city of their birth and education; in brief, by deeds and example merit the esteem and confidence of their fellowmen and make the life, character and spirit of "South of Market" memorable and worthy of remembrance in the history of San Francisco.

It may be truly said that "We builded better than we knew." Out of the gathering of a small group grew the great and now famous South of Market Boys, Incorporated, including the leading citizens of San Francisco from every walk of life.

The success of our activities have been a revelation to all. We filled the Auditorium on the occasion of our first dances to its fullest capacity, and at our picnics gathered together a larger crowd than ever attended any previous outing of a like character in this vicinity.

Let us continue then to go onward and upward. With that loyalty that we maintain for one another, with the continued determination to bring in new members and backed by the wonderful cooperation and assistance from those who take an active part, this organization cannot help but become the most famous and prosperous in this part of our Beloved Country.

MEMORIES—PATERSON

(Continued from Page 25)

the name of J. J. Sullivan. He dwelt at 735 Clementina St. Another Sullivan whose first name was John was a painter and he lived at 308 Tehama St.

Another John Sullivan well known in those good old days was a teamster. He lived in the rear of 735 Natoma St. Miss Kate Sullivan who was principal of the Lincoln Primary School lived at 1041 Mission St. F. W. Zehfuss who used to live on Clementina St. bet. 8th and 9th Sts., moved to 840 Mission St. where he followed his occupation as cabinet maker.

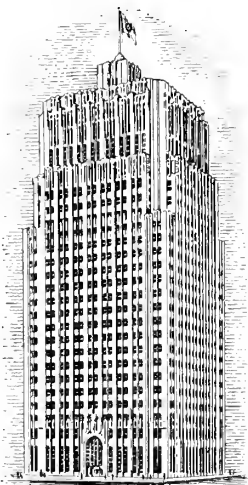
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NEW MEMBERS

The following gentlemen were elected members of the South of Market Boys at the meeting of Nov. 23rd.

Aaron, Victor.....485 California St.
 Anders, Albert.....50 Morse St.
 Andrus, Geo.....40 Tiffany Ave.
 Battersly, Richard.....242 Turk St.
 Blake E. J.....410 Cabrillo St.
 Boyle, Geo. H.....St. Charles Hotel
 Burness, J.....2520 Sacramento St.
 Centlivre, C. F.....2589 Folsom St.
 Clark, D. C.....1457 Church St.
 Coburn, A. H.....508 Gough St.
 Coburn, S. S.....522 Fell St., Apt. 4
 Cohen, Tom.....2216 Howard St.
 Cole, Wm.85 14th St.
 Cronin, Thos.2066 Grove St.
 Cullen, Thos. M.....25 Vicksburg St.
 Deleney, John.....328 Third St.
 Dell'Osso, Frank G.

600-W. Belgrave Ave.,
 Huntington Park, Cal.

Donegan, Frank.....3976 Folsom St.
 Doonan, Thos.....865 Valencia St.
 Ebenritter, H. H.....179 Parker Ave.
 Felvey, Bert.....222 Powell St.
 Faulkner, Thos. J.....1320 6th Ave.
 Flanagan, Chas.....622 Natoma St.
 Goldman, I.....498 Funston Ave.
 Gorman, Frank M.....276 29th St.
 Guckstadt, R. E.....692 16th Ave.
 Haas, Louis.....25 Gough St.
 Halloran, John.....4441 18th St.
 Heenan, Geo. A.....92 7th St.
 Hoff, Ernest.....1024 Munich St.
 Hornlein, W. E.....517 Edinburg St.
 Hyland, David J.....4551 18th St.
 Jordan, Wm. J.....402 35th St.,
 Oakland

Kaeintz, C. D.....123 Hartford St.
 Kane, Frank M.....3848 26th St.
 Kelly, Cornelius.....620 Funston Ave.
 Kennedy, J. A.....1464 Valencia St.
 Kenney, E. A.....3633 Clement St.
 Kerrigan, P. J.....1145 Church St.
 Knowles, John R.....1481 Eddy St.
 Kretzmer, J.531 Frederick St.
 Lacoste, B.....21 Happyland Ave.,
 Hayward

Lenhart, Edw. B.....3633 23rd St.
 Lonergan, Thos.....2911 16th St.
 Lucey, Chas. T.....2134 Grove St.
 Lynch, D. V.....1229 O'Farrell St.
 McCarthy, J. J.....638 Natoma St.
 McDonald, L. V.....329 Webster St.
 McGrorey, J. J.....18 Collins St.
 Malacarne, J.....545 Turk St.
 Marich, Thos.....431 Guerrero St.
 Marlow, T. J.....444 Lincoln Ave.,
 Alameda

Mignola, Henry.....834 40th Ave.
 Mecker, Edw. A.....620 Eddy St.
 Molinari, Jack.....1 Otsego St.
 Nagle, George.....2338 Franklin St.
 O'Brien, Wm.....2028 Folsom St.

(Continued on Page 33)

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No member of our organization has done more than Asst. Chief of the Fire Department, Tommy Murphy, by providing wonderful entertainment at very little cost. He has been an untiring worker, not only for our organization, but for others that he is affiliated with and due to this overwork, he had a nervous breakdown which compelled him to take a much needed rest at Mary's Help Hospital. But we are glad to report that he has entirely recovered and is back on the job.

SERGEANT PAT MCGEE

Sergeant Patrick McGee, who has been active in all our affairs, was confined to the Franklin Hospital for many weeks. We are glad to report that he is recuperating nicely.

CAPTAIN HENRY GLEESON

Captain Henry Gleeson, a prominent member of our organization, recently underwent an operation and is on his way to recovery.

IN MEMORIAM

Fire Marshal Michael Hannan was a very active member of the South of Market Boys. He took a keen interest in all its affairs and his sudden death was a great shock to his many friends of this city. For many years he was connected with the Fire Department, having worked himself up from the rank of hoseman to his high position as Fire Marshal.

His loss will be felt keenly by all; to his widow and family we extend our deepest sympathy.

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JOSEPH HUFF, *Resident Manager*

MEMORIES—ROXBURGH

(Continued from Page 19)

passengers leaving his car and boarding the other car were all right. We were honest in those days.

The first transfer was printed and introduced by a man named Goodman, who lived on Howard Street between Eleventh and Twelfth and a member of the firm of Goodman & Levinson, at Sansome and Sacramento Streets. The car tickets that were used in those days were printed on a piece of card board about half an inch wide and about an inch and a half long, on which were printed four coupons, which sold for twenty-five cents. The fare being six and a quarter cents. These coupons were snipped off by nippers, when handed to the conductor. The nippers were made like a pair of shears, except that the blade held a box-like affair, while the other blade had a small hatchet-like blade, which cut off a coupon which fell in the box. These nippers were used on all cars. Every round trip, these nippers had to be turned in, so the fares could be counted. The Howard and Third Street cars, turned their nippers into the ticket office on Howard Street, a few feet west of Third Street. While the Fourth and Folsom Street lines, turned theirs in on the southwest corner of Fourth and Folsom. The fares were reduced to five, when the bobtailed cars were introduced and the rides were extended.

The Mission Street cars, were of different colored dash boards. The brown dash board, running from Twenty-sixth to Second and Mission, while the blue dash board, ran from Twenty-first and Mission to Fifth, to Market, and when the Fifth Street cars first came up Fifth Street, the Blue dash board Mission cars then continued down Market to Dupont, to Bush and Dupont, where a turn table was installed and the cars turned around and went back over the same route to the Mission.

An engine company was located on the north side of Bryant, between Third and Fourth and at the time Tom O'Rielly was foreman and Lake Curry was engineer. But since then I have been informed that Denny Lawson, was foreman and old Jim Murphy was engineer. Joe Bridgewood who was a member of the company, would gather the children of the neighborhood, at the fire house on

Sunday morning, buy ten boxes of prize pop corn and have the kids race 50 yards away and return, and the first one back was entitled to the first prize. All these boxes contained prizes, which was the main incentive that caused the boys to race. I believe some of those kids who took part in those Sunday races, are now members of the South of Market Boys. Never mind, it was great fun just the same. Billy Gill, who was promoted to captain of No. 10 engine; Dan Kirby of the Black Eagle Republican Club of Third and Bryant; Jake Ferran and Charley Tracy, were members of No. 10 engine.

On Bryant Street next to the engine house, lived the Sand family, Tom was a foreman in those days. He had two sons, Tom and Matt and two daughters, Ida and Minnie. Next came the Lynchs: Mike, Tim, Herbert, Pete and Owen. They are prominent contractors and builders. Then there was the Collett boys, now prominent tailors. The Hayes boys, John and Billy; the Colletons, Jim and Frank; then the Boyce boys. You all know Billy, who was immigration commissioner. Ritch and Bryant was the headquarters of the ninth ward, Democratic Club, at the corner of Third and Bryant over Heyers' Grocery and it was the headquarters of the Black Eagle Republican Club. Albert Heyer was one time a supervisor. He had three sons, William, Charles and Albert, whom the boys nicknamed Mike. On the corner of Ritch and Bryant was a grocery kept by John Bucking, who was known to all his customers as Honest John. He had four sons, Dick, Fred, Henry and Julius. The Demorecats of the Ninth Ward done most of the nominating and other politics at this corner. Next store on Bryant Street lived Charley Wolters, now superintendent of the Bryant Printing Company. Then the Longs, then the Herrin family, then the Donovans: Jack, Joe and Alvin. Then the Dohrmans and the Ferrans. On the corner of Zoe and Bryant was Flanagan's grocery. Opposite on Bryant Street were the Knowltons: Harry and Lillie. Next to them were the Maguires: Teddy and Jim. The Foley boys and girls. Across from Honest John Buckings' Grocery was the butcher shop of Ned

(Continued on Page 32)

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MEMORIES—ROXBURGH

(Continued from Page 31)

Baily. Then August Schelane, the shoemaker; then the Danamans. Minnie Toner, the pride of the block, lived close by; then Eddie Moore. On Bryant Street, corner of Third, was the notion store run by Mrs. Borger and Mrs. Felters. Then the Hoffmans bakery. The MacIntosh boys lived on Third near Bryant and also the Colberts. Starting from Bryant and going down Ritch Street, first came the Walkers and their daughter, Addie; the Wards lived upstairs over the Walkers. There were two, Matt and Jimmie. Then the Keatings: Jim and his sisters; the O'Neills and their daughter, Kitty. Then came the McDermott girls and boys; the boys are well known in the Mission District. There was Jim, Mike, Charles, Bill and Tommy. Then came the Taggarts: Bob and Jim; then Bob Roberts, the oldest ship caulker in San Francisco and still living. Then the Culligans and Jim Dillon, the Gill boys: Nick and Billie. Tom Sheridan was next door. Then came the Garritys: Tom and Pete. Tom, you know, is our president. Then there was Frank McStocker, Hen Caulfield, Tom McLaughlin and Bill Wall. Then Blake and his two daughters. Next was Stromers' Bakery, at the corner of Ritch and Brannan. Then the old Cow lot across Brannan, where the kids had their fight. The Silver Star Baseball Club, was formed at Bryant and Ritch and Matt Stanley who afterwards went east to the National League was our catcher. When the boys from Third and Brannan challenged us to a game of baseball, they had to go to Third and Folsom to get their players. Our players all belonged around Bryant and Ritch. Albert Heyer, whose name I mentioned previously, is the manager of the San Francisco Bank, at the corner of Sixth Avenue and Clement, in the Park-Presidio District.

I am giving a few names from Bryant and Ritch, which were handed me by one of the brothers, and if I have left out the names of any of the boys don't blame me. Brother, if you have the names of any of your friends who lived down South of the Slot send them into me at 167 Sixteenth Avenue. Get them in early and we will have them in the January number.

November 27, 1926.

San Francisco, California.

Information Bureau,
South of Market Boys' Journal,
150 Golden Gate avenue, City.
Dear Sir and Brother:

I am anxious to know what the Governor of North Carolina had to say to the Governor of South Carolina, when they heard that the Governor of Alabama was arrested for having as companions "thirteen quarts" of the prohibited spirits?

Fraternally,
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AN APPRECIATION

On Thursday evening, The Columbia Park Boys' Parents Auxiliary gave a Surprise Reception to their President, Mrs. Elizabeth Hayes, in the club rooms on Guerrero street, to commemorate the 25 years of service dedicated to the organization.

She is the oldest active member in the Club and for years has given and devoted her loyal service and financial support. As a tribute to Mrs. Hayes for her Silver Anniversary, the members, both old and new, gathered in person to express their sincere appreciation. A delightful program was rendered, after which a menu supper was served.

The speakers of the evening were Captain Eustace Peixotto, U. S. A., Mrs. Sidney S. Peixotto, Mr. F. McLaughlin and Past Presidents W. Tyson, S. Silver, W. Samuels, W. Foley, J. Nyland and others.

Mrs. Hayes was presented with a beautiful traveling bag and huge bouquets of flowers. The rest of the evening was spent in renewing old acquaintances.

The committee in charge were, Mrs. H. H. McGowan, Chairlady, Mrs. F. Bender, Assistant Chairlady, and Mrs. Nellie Maloney, Chairlady of the Entertainment Committee.

A TRIBUTE

By Mrs. Wm. Johnson

Years of toil and care and struggle
Through the vale of memory;
Years of faithful service rendered,
This, tonight, our reverie.

And we gather to do honor
In this simplest of ways
To a faithful, loyal member,
Our Club President, Mrs. Hayes.
She has served our Club with
honor

Through the long and trying
years,
Helped to smooth the rocky places,
Calm the ever rising fears.

Through the hours of our hard-
ships,
Through the days of ceaseless
strain,

Through the never ending struggle
To our present world-wide fame.
She has proved sincere and loyal,
Constant, steadfast and true blue,
And tonight we say in chorus,
"Columbia Park is proud of you."

May the future bring you glad-
ness,

Flood your path with sunlit rays.
This, in gratitude and tribute
To you, loyal Mrs. Hayes.

NEW MEMBERS

(Continued from Page 29)

O'Connor, Wm. J.....2515 27th Ave.
O'Neil, John C.....1031 Fillmore St.
Orack, Samuel.....789 Ninth Ave.
O'Shea, Jack.....1383 Minna St.
Perazzo, Harold P.....1867 10th Ave.
Piercy, Sam.....2242 Cabrillo St.
Polaski, Robt.....2919 California St.
Porter, Harry.....222 Dore St.
Rhodes, Edw.....49 Julian Ave.
Richter, F. H.....471 Third St.
Riley, J. H.....322 Grove St.
Schmidt, Jos.412 44th Ave.
Schulz, Gus599 Arch St.
Shaughnessy, Jos.....1571 11th Ave.
Tegen, Wm.....3120 Gough St.
Tilton, O. R.....445 Duncan St.
Walsh, Wm. J.....122 Gates St.
Wesendunk, A. A.1747 Dolores St.
Whiting, Chas. B.3425 Sacramento St.
Wulff, Alfred.....119 Arlington St.
Clark, S.....2807 Folsom St.

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AND YOU TAKE—JUDGE GRAHAM

(Continued from Page 14)

what could be more laudable? The wife is not neglecting home ties. She is more often building toward a firmer foundation for marital unity and happiness. The woman with babies to care for is not thinking of earning a salary of her own. It is only the young married woman, who is anxious to aid her husband in every way possible.

But the world at large may say what do I think of the divorce evil? I must have some causes to ascribe and some remedies.

And that's just what I have.

The root of all marital unhappiness rests upon sex differences. Usually there is another woman or another man waiting around the corner. Not jazz excitement, nor wrong living can be held up as the reason for a slipping of the wedded bonds.

Of course, it is true, that more men and women have rushed to the divorce courts in the past few years. But that is largely due to the war—yes, the war—despite the fact that it took place some years back.

Hundreds of thousands of young folk hurried to the altar because Johnnie was going to march away and he wanted his sweetheart to bear his name before he left for France. The result of that was thousands of ill-assorted couples, couples united upon a flash of emotion, and separated for many months while the young husband crossed the seas. When they came home readjustments followed and many of these were settled via the Reno route.

I've had some of those wives in my courts—many of them. One said to me, "Judge, I just happened to draw a blank."

And there you have it. In such a case you must have divorce to bring happiness to both. I must insist that the remedy lies with the body politic. The awakening must come from within.

Too often, hurried thinkers would check an evil by striking at the effect rather than the cause. The Southern Pacific did not stop the Salton sea that way. It built a dam, a work of tremendous labor, across the point where the Colorado River broke its banks.

(Continued in January Issue)

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SOUTH OF MARKET JOURNAL

JANUARY, 1927



Vol. 2, No. 6

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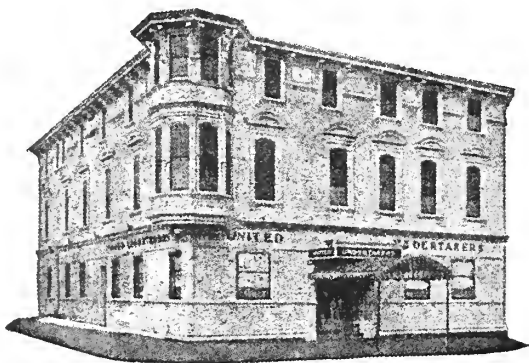
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South of Market Journal

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 Thos. W. Hickey

*Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
 Who never to himself hath said,
 This is my own, my native land.*

—Scott

Vol. II.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA, JANUARY, 1927

No. 6.

PRESIDENT GARRITY'S MESSAGE

Now that 1927 is started and with our meeting next Thursday, the membership, no doubt, wonders what the South of Market Boys, as an organization has in view for its members during the year. Each and every one of you who was privileged to attend all of the meetings of 1926 must have enjoyed the entertainments provided during the year. I will just say that 1927 will excel the shows of the past and Chairman Murphy is again on the job to see that all the "Boys" will enjoy each meeting in the fullest sense of the word.

April 23rd has been set aside for the "21 Years After" Ball and all of the Committees will be named in a few days. The Entertainment Committee has already been appointed and the members are announced in an article under the caption of "Our Next Ball."

The South of Market Girls, as in past years, will co-operate with our Committees in making this year's ball a most spectacular affair and one which will eclipse our prior efforts.

The members are responsible for the success of the "Ball." So let each one do his part and your "Annual Affair" will be another achievement that can be proudly



THOS. P. GARRITY
 President
 South of Market Boys

acclaimed that "The South of Market Boys know how."

Let our meeting next Thursday evening, January 27th, start the

year in a fitting manner. Be there and laugh with your old school-mates, "The Boys."

ANDREW J. MARTIN

Andrew Jackson Martin, former Assemblyman, fire commissioner and prominent political figure, passed away last month at his home, 644 Clayton Street, in his sixty-ninth year, after an illness of several months.

Martin served in the Assembly about 35 years ago from a South of Market district, he having resided on Folsom St. near 8th in the sixties and seventies and later on Folsom St. near 11th and also on Howard St. near 20th St.

(Continued on Page 6)

COMING EVENTS

ANNUAL ENTERTAINMENT AND BALL
 Civic Auditorium **Saturday, April 23rd, 1927**

**Regular
 Monthly
 Meeting
 Thursday
 January 27
 1927**

The next regular monthly meeting will be held on Thursday, January 27th, promptly at 8 o'clock, in the Knights of Columbus Auditorium, 150 Golden Gate Ave.

MEETING — ENTERTAINMENT

A Pioneer School—St. Ignatius Academy

By ALBERT P. WHEELAN

(Continued from December issue)

"The church was of wood, but plain and neat. At its southwest corner and near the door of the sacristy was a rude frame work about 10 feet high, which supported the church bell. In the church was a single altar, simple and plain as befitted the surroundings, but always neat and beautiful, bright with the wealth of wild flowers that outside of the buildings grew on every hand.

"One day, in rambling over the hills, I came upon a pretty plant whose species was unknown to me. It was a glossy green and seemed by nature a climber. How much will it add to the beauty of the church, I thought, if I train it along the wall, and arch it over doors and windows. Carefully, then, not to injure its tender roots I dug it out of the soft sand; and bore it home in all the pride of original discovery. I planted it by the sacristy door, I knew that Father Maraschi would see it. I knew, at least, I thought I knew, that he would commend my diligence. I waited for his approbation. Waited? Well, yes, I am still waiting for that. He saw the plant? Surely. Its beauty? He did. Had he no taste for pretty plants? Well, not exactly for such as the present object of my care; for that plant of the glossy leaves was the common poison oak, and it was soon at a safe distance withering in the sun. Appearances even in California are sometimes deceitful.

"The college was not a success in those early days, and few pupils attended the classes. We lived as in a desert, with unbroken stillness around us. Nothing seemed to grow for the wind blew the sand everywhere. * * * I have tried to recall houses to the west of us, but can only picture the Lincoln school, but to the northwest, in a little valley, shut in by precipitous hills, I can remember three houses."

The picture drawn by the good brother of South of Market in 1855, is far different from the same district today, with its modern buildings, in the midst of a great and wonderful city.



ALBERT P. WHEELAN

The first year's earnings of the school were \$106. However, the struggle was nearly ended and the school began to prosper in about the third year of its existence. The building of a sidewalk; the leveling of the sand hills; the employment of new teachers all contributed to this end. Mr. McLaughlin taught drawing for several months at the school; then a Mr. William McGill Barry was employed, and in 1857 Mr. Peter J. Molloy became a member of the teacher staff of the school; then a Mr. John Grace and Mr. John Egan were employed. Then a night school was started with two pupils enrolled—there may have been more enrolled but only two have survived: Mr. Mogan and Mr. Guthrie Maguire.

The fathers of the school commenced to advertise, and we find the announcement of the third annual session of the day school in the Monitor of April 3, 1858, and the announcement of the fourth annual session of 1859, in "The National", setting forth the list of studies, costs of tuition and all of the other facts necessary to appraise parents of the prospective pupils of the advantages of the institution. In 1859, the attendance was 65 pupils and the school boasted of a faculty of six professors. Great stress

being laid upon the fact that "Pupils of all denominations admitted." The school opened at 9 o'clock a. m. and closed at 3 o'clock, p. m. Good boys received—every Monday—tickets for deportment, regular attendance and scholarship. I wonder who were the "good boys", and whether or not any still survive the ravages of time, and could give us a better picture of the school and its activities than that of Brother Weyringer?

In December, 1858, two new school rooms were added to the plant, an index of the further progress of the academy. In 1860 and 1861, the equipment of the school was added to and laboratories created. In 1861, a small catalogue of 16 pages made its appearance, and we are informed by it that, "The college is conducted by the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, and is intended for day scholars only. The collegiate year begins on the last Monday of August and closes about the end of June with a distribution of premiums."

The rules of the school provided for the opening of the classes at 9 o'clock a. m. and the session closed at 3 o'clock p. m. with an intermission for lunch of half an hour, 12 o'clock M. to 12:30 p. m. and no scholar was allowed to leave the premises unless he lived in the immediate neighborhood. School was held on Saturday, and Thursday was a holiday for the boys.

The district was commencing to build up, and sidewalks were laid along the streets; the attendance increased in numbers, and the society needed more room for their institution, so they purchased on the 22nd day of August, 1861, 11 lots, having a depth of 75 feet with a frontage upon Jessie St. of 245 feet.

The building of a new residence and a church was commenced in May, 1862, when the cornerstone of the new structure was laid by the Bishop of Sonora. It was finally completed, and remained in existence until the Fathers moved to Van Ness avenue and Hayes street. In August, 1862,

(Continued on Page 17)

Backward, Oh! Backward, Oh Time—

Let us change the scene. Let us not forget the places that once were, and the persons who lived and worked, who were born and were bred, and some of whom died in that section of South of Market street, bounded by the water front, Townsend, Fourth and Market streets.

Fond memories of Happy Valley—Jessie street, between First and Anthony streets. Of the old Isthmus House, on the west side of First street near Stevenson.

Of the Horace Davis Flour Mills on the opposite side of First street.

Of the shot tower, southeast corner First and Howard streets.

Of old Engine No. 9.

Of old Engine No. 4.

Of the old wooden cistern at Market and First streets.

Of Laumeister's Mills at Mission and Main streets, and the engineer, Charley Reynolds.

Of the late Jack London's rendezvous on Stuart near Howard street.

Of the beautiful homes of the aristocrats on Rincon Hill, Folsom, Harrison and Bryant streets.

Of the fountains on the lawns of the Donohue mansion, northeast corner Second and Bryant streets.

Of the Southern Pacific building at Fourth and Townsend streets, familiarly called the "Brick Building".

Of the German Hospital on Brannan street, just west of Third street.

Of Kimball's carriage factory, northeast corner Fourth and Bryant streets.

Of the big wooden Harrison street bridge spanning Second street.

Of the omnibus car barns and stables on Tehama street, between Third and Fourth streets, and Barney McDermot, the little watchman there.

And so many, many others of our childhood days, that it almost breaks the heart of one now to think they live in memory only. Oh! happy days—days of our sires; days of our boyhood, and days of our fortunes, and of our misfortunes.

Fondly we recollect, and pleasant are the thoughts of yesteryear. How many of us can now picture in our minds the rival stationers and school book sellers of Third street. (Our parents bought our school text books in those days). Portly Mr. Scott, whose store was on the southwest corner of Third and Stevenson street, and Mr. H. T. Hobart, on the west side of Third street, just south of Howard street.

The commencement of the new school term, the old Fourth street school, after the vacation period, and the patronage solicited by the Messrs. Scott and Hobart, who exchanged McGuffey's Readers and Monteith's Geographies—and slates and pencils, pencil boxes and sponges and rulers and school bags for our daddies' not too numerous dollars.

And our mothers—God bless them, were adepts in the art of covering the wooden border of the ten cent slate with a strip of woolen cloth, probably cut from a discarded pair of papa's pants. The ready covered slates cost 20 and 25 cents, according to size.

The old Fourth street public school then stood on the present site of the new Southern District Police Station. Miss Stinson was the new principal in the late 70's and her assistants were the Misses Sprague, Frontin, Hines, Shepard, Hickey and Mrs. McCord and a younger Miss Frontin. How many South of Market Boys remember them.

If I remember rightly, also a Miss Shea, who became a Mrs. Cortelyou—fond memories again.

Then there were the Rincon and Tehama street public schools, and the Parochial schools of St. Patrick, St. Vincent, and St. Brendan in the district also. Rincon on the hill, Tehama street, on that famed street, running to Clementina street between First and Second streets. St. Patrick's in Everett street, north side, between Third and Fourth streets, and St. Vincent's, in Minna street, north side, between Third and New Montgomery streets. And St. Brendan's, northeast corner Harrison and Fremont streets (fond memories again).

Ah! who of the old-timers can forget the rivalry displayed between the Americus Club, southwest corner Third and Mission streets, and the Howard Club, southwest corner Third and Howard streets on a Fourth of July—in an attempt on the part of one to outdo the other in the display of profuse and beautiful fireworks. The noise and the din—outbursts of patriotism, good cheer and good will.

And St. Patrick's Day in the mornin', in the vicinity of Hibernia Hotel, on the west side of Third street, opposite Clementina street, between Howard and Folsom streets.

And the political torch light processions in the district; the grand uniforms worn by the Fremont Club (Republican) and the Hickory Club (Democrat) both having headquarters in New Montgomery street, corner Natoma.

And the Sunday afternoon parade, starting from John Green's old Tenth Ward Exchange, southwest corner Fourth and Tehama streets—marching to the sandlots in the vicinity of the then new City Hall, under construction, about on the site of the present new Pantages theatre. The parade was an anti-coolie demonstration.

(Continued on Page 16)

SOUTH OF MARKET ANNUAL BALL

Civic Auditorium, Saturday, April 23rd

Some South of Market Poetry

By ALBERT P. WHEELAN

In the June, 1926, issue of "The South of Market Journal" appeared a splendid article by Horatio F. Stoll entitled "The Romantic Story of South Park". Writing of the founder of the Park, he says:

"George Gordon, to whom is due the credit of laying out the first residence park in California, took great pride in his hobby, South Park. It consisted of three-quarters of an acre and was modeled on the many crescents which are found in London and in various continental cities."

Bret Harte, the famous California author, was the editor of "The Californian" in the sixties, and among many of his early contributions to that paper, September 24, 1864, appears the following poem, relating to South Park and its founder, George Gordon. Gordon was the founder of the first sugar refinery in San Francisco, a South of Market institution, Eighth and Harrison streets. Here follows the poem, written as a parody on Thomas Gray's "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard", one of the masterpieces of English literature:

South Park

(San Francisco, California, 1864)
(After Gray)

The foundry tolls the knell of parting day,
The weary clerk goes slowly home to tea,
The North Beach car rolls onward to the bay,
And leaves the world to solitude and me.
Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And through the Park a solemn hush prevails,
Save, in the distance, where some school boy wight
Rattles his hoop-stick on the iron rails.
Save, that from yonder jealous-guarded basement
Some servant maid vehement doth complain,
Of wicked youths who, playing near her casement,
Project their footballs through her window pane.
Can midnight lark or animated "bust"

To these grave scenes bring mirth without alloy?

Can shrill street-boys proclaim their vocal trust

In John, whose homeward march produces joy?

Alas! for them no organ-grinders play,

Nor sportive monkey move their blinds genteel;

Approach and read, if thou canst read, the lay,

Which these grave dwellings through their stones reveal:

"Here rests his fame, within yon ring of earth,

A soul who strove to benefit mankind—

Of private fortune and public worth,

His trade—first man, then sugar he refined.

"Large was his bounty, and he made his mark;

Read here his record free from stains or blots:

He gave the public all he had—his Park;

He sold the public—all he asked—his lots!"

Very few of the membership realize or know that we have upon our rolls a member who has contributed more than one poem to various local periodicals, George H. Barron. Bro. Barron is the curator of the De Young Memorial Museum, and has always taken a keen interest in the early days of San Francisco, and of the Spanish and Pioneer periods of California's history. Through the unremitting toil and energy of Bro. Barron, he has created, in the De Young Memorial Museum, a marvelous exhibit illustrating various periods of California's pioneer history. The poem that reflects most his literary skill is the following:

Mission Dolores 1776

George H. Barron

Oft have we gazed in wonder
At the rude but stately pile
Of Dolores fast decaying
'Neath its somber rustic tile.

This quaint adobe structure
With its arched door and bell
If they alone could utter
What storied verse they'd tell.

Of the days when bold vaquero
Filled the air with shout and song

As through the fertile fields and pasture

They drove their herds along;

And of the days now far removed
Along Time's lengthened way
When the rustic natives heard its chime,

And hasten there to pray.

As we pass its sacred portal
A distant taper greets the eye,
Like a lonely star in heaven,
When the sun has left the sky.

Dim light from small high windows

Shrouds in gloom the outlines where

Stood the rude constructed altar
Where were offered Mass and prayer.

But, now, alas; no chime we hear,
No choir of voices sweet,
Whose music wafted heavenward,
In unison to meet.

And now around its crumbling form

The green-leaved ivy creeps,
While beneath the shadow of its walls

In peace the Padre sleeps.

ANDREW JACKSON MARTIN (Continued from Page 3)

He was first appointed to the Fire Commission in 1891, serving until 1897. In 1914 he was again appointed to the commission by Mayor Rolph. He remained in office about a year. At one time he was proprietor of the Hulda stables on Fell Street.

Born here, Martin was a lifelong resident of San Francisco. He was active in Republican politics for many years. He was a member of Stanford Parlor, Native Sons.

Surviving him are his widow, Mrs. Mary E. Martin; four sons, Kohl, Palma, Ray and Jack; two daughters, Mrs. Virginia Laurigan and Miss Alma Martin; two brothers, J. B. Martin, clerk of the District Court of Appeal, and George J. Martin of the Wells Fargo Bank and Union Trust Company, and a sister, Miss Nellie Martin.

A Travelogue

By HUGO ERNST

South of Market Boy Revisits Europe, Reflects on What He Sees, and Returns to Good Old San Francisco

Observing the social and economic conditions in Europe as they are today and comparing them with the conditions as they existed prior to 1914, one must come to the conclusion that the changes brought about as a consequence of the War have reacted favorably upon the peoples of Europe. And, while the "getting back to normalcy" is naturally somewhat slower in Europe than it is in America, the peoples there will gradually get their bearings and live a new life totally different from the one to which they were bound under the former conditions. Particularly is this true of the smaller countries that gained their independence from forced and unpopular alliances with the Austro-Hungarian monarchy, such as Czecho-Slovakia, Yugoslavia and Poland, where people now live under a system of their own making, and free from the irksome imposition of a foreign rule. Of course, such freedom has its drawbacks as well as advantages, as a people unaccustomed to freedom is very apt to make mistakes, which at times may prove costly if not fatal; and it is such experimentation in freedom that causes the upspringing of the many dictators in Europe we now often read about.

All of central and southern Europe visited by me during my trip seems to have gained a state of equilibrium, and the social activities, if to be taken as a criterion of a people's prosperity, would lead one to conclude that there still are to be found surplus money and spiritual energy to furnish the people with the pleasures of life. The night-life, if not as brilliant as before the War or as San Francisco knew it once upon a time, has once more taken hold upon the lives of the inhabitants. The places of amusement one may visit in the various cities are elaborately, even luxuriously, fitted out, and likely to satisfy the taste of the most fastidious seekers of wholesome pleasure after a day's

toil or business. Theatres, movies, operas and cabarets are to be found in abundance, and music greets you from every direction at all times of the night. And what pleases also, these places are strictly regulated and supervised, and the governments derive a large income from the various sorts of taxes levied upon these places, which may perhaps be one of the chief reasons for this strict supervision of their doings.

While there is poverty, like most everywhere, there is no visible abject misery, and all appear decently clad and looking well fed. I have visited workingmen's districts in most all towns and have found them all having better housing conditions than you are apt, for instance, to find in the tenement districts on the East Side in New York. There is plenty of air and the houses are not as high as you find them here, nor is the congestion as great. Of course, I would not say that there is no poverty or want among them, but taking them all in all, they appear to be as well off as one might hope or expect. You may meet beggars on the streets, especially in Italy, but most of them are selling something or other, like matches, shoe-strings, paper and envelopes, etc., and are to be classed as small merchants. In London there is a class of ex-soldiers, mostly crippled, who make a living by drawing pictures on the sidewalks with colored chalks, and sitting by, soliciting alms. They draw at times quite artistic sketches that arouse the curiosity and become the cynosures of passersby. Naturally they select districts where they expect strangers to pass, particularly Americans, as they count on the curiosity of the foreigner, and are thus able to soften his heart by the novelty of the appeal. Steamship offices, American bars and American theatres are choice locations for these artistic cripples.

In art and science Europe has regained its pre-war standing. Painters, sculptors, actors, doctors and other professional men are again living in a creative atmosphere so rudely interrupted during and long after the war,

through the scarcity of money for the production of anything but the most common necessities of life.

A notable improvement has been achieved in the educational system of children. A great part of the annual public revenues are devoted to the building of school houses, to enable education to reach all strata of the population, and illiteracy, which had reached an alarming percentage in some of the states, is being gradually reduced. Welfare institutions, such as hospitals, sanitariums, rest-rooms, etc., are being provided, and great care is being taken of women in industry. Laws have been enacted in all of these countries protecting women, during and after child-birth, giving free medical and clinical service to working women. Preventive measures, and cures of existing diseases are furnished to all, and educational lectures on sanitation are also provided. All in all, the status of working men and women in Europe since the War has been greatly elevated and improved, and many evils abolished. Rents are regulated by law, protecting the tenants against gouging landlords, and preference given to workers and state employees in securing dwellings. Registration bureaus for tenants have been established, and when a dwelling or rooms become vacant the landlord must give workers and state employees first chance to rent them, and only in case passed up by such may the landlord secure his own tenants.

The only thing remaining unchanged after the war is the plague of militarism, which still permeates Europe, sapping its vitality and progress. Austria and Germany, by virtue of the treaty of Versailles, are prevented from participating in this mad scramble for armaments—but all the other countries are armed to the teeth, and the military budgets in the various states comprise 75 per cent or over of the yearly expenditures. More men are now kept under arms than ever before the war, and this in spite of the fact that Germany and Austria main-

(Continued on Page 16)

Memories of the Days of '50

By JAMES H. ROXBURGH

The following was taken from "Men and Memories of Early San Francisco", published by T. A. Barry and B. A. Patten and issued in 1873. It will give the younger members of the South of Market Boys a view of the past.

"Where the Grand Hotel stands on Market and Second streets, there was in 1849, and up to 1853-4, a sand hill, which was the subject of long and well-contested litigation, with strangely fluctuating fortune for the claimants on either side. It was taken to the Supreme Court and decided in favor of one party; a rehearing granted, and, after another long struggle, decided in favor of the other party. Then the ultimately successful ones were forced to hold it by force of arms. We remember Selim and Fred Woodworth and Stephen Teschemacher arriving and equipping themselves with shotguns, revolvers, sandwiches and stimulants, and encamping on the ground to hold possession against squatters as late as 1853. In 1857 it was leased to Mr. Pease, brother of E. T. Pease, who occupied it as a coalyard at a merely nominal price, to hold possession for its owners. Although Second street was well built up, both sides from Market to Rincon Hill, Market west of Second was little more than a sand waste. Father Maginnis' church stood where now stands the Palace Hotel and a few straggling buildings were the only objects to mark the street line; and for a long time after Kearny was navigable to Market and across into Third street, there was a high sand bank across market so high that the person walking from Kearny into Third could not see the 'Divisadero' heights beyond the Mission. If we remember rightly, the obstruction remained there until excavated by the track-layers of the Market street Railway."

When the plank road was built to Mission Dolores, the toll gate was placed on Third street, west side, about the southern line of Stevenson street. In those days, when you turned the corner of Third street to Mission street, going west, you were pretty well out

of town. Opposite the Howard cottages, where the Howard Presbyterian Church now stands, was quite a lagoon, never wholly dry in summer, and in the rainy season, deep enough to drown anybody. When you had gone along the plank road as far as Sixth street, you came to a bridge across the marsh. Just before reaching this bridge, on the right hand side of the road, was the entrance to the Yerba Buena Cemetery. On the left of the road, nearly opposite the cemetery gate, was the residence of C. V. Gillespie, a pleasant home-like residence, grateful to eyes becoming familiarized with board shanties, tents, and one-story oblong, flat roofed dwellings, shooting forth long, blackened unstable stove pipes. This pretty dwelling with its high enclosure and quiet seclusion, its climbing vines, its bright window panes and neat curtains, its substantial sheltering roof and chimneys, standing upon the eminence just before you began to descend to the bridge, was so unlike our homes in the California of those days, and so like the old homes on the Atlantic shore, that we often used to think it more affectingly eloquent to the giddy, prosperous, thoughtless young men who galloped past, to and from the Mission and the milk punch, than the most solemn sermons preached at stated hours in all the churches.

When past the bridge, and going up the rise on the other side, we saw a little house, not much larger than a full-sized Saratoga trunk, from the roof of which bravely pointed a flag staff, with the Stars and Stripes, and on the door of which was the word "Pipesville". This was the country seat and poet's corner of the well known "Jeems Pipes", Stephen C. Massett, whose songs and music are far better than thousands over which the world makes more noise and gives far greater credit; whose recitations, imitations and essays, both humorous and pathetic, are so genuinely good, that we are puzzled by the reflection—why is he not rich? and recall the old adage, "A prophet has no honor in his own country."

("Jeems Pipes" of Pipesville held forth at the southeast corner of seventh and Mission.—Roxburgh.)

"The Russ family came to California on the ship Loo Choo with Stevenson's Regiment, and were, altogether, we believe, father, mother sons and daughters, twelve in number. The old house at the corner of Sixth and Harrison streets, on the block known as Russ Garden was standing a year or two since. J. C. C. and A. G. Russ, goldsmiths and jewelers, lived there in 1850, and had their store on Montgomery between Pacific and Broadway. Russ' Garden was a famous suburban resort twenty years ago for the German citizens' May day festivities, Sunday school picnics and miscellaneous merry makings. The garden was a little, dry knoll in the middle of a swamp, and the rider who came along the narrow road built from Folsom street to the garden, mired his horse if he deviated in the least from the track. As late as '55, we have seen horses and cows swamped on both sides of the Folsom street plank road, and on the east side of the road leading to the garden. Today it would be difficult to see any track of the old neighborhood; all seems alike South of Market."

The Russ family donated to the city of San Francisco a large portion of the old Russ Gardens conditional upon it being made into a public park; it was accepted and named Columbia Park, and at that time contained quite a number of oak trees which have since disappeared.—Roxburgh.

**KNIGHTS OF
COLUMBUS**

**Mardi Gras
Ball**

**Civic Auditorium
Sat., Feb. 26th**



S. O. M. Prattle



Bert Kahn was recently tipped off to where he could get a thoroughbred bull, but upon investigation he found it was only a "bum steer".

A modern girl, says Saul Jacobs, is one that has as many rings under her eyes as she has on her fingers.

The most wretched of all the murderers of Julius Ceasar, says Charlie Johnson, was the miserable Cinna (sinner).

Thomas Hickey believes that the Senate might vote Mr. Dawes a prize sometime, but it will never be one of peace.

According to John A. Kelly, our automobile figures run into millions, and so, apparently, do our automobiles.

It is Martin Kearns' belief that the divorce mills have to manufacture their product from some very raw material.

Now that the country is divided into postal zones, C. Katchinski presumes that the air-mail routes will be called ozones.

According to Tim Riordan — if Dawes can win a peace prize, there ought to be hope for Gene Tunney at least to get honorable mention.

Charlie Kendrick has got the right idea. What we really want from Congress is more income and less taxation.

P. J. Kelleher says that the adjective in "easy payments" doesn't refer to the collector's job.

According to Tom Garrity, if you think politics easy, try standing on a fence while keeping one ear on the ground.

Ed Kelly says matrimony is not a serious word—it is a sentence.

Phil Kennedy maintains that it is the teeth in the Volstead Law that causes all the trouble.

If you don't know what a Suburban Handicap is, says Milo Kent, ask any man who is trying to pay for a bungalow on the installment plan.

The Ship of State, says Harry Kelly is one of the few vessels whose navigators do not hesitate to move in a fog.

Frank Kerrigan says a hen is like a colt when it is broken.

Teddy Johnson says a horse catches cold when he's a clothes horse, and has to bear many changes.

According to Emile Kahn, dogs and cats are like schoolmasters and their pupils, because one is of the canine (canin') species and the other the feline (feelin') species.

C. F. Kenneally says a vine is like a soldier because it is 'listed, trained, has tendrils and then shoots.

Jack Kilroy says the difference between a cow and an old chair is that one gives milk and the other gives way (whey).

In the opinion of Sam Kern, what most nearly resembles a horse's foot is a mare's.

The very great, tremendous difference between the straw laid down for a horse's bed and a tomcat's most excruciating cry, is, says Adolph Koshland, one is scattered in his stable, the other—ye gods—is catheard in his mews.

Max Krow contends that cats are like unskilled surgeons because they mew till late and destroy patience (patients.)

According to A. E. Kittredge, a dead doctor is like a dead duck because they both have done quacking.

Louis Kuttner says a teapot is like a kitten when you're teasin' it (tea's in it).

Dan Leary infers that a lion's tail is like a newly born babe because it is never seen before.

According to J. J. Keating, a pig that wished to build himself a habitation would tie a knot in his tail and call it a pig's tie (pigsty).

Joe Kazaka says that pigs are more intelligent than humans because they nose (knows) everything.

According to Henry Koch, a farmer has a better opportunity of overlooking his pigs when he has a sty in his eye.

Jack Lane says a dog wags his tail when he sees his master because he has one to wag.

T. Lawley would have you understand that a cigar is like a shoulder of pork when it is smoked.

Dennis Lenahan contends that the difference between earth and sea is—one is dirty, the other tidy.

Ben Levy says besides the old time game of leap frog, frogs play Croaiky (croquet).

Phil Lindecker is of the opinion that an eagle turns carpenter when he soars (saws) across the woods and plains (planes).

A spider is a good correspondent, contends Eddie Lewis, because he drops a line by every post.

C. Levy says a waiter is like a race horse, because he runs for cups and plates and steaks.

M. J. McBrearty says circus horses are so slow because they are taught horses (tortoises).

Jas. Looney says white sheep eat the most grass because there are more of them than black.

Walter Love insists that little birds are melancholy in the morning because their little bills are all over dew (overdue).

E. F. Lucitt says this great peaceful country hasn't a single fortified city along the border except Chicago.



GEO. W. PATERSON

Memories

By GEORGE W. PATERSON

In my garden of mem'ry each blossom recalls
Some friend of the dear, olden days—
And in fancy I see them as often I go
In dreams down the flower-strewn ways;
There are daisies of white and sweet roses of red,
And violets fragrant and blue—
But the ones I love best are the pansies of gold,
Which brings to me fond thoughts of you.

So, dear friends, we will again on our way down the by-ways and alley-ways of yore and discover to you other familiar names, places and scenes that may tend to produce that thrill that takes possession of the heart of man when out of the mystic past he recalls to memory the existence of beings that escaped his recollection, but now, at the mere mention of which, seem to burst into sunbeams of joy, that completely dissipates that veil of mist that had hidden them these many years from your vision and recollection, and appear again in all their pristine glory.

There are many perhaps that recall Mr. and Mrs. Hannon, old pioneers, who dwelt on Perry street, between Second and Third and who were blessed with some six boys. The old gent was a boiler maker of no mean caliber. The names of the children were Mark, John, James, Edward, George and Walter. All but John James and Walter have passed away. The former occupies the position of bookkeeper with the Board of Public Works. They were close relatives of our own John A. Kelly, a member of the Executive Committee of our organization.

Who doesn't recollect the fancy drink emporium that Enright presided over at the corner of Sev-

enth and Howard streets and Guerin's barber shop that flourished next door? You cannot think of them without at the same time recalling to mind the merry antics of the Waldron boys and Daniel J. O'Leary, who dwelt in the same neighborhood.

A great boy in his day was that jolly little "Joe" Austin (Shorty as he was called) who worked as a drayman with Crane and Hastings, and lived at 717 Natoma street. D. W. Avery was a machinist that flourished in the period about which we are writing and worked for the West Coast Furniture Company. He lived at 177 Perry street near Fourth street.

Jack Asheroft was a plasterer and dwelt at 719 Howard street. "Billy" Ashmore, whose middle initial was E., was a clerk by occupation and lived at 625 Stevenson street. "Billy" Ashton was for a long time with Renton, Holmes & Co., and lived at 408 Bryant street.

Another "Billy" that was well known those days was Assumssen who ran a grocery and liquor store at the northwest corner of Bryant and Eighth, and the northeast corner of Harrison and Eighth streets. "Joe" Assion was a tailor who had a store at 205 Montgomery street, but who lived at 348 Third street. There was also a James Aston who lived in those days, but he was a gasfitter and resided at 461 Jessie street.

Another party that was well-known among his fellow-craftsmen was "Joe" Atkins, the machinist. He lived at 111 Silver street. George F. Atkinson ran a fruit and vegetable store at 237 Sixth street and lived in the rear of 12 Tehama street. An upholsterer by the name of David Adler dwelt at 3 Harrison avenue.

Edward Attwell, whose middle initial was E., was a butcher and held forth in Henry Darius's stall in the Union Market and lived at 745 Howard street. George W. Atwood was a teamster with E. Lord and he dwelt on the west side of Eighth street between

Branman and Bryant streets.

F. Aubert was a cook in the French Hospital and lived on the south side of Bryant street, between 5th and 6th street. "Pat" Audley was a car driver and lived at 279 Tehama street. Louis Auerbach of L. Auerbach & Co. lived at 14 Harriett street. A carpenter by the name of Manuel Anguist lived at 608 and 610 Sixth street. Joseph P. Ault was a hostler by profession and domiciled at 235 Minna street.

"Charlie" W. Austin was a stone cutter and lived at 404 Bryant street. "Jimmie" Avery was another carpenter that was well known in those days. He dwelt at 158 Shipley street. Jonathan R. Ayer, the painter, resided at 235 Eighth street. A policeman by the name of "Johnnie" C. Ayers lived at 68 Silver street. "Charlie" Bass, the barkeeper, dwelt at 16½ Harriett street.

"Charlie" Babb, was, as his name would imply, a reporter, and he lived at 17 Third street. "Dan" Babbitt was a carpenter at the California Planing Mills and dwelt at 442½ Clementina street. "Louis" G. Babcock was another carpenter and he lived at 138 Fourth street. "Eddie" J. Baber was another very popular barkeeper that lived at 43 Russ street. "Billie" Bach, as he was popularly called, was a stair-builder and lived at 531 Fourth street.

George A. Bacon, the policeman, lived on Clementina street, at 736½, between Eighth and Ninth streets. William Badgley was a tailor and dwelt at 6 Clara street. "Ikey" Baer was in the money broking business at 752 Market street and lived at 511 Stevenson street. "Charlie" Bagley, the harness maker dwelt at 536 Stevenson street.

Anton Bahle, the carpenter, lived at 26 Folsom avenue. Byron Bailey, also a carpenter, dwelt at 168 Tehama street. Who doesn't remember old "Jimmie" Bain of the old Risdon Iron Works? He was a great character and lived at 668 Harrison street. He was a

(Continued on Page 14)

the Past

By JAMES H. ROXBURGH

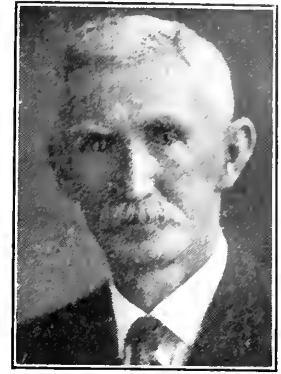
My attention was called to the fact that I had not mentioned the name of Billy Gagan, who lived on Grand avenue next to Teutonia Hall. Of course you remember the Gagan Grand Jury, which woke up San Francisco. His son, Frank, clerks in one of the Federal courts. Garrett McInerney used to live around Seventh and Minna. John F. Kennedy used to live on Russ street, between Howard and Folsom. He should be remembered by every letter carrier in the State, for when he was elected an Assemblyman, he had a bill put through the State legislature granting the letter carriers free transportation upon all street cars. The street railroads made a fight against it when it became a law, but the Supreme Court of the State declared it **constitutional**, and it has been a law ever since. There appeared in the daily press a few weeks ago an account of the death of Archie Levy, a successful theatrical agent. This same Archie used to be in a barber shop on Third street near Harrison and at the time of the death of W. C. Ralston, he wrote a poem entitled, "W. C. Ralston, the Friend of the Poor" and was hailed throughout the press of San Francisco as the "Boy Poet". I spoke last month of the various street car lines, but did not mention where the horses were stabled nor where the cars were housed. Starting with the Third and Howard street lines, their cars were housed on Howard street between Third and Fourth under Union Hall and the horses were stabled directly back of the hall on Tehama street. The Fourth and Folsom street cars were housed in a brick barn on Folsom, a short distance west of Fourth.

The Mission street cars were taken care of in a car barn at Fourteenth and Mission streets, where the State armory now stands, and the Market street cars were taken care of at Sixteenth and Valencia streets, where the Mission Savings Bank now stands.

M. Skelly was Superintendent of the Fourth and Folsom street

lines, who used to warn the drivers when they took the cars out in the morning, "don't fail to bring the cars back tonight, me boy". The Sixth street cars were quartered in a barn on Brannan street between Seventh and Eighth.

An article appearing in the Examiner the other day, that a greater number of people pass the corner of Fifth and Market than any other corner in San Francisco and I was wondering how many of the boys can remember Market street from Sixth street to Fourth on the South side in the days that are gone. Starting from Sixth and down to Fourth, corner of Sixth and Market was McDonnell's drug store, a few doors below the Central Market, then a big sand lot which extended back to Stevenson street, then Dillon & Kaufman's saloon, the Eden Musee. On the corner of Fifth, where Hale Bros. store is, was Casebolt's car factory, where all of San Francisco's street cars were built. Crossing Fifth on the other corner was a high board fence from Fifth street to St. Ignatius Church, which stood where the "Emporium" now stands. This fence ran part way down Fifth and enclosed what was known as the Lincoln Primary School. Going down Market street toward Fourth, next to St. Ignatius' Church was a small wooden church which had been moved there from the Palace Hotel site. While there it was known as Father Maginnis' Church and is still in good condition, having been moved out to Eddy street between Scott and Divisadero, where it did good service as the Church of the Holy Cross, and still remains alongside the new church. After passing St. Ignatius and going down to Fourth were many vacant spaces, until you came to Shea's book store, where would gather the notables of those days: Dennis Kearney, he of the "Chinese must go" fame; James Kidney, one of his lieutenants; Barney Dougherty, he of "is borrowed money your own" fame and many others whose names I cannot at the moment recall. It was from



JAMES H. ROXBURGH

here in 1877 that Kearney used to hie forth for the sand lots, where he would tell the people assembled there of the evils of the constant influx of Chinese, for they were coming from China by every steamer in hordes from 1500 to 2000, and were being employed in cigar and shoe factories in large numbers. When these facts were presented to the people, they soon began to form clubs to take the matter up politically, so this caused the formation of the Workingmen's Party and you might say, and truly so, that Shea's Book Store at Fourth and Market was the birth-place of the Workingmen's Party. Clubs were formed throughout the city, but none so enthusiastic as that formed South of Market, three of which were the Ninth, Tenth and Eleventh Wards Clubs. The Ninth had John D. Coudon, the Tenth, Captain George Wittman, the Eleventh, John P. Dunn.

They nominated a full municipal ticket with Dr. I. S. Kalloch, pastor of the Metropolitan Baptist Church at Fifth and Jessie streets for Mayor. Just prior to the election he was shot by Chas. De Young, Editor of the San Francisco Chronicle. It was claimed at the time that he was shot into office, for he was elected by a large majority.

This success caused the party to seek higher honors. They nominated a candidate for Governor, who was unsuccessful, but they succeeded in electing a number of Senators and Assemblymen from South of Market who assisted in framing a new State constitution, which was adopted by the people. This is the constitution under which the State is at present operating. So, here's to the men who honestly represented us in the days long ago.

SOUTH OF MARKET JOURNAL



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VOL. II JANUARY, 1927 No. 6

AVIS—

Owing to the many requests from libraries, etc., for back numbers of the South of Market Journal, you are respectfully asked to send your old copies to the office. Requests have been made for the following numbers which are not in our files:

September, 1925	March, 1926	September, 1926
October, 1925	April, 1926	October, 1926
December, 1925	June, 1926	November 1926
January, 1926	August, 1926	

REMARKS OF EDGAR C. LEVEY, SPEAKER OF THE ASSEMBLY, JANUARY 3, 1927, ON PRESENTATION OF FLORAL BASKET BY SOUTH OF MARKET BOYS

Members of the Assembly:

It is with sincere pleasure that I receive this beautiful basket of California blossoms, presented to me on this happy occasion by my chums and fellows of the association known as the "South of Market Boys," of San Francisco.

For the benefit of those of you who do not hail from the City by the Golden Gate, may I say that this organization is composed of those whose boyhood was co-ordinate with the early history of the central metropolis! The members were either born or reared in that famous section of the city known as "south of the slot."

You will excuse me, I am sure, if I express a pardonable pride in having lived in that part of the town, for some of the years of my early life were spent at 6th and Market Streets.

To be remembered, at this time, by the "fellows,"

is not only pleasing, but the effect is so deep as to move the emotions. I thank Senator Maloney and the other legislators, members of the South of Market Boys, who have placed upon the speaker's table this beautiful token.

The clerk will note the presentation in the Journal of the Assembly.

We are glad to report that Sergeant Pat McGee is back at his desk after his recent illness.

OUR NEXT BALL

April 18th this year falls on a Monday. Therefore, we have secured the Civic Auditorium for April 23rd, which is the first Saturday night after Easter Sunday.

We ask all members, their families, relatives and many friends to reserve this date, as we predict a real enjoyable evening.

An entertainment committee, consisting of Thomas W. Hickey, Ralph Pincus, Al Katchinski, Chas. Kirchman, T. J. Murphy and John F. Quinn have been appointed and up to date have had several meetings, going into the many details of securing a real, old-time entertainment.

The personnel of this committee assures us that when April 23rd rolls around we will not only witness a marvelous show, but we predict that the Auditorium will be filled to capacity.

Therefore, we ask one and all to remember the date, April 23, 1927.

OUR JOURNAL

From the many favorable comments received, we judge that the Christmas edition of the South of Market Boys Journal met with the approval of most of our membership, as well as the outside public, who were fortunate enough to secure a copy. It is no easy task to publish an edition of this kind. Considerable work is entailed securing "ads", various articles which will be of interest to the membership and other details which go to make up a periodical.

We, at this time desire to extend our thanks to those who contributed articles; to the Officials of the Postoffice, who assisted in getting it out during the Christmas rush, and to the various advertisers.

We ask the members, their families and many friends to patronize these advertisers and when making a purchase, tell them: "I SAW YOUR 'AD' IN THE SOUTH OF MARKET JOURNAL."

Revenue received from these "ads" has made it possible during the past four months to send a copy to each member with practically no cost to the organization.

We would further ask all members who have items of interest to mail them in before the middle of each month and also request those who do not receive a copy of the Journal to notify us and we will place their name upon the mailing list.

If it is possible for you to secure an "ad" of any kind, it will be appreciated.

IN MEMORIAM

The sympathies of the South of Market Boys are extended to the families of—

Hannan, Michael.....	645 - 42nd Ave.
Anderson, Chas. E.....	432 - 25th Ave.
O'Brien, John J.....	63 Gombetta St.
Armstrong, Frank J.....	688 Hampshire St.
Smith, Fred A.....	S. F. P. D.

POLICE BALL

The Annual Concert, Entertainment and Ball of the Widows' and Orphans' Aid Association of the San Francisco Police Department, will be held this year at the Exposition Auditorium, on Saturday night, February 19th, 1927.

The price of admission will be the same as heretofore—one dollar.

The committee in charge has worked hard and has arranged a program of music, dancing, singing and radio entertainment, the like of which has never before been given in San Francisco.

For the first time within the history of theatricals, within our knowledge, actual radio broadcasting by popular radio stars of the radio broadcasting stations of the vicinity will be exemplified. On the stage will be depicted a radio broadcasting station in operation, and such stars as Maurice Gunsby, Gypsy and Marta, "Mac", Sadie Woodside, Joe Detweiler, Billie Devine, Frank Gibney, Gertrude Tracey, Bill Bennett, George Taylor and Ed. Holden will take part, singing the latest songs, telling stories over the microphone, which will be broadcasted 'round the world from the Exposition Auditorium.

The curiosity of radio fans will be more than satisfied, and their knowledge of the innermost secrets of the radio and the method of dissemination of the human voice through the air will be increased. Thousands of radio fans know their favorite stars by their voice alone. This feature will enable them to become acquainted with the star in the flesh doing his stuff. In addition to this unique and original feature of the program a monstrous entertainment which is to precede it, will be one of the greatest shows ever given here. Concert stars, quartettes, feature dancers—each and all of whom are stars of the first magnitude—will contribute their talents in making the entertainment a success. The entertainment will be followed by the grand march, led by His Honor, Mayor James Rolph, Jr., and Mrs. Rolph.

The Widows' and Orphans' Aid Association Annual Concert, Entertainment and Ball has become famous through its grand march. The tallest and handsomest men of the community are members of the San Francisco Police Department.

(Continued on Page 14)

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MEMORIES—PATERSON

(Continued from Page 10)

"canny Scot". Then there was "Auld John Bain, the blacksmith", but he lived at 31 Perry street.

Andrew F. Baker was a salesman with A. Roman and Co. and he lived at 137 First street. A dabbler in stocks was R. C. Baker and he lived at 606 Folsom street. The plumber, "Geordie" Baker, lived at 319 Fourth street. George Baker, a brewer with the Philadel-

phia Brewery, lived at 232 Second street. There was a ladies' nurse by the name of Emma Baker, a rather popular individual in the good old days. She dwelt at 1118½ Folsom street.

George Baker, the painter, dwelt at 773 Folsom street. Another George Baker, whose middle initial was W., was a peddler and dwelt at 611 Natoma street. Howard Baker, a carpenter, lived at 616 Harrison street. Reverend Father Caesar Barchi, S. J., was one of the faculty of St. Ignatius College when it was located at 841 Market street. "Johnny" Barclay worked in the U. S. Mint and lived at 784 Folsom street.

Miss Annie E. Barclay in the early days worked with Fratinger and Nol, and lived at 449 Minna street. Daniel B. Barclay was a clerk on the Chronicle and lived at 327 Tehama street. Walter P. Bargion was an operator with the American District Telegraph Co. and dwelt at 737 Howard street. John Barlow was a very congenial old soul and very popular when employed at the Pacific Iron Works. He lived at 82 Clementina street.

Miss Mary Barlow, a lace worker of no mean caliber, resided at 262½ Clementina street. "Billie" Barlow, the carpenter, dwelt at 613 Mission street. A clerk by the name of "William W." Barlow lived at 739 Tehama street. "Billie" Barner ran a small grocery and liquor store at 131 Ninth street. Chas. E. Barnes was a mechanical engineer and draftsman and worked at 609 Mission street. Another carpenter by the name of John D. Barnes lived at 546 Natoma street.

"Joe" Barnes, the old time model maker, lived at 144 Fifth street. William Barnes, the upholsterer, dwelt at 44½ Sixth street. There was a mariner by the name of Edward Barnett and he lived at 110 Berry street. Joseph Barnett, who ran a crockery store at 39 Fourth street, dwelt at 353 Jessie street.

E. R. Bushiesel was a carrier on the Alta-California and dwelt at 1634 Mission street. John T. Barmum, the canvasser, dwelt at 274 Minna street. John Barr was a painter and dwelt at 174 Silver street. Alfred Barrett was a watchmaker and jeweler, whose shop was at 44 Second street. He lived at 236 Seventh street.

Another good old boiler maker was John J. Barry, and he dwelt at 640 Howard street. "Dick"

Barry—the coppersmith—dwelt on Annie street between Market and Mission streets. Thomas Barry—the stonecutter—held forth at 735 Brannan street.

Among the well-known firms of the early days may be mentioned the following: W. T. Garratt, which was located at 138 Fremont street; Johannes Hansen, the blacking manufacturer, who held forth at 413 Sixth street; The Carvill Manufacturing Company was a rather pretentious blacksmithing concern and was located at 180 Jessie street; "Jimmy" Christie was another popular blacksmithing establishment and was located on the south side of Berry street, near Third.

POLICE BALL

(Continued from Page 13)

ment, the civil service requirements compelling applicants for the department to be almost giants in stature. Hundreds of these fine well built men dressed in evening clothes taking part in the grand march, is a sight once seen, never to be forgotten. The Grand Ball commences immediately after the Grand March.

Lieutenant of Police Richard Foley and his band of fifty musicians, all members of the San Francisco Police Department, will open the evening's entertainment at 7:30 P. M., with a concert of the best musical pieces—popular, sentimental and operatic. The San Francisco Police Department's Band has been preparing for this event for a year and the concert to be rendered will be in itself a feature. This band ranks foremost on the Pacific Coast with any similar band, either professional or amateur. Its members have been the recipients of many compliments from local and visiting musicians who have marvelled at the wonderful music played by these policemen.

Following the Grand March, up until 2 A. M. the following morning, will be given over to dancing. Both Larkin Hall and Polk St. Hall have been set aside for those who still cling to the old-time music and the old-time dances. The famous municipal band led by Professor Philip Sapiro will furnish the dance music in the main auditorium.

Summing it all up, we can readily estimate that a grand and glorious time is going to be had by all those who participate from

(Continued on Page 16)

IT WOULD BE A MIRACLE

IF Peter Maloney collected all the dues that are owing on the books.

* * *

IF we could get a better presid-ing officer than Tom Garrity.

* * *

IF John Francis Cunningham and George Gilmore could quit their chatter.

* * *

IF Mayor Rolph would decline to run for office.

* * *

IF Tim Reardon would put all the boys to work.

* * *

IF John O'Toole would quit giving opinions.

* * *

IF the Board of Supervisors, many of whom are South of Market Boys, would get along nicely at their sessions on Mondays.

* * *

IF the various members of our organization would assist the Editor of the Journal in securing articles and getting "Ads".

* * *

IF you could find a better stage manager than Eddie Healy or a better comedian than Scotty But-terworth.

* * *

WHEN Postmaster Power will not have to employ "extras" during the holidays.

* * *

WHEN Albert Samuels sells an unlucky wedding ring.

* * *

WHEN Jim Kerr should cease saying, "Well how's the old boy?"

Gene Mulligan says the two things that cause the most unhappiness are envy and static.

DUE CARDS

During the month I mailed out to "paid-up" members their new due cards for the years 1927-1928. Some members did not get a due card and for these reasons: 1st, that they were three months or more in arrears; 2nd, that the cards were mailed to them and were returned through the mails, as the person moved, etc.; if any paid up member has not received his card by the 25th of this month, will he kindly get in touch with me so that I may be able to furnish one, or if they cannot get in touch with me before the next meeting, let me know then. All members who are in arrears will receive their new card immediately upon payment of dues. A good resolution for the new year for the members of The South of Market Boys should be "That I will look on the back of my due card at least once a month and see how I stand". For those members who can pay quarterly, I would say do it, as it will help all around. Trusting those members in arrears will clean up 1926 and start 1927 off with a bang, I am,

Fraternally yours,
PETER R. MALONEY,
Financial Secretary,
S. O. M. B.

P. S.: The green card will be the only card recognized at the door of the meeting in the future.

We are glad to report that our active member, Assistant Chief Thomas J. Murphy, is rapidly regaining his health. He has left town to rest up, but expects to be back on the job with all the vim and vigor he formerly possessed.

M. L. Lowry calls it double jeopardy when your doctor calls in a consulting physician.

SHOTS FROM THE SHOT TOWER

According to Jules Levigne, about the only thing a man needs to become political timber is the ability to plank down.

* * *

Hugo Ernst says the average man's life is devoted to making three things—love, money and a fool of himself.

* * *

Bill Borkheim says the women who say the most catty things about each other are those who were former friends.

* * *

Percy Goldstein says some men never do anything on time except quit work.

* * *

John Heffernan says it takes the average man all his life to get acquainted with his conscience.

* * *

Geo. Brown says when a woman gives up a good job for a poor man, it may be either love or laziness.

* * *

Alex. Dulfer says man takes a chance when he gets married, and that's the last chance he gets.

* * *

Dan Collins says an educated man is one who can tell you how many things Congress is investigating and why.

* * *

Frank Dever says many a man's charity consists of giving away cigars he wouldn't smoke himself.

* * *

Phil Diez says one of the funniest things in the world is to listen to a bachelor and a married man giving each other advice.

* * *

Pat Magee says a poor excuse is better than none, but the trouble is you can't always think of it when you want it.

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TRAVELOGUE—ERNST

(Continued from Page 7)

tained over a million soldiers in peace time. Everybody seems to be afraid of everybody else, and under one pretext or other they keep up their mad scramble for huge armies to the detriment of other developments.

Most governments in Europe today are democratic republics or democratic monarchies, with exception of Italy, which lives under the iron fist of Mussolini and has deteriorated into one of the worst cases of despotism in the world's history. Russian czarism fades into insignificance as compared with the reign of Mussolini. (This is said without reference to Russia of today, which I was not able to visit and regarding which I have no authentic information.) Mussolini today regulates everything in the life of every Italian, from his work in the factory to the naming of his children at home and the length of his wife's dress. It would be too long to enumerate the laws he has promulgated since his assumption of power, sufficient only to say that he takes care of all there is, has abolished elections of every character, appoints all mayors and governing officials; and he has abolished all labor unions and in their stead established his own governmental labor unions, a travesty on workingmen's organizations in any other age or land. Today there is not a trace of liberty and freedom in Italy of the kind which we here in America understand by these words, and as an American I would not care to live there, nor could I praise it or describe it as a historical necessity like some misguided so-called Americans have done.

Living is cheap in Europe as compared with living here, but then again earnings in Europe are correspondingly small. In France and Italy you pay a coverage charge of 25 centimes for each person, and you pay from 10 to 15 per cent of the amount of the bill or check in lieu of tips, and on top of that 20 centimes for stamps (as each bill must bear a government stamp.) In hotels 10 percent extra for service (tips for the hotel employees), and in addition thereto 4 francs a day as luxury tax. Yet living is quite inexpensive.

Taking it all together, you can have a splendid time in Europe with a little American money, but for making a living, give me good

(Continued on Page 17)

BACKWARD, OH BACKWARD

(Continued from Page 5)

tion, and proud was the kid who was privileged to carry a banner in the procession, a banner emblazoned with the announcement—"The Chinese Must Go—for Kearney Says So". Ah—Dennis Kearney of immortal fame, who lived in Fremont street near Harrison street, almost next door to Boss Kelly who dominated Republican politics at that time in the district.

Truly, this district emphasizes all that South of Market street was—therein lived the families whose descendants are now a large part of our membership.

In this district was fought the greatest of all championship contests—Corbett and Jackson fought 61 three-minute rounds at the California Athletic Club, northwest corner New Montgomery and Howard streets; the Furniture Exchange stands on that site now, and Hiram Cook declared the fight no contest, after refereeing as great a battle as was ever waged by heavyweights—why!!

Do you remember the great fights of Dawson-Gallagher, Needham-Kerrigan—103 rounds, Cal. McCarthy and Ike Weir (the Belfast Spider), Geo. Dixon and Abe Willis, Kilrain and Geo. Godfrey, Bowers and The Black Pearl, Dick Burge and Billy Mahan, Dal Hawkins and Fred Bogan, Solly Smith and Geo. Dixon, the great Jack Dempsey and La Blanch, and many others.

All of them settled in this district. Ah! those were the days of sport and of hospitality, and of New Year cheer. Remember the New Year's callers; their plug hats, the dump carts, the express wagons, the spring bottom pants, and Oh! (shades of Volstead) the cutter XXX—the sherry—the claret—the port and the New Year's cake. In this section of good old South of Market street all these blessings were abundant—its characters lived respected lives and only their sons now remain—fond memories of the past.

POLICE BALL

(Continued from Page 14)

7:30 P. M. until 2 A. M.—all for one dollar—and this one dollar for sweet charity to make easy the path of the widows and orphans of members of the police department who have consecrated their lives to the protection and safety of the citizens of San Francisco.

PIONEER SCHOOL—WHEELAN

(Continued from Page 4)

the Fathers purchased from Messrs. Conroy and O'Connor, the big bell, that sounded throughout South of Market, for many years, calling the faithful to prayer. It had been destined for the San Francisco Fire Department, and had been cast in England. Its name was the "San Francisco." Weighing a ton and a half, its advent was noised about, the more so that the fire department was out of funds and could not ratify the purchase. Conroy and O'Connor purchased the bell, and sold it to the Order for the sum of \$1350. When the new buildings were completed, the church became the most attractive in San Francisco and its rapid and steady growth was the immediate result of the new conditions surrounding St. Ignatius Church.

The years 1863, 1864, 1865, 1867, 1868, witnessed new spiritual activities upon the part of the Society. The care of the prisoners at the State prison at San Quentin, and the care of the colored people of San Francisco. Prisoners released from jail were cared for by them, and they were helped until they could care for themselves, while the colored people, who were poor, obtained employment and financial assistance from the institution.

A new organ was installed by the Fathers in 1868, through the subscriptions of the congregation. The earthquake of 1868 did considerable damage to the church, causing two chimneys to fall; one through the roof of the residence and the other into the Father's garden. Plaster fell from the roof and walls of the church, but no one was injured. The church was renovated in 1868 and reopened in 1869, and the Fathers were highly complimented upon their work. During all of the years since the completion of the new buildings, the school rapidly progressed; debating and dramatic societies having been formed and public exhibitions given.

October 20, 1878, witnessed the laying of the corner stone of the new buildings of the Society at northwest corner of Hayes and Van Ness avenue, after a civic celebration participated in by the militia and other civic bodies of the city. The new establishment was soon built and under way—but that is another story—as we are only concerned with the mighty struggle of the noble ec-

clesiastical pioneers, who helped build up South of Market and make San Francisco, our beloved city, the great metropolis it is today.

TRAVELOGUE—ERNST

(Continued from Page 16)

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A trip to Europe is very interesting and instructive, and some day I hope to be able to visit some other parts of Europe, which I for reasons not necessary to state had to omit on this occasion.

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AND I TAKE—

Judge Thomas F. Graham

(Continued from December issue)

That's the remedy. The divorce laws should be stiffened, the suits should be heard in one specially appointed court, whose Judge should be a man to inspire the confidence of the man and woman who enter the divorce tribunals. He should be one with sufficient tact and sympathy to see and understand, to iron out the difficulties where that can be done, to be made a confidant in the pitiable tales of domestic strife and bickerings, to bring the wavering together.

Divorce not only sunders the family bond and strikes at the foundations and ramparts of the family, but it shatters the foundations and degrades society.

Duty is the basis of domestic order, as it is of public order. To say that divorce is sanctioned by some laws and consecrated by some religions is to say that duty is powerless to sustain the family and to govern souls. To proclaim liberty of divorce is implicitly to proclaim that duty is secondary, and that sentiment is the prime essential for the family.

In effect, sentiment, sensibility and emotion, laid down as a rule and supreme explanation of marriage are advocated in all those discourses and books that boldly preach the unlimited facility of divorce, and that insolently declare marriage is a servitude, and that duty is a tyranny. Such doctrines make marriages depend upon chance or a passing whim.

The true remedy lies in the moral teachings of the young and the example of the elders. Girls must be brought up with a sense of wifely duties and the burdens that marriage entails. Boys must be taught to respect the opposite sex, to consider marriage as binding for life, to weigh the future and be sure of being able to provide.

But we will never do away with divorce and unhappy weddings. That day will never come. We must admit that unhappy marriages will exist in the world so long as men take after Adam and women after Eve.

Useless Demand

Liza—"An' when dat robbah man said: 'Hol' up yo' hands!' what did you say?"

Rastus—"Me? Ah jes' laffed at him. Ah already had 'em up."

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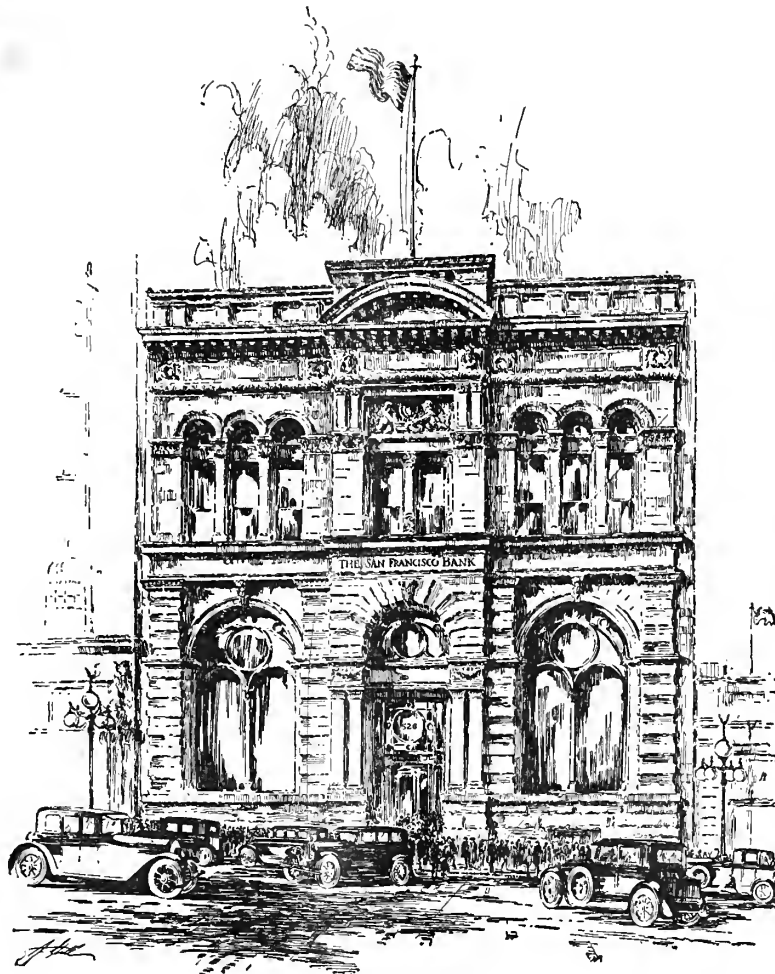
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SOUTH OF MARKET JOURNAL

FEBRUARY, 1927



Vol. 2, No. 7

Revive Memories and Dance

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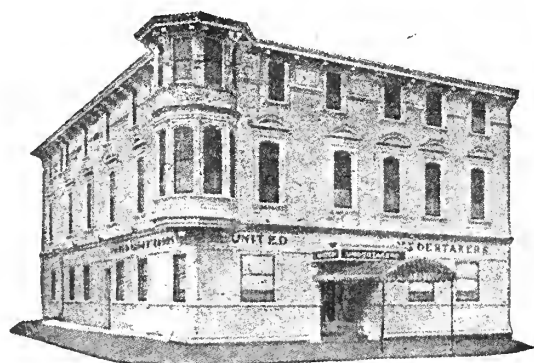
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South of Market Journal

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 Thos. W. Hickey

*Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
 Who never to himself hath said,
 This is my own, my native land.*

—Scott

Vol. II.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA, FEBRUARY, 1927

No. 7.

PRESIDENT GARRITY'S MESSAGE

The last meeting of the South of Market Boys was a wonderful meeting when you take into consideration the stormy night we had, but rain and wind can not keep the Boys away.

The Minstrel Show as put on by South San Francisco Parlor Native Sons was well worth attending; from an entertainment standpoint it is the best Minstrel Show put on in San Francisco for a long while. They have many fine numbers and their jokes are good. Much credit is due the talent and management for their efforts, and we feel indebted to Dr. M. O. Squires for his efforts in having the show put on for us.

The S. O. M. Boys feel that they can not thank the Godmother of our Club, Annie Laurie, sufficiently for her efforts in carrying the Club's activities to Europe, and when returning brought home from the Land of the Shamrock a fine specimen of the Black Thorn Stick, which was presented to your President. The organization acknowledges with gratitude her kindness and good thoughts.

Now that the season for our Annual Ball is here, the name of which is "Lest We Forget", I want to ask every member to give his undivided attention to making this the Big success of the year.



THOS. P. GARRITY
 President
 South of Market Boys

This year's show, under the direction of Ralph Pincus, will be replete with all old-time stuff, and not one modern feature will be staged on this occasion. From

the program, as presented by Ralph Pincus to your Directors, it should be a wonderful night. With a view to having the "Lest We Forget" Ball the greatest affair we have held, I am appointing a well-balanced working committee to handle the affair.

Honorary Chairman
Mayor James Rolph, Jr.

Honorary Vice-Chairmen:

Col. James E. Power, Capt. John Moreno, Sam Stern, Norman F. Hall, Dr. M. O. Squires.

General Chairman.....James F. Smith
 General Secretary.....John J. Whelan
 InvitationsFrank McStocker
 EntertainmentRalph Pincus
 Decoration and Hall.....T. A. Reardon
 Reception.....Judge Thomas Graham
 PublicityAl Katchinski
 Floor.....Thomas P. Garrity
 Finance.....John F. Quinn
 BadgesThomas Hawkins

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COMING EVENTS

ANNUAL ENTERTAINMENT AND BALL
 Civic Auditorium Saturday, April 23rd, 1927

**Regular
 Monthly
 Meeting
 Thursday
 February 24
 1927**

The next regular monthly meeting will be held on Thursday, February 24th, promptly at 8 o'clock, in the Knights of Columbus Auditorium, 150 Golden Gate Ave.

MEETING — ENTERTAINMENT

George Gordon

(Founder of South Park)

By ALBERT P. WHEELAN

George Gordon came to California in 1849, leading the first company through from New York by the Nicaragua transit route, and bringing at the same time, by a vessel which he chartered, a cargo of lumber. He published a description of this route and his trip, which was described with graphic power.

On his arrival in San Francisco he immediately engaged in mechanical and mercantile pursuits. In 1850, he built Howison's pier, off the foot of Sacramento street, into the Bay, for a distance of 1400 feet. This was one of San Francisco's earliest wharves. In 1852, he erected the first block of iron buildings, on Front street, between Clay and Washington. In 1851, he organized the firm of Steen & Gordon and conducted the third iron foundry to be established in this city. Mr. Gordon was a native of Scotland, and few of the pioneers have so directly contributed to build up San Francisco, or have taken so large a share in advancing its material interests.

In 1857, he founded the San Francisco and Pacific Sugar Refinery, and became its principal owner and manager. This establishment was in the neighborhood of Eighth and Harrison streets, and a small street in that vicinity was named for him, Gordon street. This was the beginning of what has become a great and material industry in the State of California. Mr. Gordon became interested in the manufacture of sugar from beets, and went to Europe to study the methods used in the process of manufacturing sugar from beets. He had researches made in California to assist in such sugar making processes, and was the author of a series of interesting publications upon the subject. He finally gave up the attempt to introduce this method of making sugar, but it was afterwards taken up by others and brought to a successful operation.

Some time after 1851, Mr. Gordon purchased six 100 vara lots



ALBERT P. WHEELAN

in a body, bounded by 2nd, 3rd, Bryant and Brannan streets, and laid out South Park. This was the first attempt upon the part of anyone to establish urban recreation grounds. It was the first park to be established South of Market. Each purchaser of a lot was given a key to the park, and could enter it and enjoy it at any time. Residences were built around this park, and it became a very exclusive residential section of the city. It was modeled after English residence parks, especially those in and about London. It was not a success from a pecuniary standpoint but, however, was a very attractive private park. It has, since the fire of 1906, fallen evil days, and though the park is cultivated and kept up, it is surrounded by squalid tenements, occupied largely by orientals.

Mr. Gordon had a fine literary gift and contributed to the local press many articles calculated to encourage the growth of new industries and manufactories in San Francisco, and frequently spoke in behalf of such new enterprises.

He was a member of the Earthquake Committee of 1868, and published a plan to save buildings from the shocks, which was

adopted by many of the builders of the time.

He died at San Francisco, May 22, 1869, and as was said by a prominent citizen of the day: "He was interested in everything likely to promote the manufacturing, commercial and agricultural interests of the State, and applied his fortune and his pen liberally in the direction of his opinions. He combined the qualities of a successful business man with high attainments in literature, a rare mechanical skill, a cultivated taste in art, and a general knowledge of science. He was a hard worker and passed away by reason of his excessive labor."

He was a member of the British Benevolent and St. Andrew's Societies. His character is well illustrated by the following excerpt taken from his "Remarks—At the Oriental Hotel, San Francisco, upon the Occasion of Celebrating the Centennial Anniversary of the Birthday of Robert Burns":

"There is a fine moral beauty in the faithful tenderness displayed by Burns to his mother and his family. The incense of the world did not intoxicate him. His head turned to his old home. He lighted it with his fame; and succored it with his savings. Let us imitate our national bard, and aye think of the old home! If, in the race of life, we have won worldly gear, let us share our blessings with those loving hearts who tenderly nourished us when we had none but them to shield our helplessness. Now has come the day of reciprocation. Now, debtors, we can discharge in part that early debt, to which we owe our being and our success, with its long arrear of interest. Now men, rejoicing in our strength, let us be all the world to those dear hearts, who were once all the world to us; and sanctify our manhood with its earliest loves. Let us not forget; lest when we are old and feeble, our own loved

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The Man Without a Country

By MARTIN F. WELCH

"Breathes there a man with soul
so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
'This is my own, my native land?'"
—Scott."

In writing that unusual story, "The Man Without a Country", Edward Everett Hale bequeathed to posterity a patriotic impulse that will ever throb in the hearts of the American people. A deeper reverence for the ideals of this nation has been nurtured in the school room and home during the past 63 years through the medium of this book.

Hale was born in Boston in 1822. His father was Nathan Hale, first editor of the Boston Advertiser, and a grand-nephew of Nathan Hale, the martyr spy who uttered those memorable words, "I regret that I have but one life to give for my country."

Author Hale became a minister. He wrote over sixty books—fiction, travel, sermons, biography and history—the most outstanding of all being "The Man Without a Country." During the last six years of his life he served as chaplain in the United States Senate. His death occurred in 1909 at the age of 87 years.

The story was published during the critical period of the Civil War. Abraham Lincoln was then the object of vicious attacks by those who were demanding the immediate cessation of hostilities. It is claimed that Hale's dramatic story greatly aided Lincoln in reviving patriotic sentiment in the North at a time when it was waning. In fact, it ranked with "Uncle Tom's Cabin" as an efficient vehicle for propaganda.

Having thrilled America, "The Man Without a Country" created a sensation in England and other countries. It has been translated into many languages. Germany, prior to the World War, ar-

rauged the story to conform to its own idea of national literary consumption and published it anonymously. Italy distributed three million copies to the people of that nation upon entering the World War.

The period embraced by the story extends from the time of the duel between Aaron Burr and Alexander Hamilton down to the Civil War. Burr was formerly Vice-President of the United States, and one of the founders of Tammany Hall. The brilliant and popular Hamilton had served as Secretary of the Treasury under President Washington. Following this duel, culminating in the death of Hamilton, ill-feeling arose against Burr. He then launched his historical expedition to the Southwest where, it is believed, he intended establishing an independent government of his own.

Philip Nolan, the chief character in Hale's story, was a dashing young officer in the United States Army, then stationed at a frontier fort on the Ohio River. On Burr's journey down this river the two men became acquainted. Burr, smooth of tongue, painted a fascinating picture to Nolan of his treasonable scheme to form an empire. The young hot blood, full of life and eager for adventure, did not fully realize the enormity of his offense in joining Burr. He visioned Burr as a martyr and a victim of crafty politicians in Washington. Nolan was deeply in love with Anne Bissell, the belle of the army post and daughter of its commander.

About the time that Burr had Nolan completely enmeshed in his web of deception, President Jefferson issued a proclamation indicting Burr as an outlaw, and warned all persons not to join the treacherous venture. This announcement brought a storm of

criticism about the head of Nolan at the army post. His resignation being refused he was forced to submit to a court-martial by his fellow officers. Their sympathies were with Nolan. Had it not been for his blasphemous utterance against this country at the trial he probably would have been "whitewashed" and permitted to continue his military career with a slight reprimand. But, no, the wily Burr had implanted too deeply the seed of treason for it to be quickly uprooted from the fiery brain of Nolan. The climax in the trial came when Nolan, in the ringing words of a temporarily insane man, shouted at his accusers, "Damn the United States. I wish I may never see the United States again."

In making this statement Nolan designated his own punishment. He was sentenced to be banished from the United States and never to be permitted to hear uttered the name of his country again. For the next 50 years he roamed the high seas on United States vessels, always being transferred from homeward bound ships to those that would transport him away from his home and friends. All conversation and news, relative to the United States, were forbidden to be discussed in his presence.

Author Hale, with his clever pen, wounded poor Nolan on many occasions during his watery exile. In one instance when Nolan's ship was engaged in battle with pirates trafficking in slaves—in which the slaves were freed—he addressed one of his shipmates in the following patriotic creed:

"Youngster, let that show you what it is to be without a family, without a home and without a country. And if you are ever

(Continued on Page 16)

SOUTH OF MARKET ANNUAL BALL
Civic Auditorium, Saturday, April 23rd

Fah Dang Wui

Knights of Columbus 1927 Carnival Ball—Mardi Gras

The most attractive Oriental girls in San Francisco's world-famous Chinatown will take part in a brilliant Fashion Show of the latest Oriental and American styles in milady's attire, during the colorful Fah Dang Wui, "Feast of the Lanterns" celebration in Chinatown, February 17 to 26, according to details of the lavish program for the Festival announced by Assistant Fire Chief Charles Brennan, chairman of the citizens' committee, and Dr. Chu Chew Shong, chairman of the Chinese committee, for the event. Each evening, from February 17 to 26, inclusive, the dainty Chinese manikins will promenade on a stage and runway in the Auditorium at the Chinese Social and Community Center, corner Stockton and Clay streets; and will display several changes of costumes and attire, both Oriental and American in style and custom.

A realistic Oriental theater, with Chinese actors and actresses participating, will be another feature of the Fah Dang Wui; and a Chinese-American cabaret and Oriental dance-pavilion, will also attract attention.

Civic, fraternal and patriotic organizations of San Francisco are co-operating enthusiastically with Chinese societies of San Francisco and the bay district in preparations for the Fah Dang Wui, which will take place every day from two P. M. to midnight, at Stockton and Clay streets.

All Chinatown and most of the large downtown stores and business establishments of San Francisco will be gayly decorated with lanterns and Oriental novelties for the "Feast of the Lanterns". 10,000 Chinese lanterns will be used in the decorative plans for Chinatown, all of the streets, intersections and gateways to the quaint and picturesque Oriental quarter being included in the brilliant illuminative plans.

A spectacular night military and lantern parade will formally open the Fah Dang Wui celebration, Thursday evening, February 17.

Several parties of tourists have arrived in San Francisco for the Fah Dang Wui, colorful "Feast

of the Lanterns" celebration, opening here Thursday evening, February 17, and continuing every day and evening in San Francisco's Chinatown, to February 26, inclusive. Hotels of the city report the arrival of many visitors here especially for the Fah Dang Wui, which is expected to set a new record for novelty and picturesqueness, in the many elaborate celebrations in the history of California. Many thousands of additional out-of-town people are expected here for the "Feast of the Lanterns", which is being sponsored by the civic, fraternal and patriotic organizations of San Francisco, and the Chinese societies of this city and northern California.

Ten thousand gay, brilliant Chinese lanterns are being hung in Chinatown for the colorful decorative and illuminating scheme of the Oriental quarter during the Fah Dang Wui. All of the street intersections, and the various gateways to Chinatown will be appropriately decorated with lanterns; and the stores, residences, societies and institutions of the Oriental district will be gayly decorated with lanterns throughout the week of the Fah Dang Wui. Several prizes have been offered among the Chinese groups for the most attractive displays of lanterns during the "Feast of the Lanterns", including special awards for the most brilliant floats, units and lanterns in the opening night's spectacular military and lantern parade, Thursday evening, February 17.

The procession will start from the Civic Center, down Market street to Grant avenue, thence to Chinatown, for the coronation of the Queen of the Fah Dang Wui and her royal court, by Mayor James Rolph, Jr., at 8:30 p.m., in the Chinese Social and Community Centre, corner of Clay and Stockton streets, which is to be the scene of the daily programs of Oriental and Chinese-American festivities from February 17 to 26. South of Market Boys' Night, February 25th. All members should attend.

A lengthy and attractive list of valuable cash prizes, with groups, societies and individuals included in the schedule of contestants for the awards, has been announced by the general committee of arrangements for the Knights of Columbus joint council's Carnival Ball and Mardi Gras celebration, in the Civic Auditorium, Saturday evening, February 26.

During the evening, a pageant will be staged on the main platform of the Civic Auditorium, consisting of several attractions from the downtown theatres, and a number of specially engaged professional acts. The pageant features will be presented at frequent intervals, between dances, and will not interfere in any way with the Grand Ball. It is felt that great numbers of dancers will welcome this means of handling the evening's festivities; and that the arrangement will be equally pleasing to spectators.

Proceeds from the Carnival Ball and Mardi Gras celebration are to be devoted to the maintenance of the K. of C. central employment headquarters, in the Knights of Columbus building, 150 Golden Gate avenue. This office, serving all of the local councils of the order, is an effective and efficient means of providing employers with high class help, and similarly aiding prospective employees.

The ticket sales for the February 26 affair at the Civic Auditorium, has opened at Sherman, Clay & Co., Sutter and Kearny streets. Michael Claraty, 240 Montgomery street, and the clubhouses of San Francisco and California Councils, K. of C. on Golden Gate avenue. Tickets are \$1.00 each. Mail orders should be addressed to the Knights of Columbus Carnival Ball Committee, 150 Golden Gate avenue, San Francisco.

Jas. Silvey contends that this would be a great old world if people's babies, generally speaking, were as easy to put to sleep as their consciences are.

* * *

There is no better protection in these days of feminine bandits, says Dan Casey, than a tame mouse in your pocket.

A Visit to Folsom State Prison

By HUGO ERNST

While at Sacramento on business in the early part of this month, and having an afternoon to spare, I went in company with two friends to the Big Boarding House at Folsom, to learn something of the innards of that more or less celebrated hostelry.

The approach to the prison, as you pass through fertile valleys lined with olive and citrus trees, is superb and looks like the approach to some feudal castle, with its gardens and passageways kept in tip-top order, and the little houses for the employees scattered about before you enter through the big stone gate, looking more like servants' quarters than habitations of the guardians of the law. And the big gray walls that greet the eye before you enter give little or no indication of the heartaches to be found behind them, but rather impress the visitor with the hope and anticipation of entering into the castle of some great crusader for liberty, seeking to protect himself from some unexpected or sudden onslaught of the enemies of his faith.

The illusion, however, is soon dispelled, as you meet various persons, garbed in blue uniforms, performing their tasks here and there, under the stern supervision of guards, and there comes over you a feeling of depression that grips you more and more as you realize that these persons are deprived of liberty of movement and action—and this feeling will not leave you for a moment until you have bid farewell to those grim walls and their surroundings of suppressed human liberty. Liberty seems the sweetest and most necessary thing in life, once you enter the prison gate.

There is quite a wait connected with your effort to enter the prison proper. The guard at the main gate takes the names and addresses of the visitors, communicates them to "the Captain" by telephone, and sometimes, as in our case, it takes quite a while before that notable individual can be located; at any rate, sooner or later a guard walks up to take you in tow, and he shows you through the prison, explaining its workings as you follow him.

First you pass through a big iron gate, which is always locked, and where a man is stationed with a big key, opening and closing the gate to let inmates go in or out, and keeping a close check on the movements on a sheet of paper. Not for one minute is the gate kept unlocked, and every one, going or coming, is permitted to go through only with the aid of the guardian of the gate.

Once on the inside you pass through the tiers of prison cells, unoccupied at that time of the day. At present there are over 1900 "boarders" in the hotel. Two bunks in each cell, with beds neatly made up, electric lights, hot and cold water, toilets and steam heat. (In the old wing only there is no running water or steam heat, but I was told that this building is to be torn down and a new modern cell-house built in its place.) There are large lavatories in the open. The dining room is built in with the kitchen and bakery, and seats about 1300 at one sitting. The benches are neat and clean, eight persons to each bench. Each waiter serves three rows and is kept hustling. Kitchen, bakeshop and dining room are kept scrupulously clean. Large kettles in the kitchen wherein the food is cooked and for preparing the coffee. While there is no service a la carte, and no special dishes, the food is nevertheless wholesome, and varies every day to break the monotony of it. Each day at one meal some sweet stuff, such as sweet buns, stewed fruit, or pie is served, and the bread ration is unlimited, each "boarder" being permitted to eat as much bread as he cares to take. And the bread is of best quality, looking and tasting good, as I found by sampling a slice of it, and I was told that the guards and their families are allowed to buy this bread at a nominal price, and that they all take advantage of the privilege. The bakeshop is a modern up-to-date plant with oil burners, and there is many a hotel kitchen and hotel bakeshop that is not as well equipped as the one I saw at Folsom.

Of course we went to the rock quarry, where they made little ones out of big ones, and I saw

there about 600 men engaged "in useful toil" under the supervision of armed guards. It looked like a bee hive. The hustling and bustling reminded me of the Tower of Babel. There were all kinds of nationalities represented, a Chinese, Japanese, Negroes, Mexicans, Hindus and whites from nearly every part of the globe, working democratically side by side. There is no class distinction in this institution, so far as treatment is concerned. Yet even here there may be noticed a certain grouping of the men during their leisure hours, as was pointed out to us by the guard.

The Big Bugs, like safe crackers, burglars, etc., do not mix freely with the small fry, such as forgers, bigamists, etc., and there is a certain bond of friendship bringing these various classes of prisoners together. The men who have served their time at the rock pile are later, if they behave themselves, assigned to more congenial tasks and such as are more befitting their abilities. There is a huge shoeshop, a tailor shop, an office, library, school, three musical bands, several baseball teams. These are all privileged occupations for the well-behaved, and on misbehavior the privileges are taken away.

The school is quite interesting. There is an immense hall used every week as a moving picture theatre, and you see numerous blackboards with questions for the students. The scholars and teachers, all prisoners, are grouped according to their respective grades. The more advanced may take courses in higher education under the University Extension courses of the University of California, and I am informed that this branch of the educational work is doing a tremendous lot of good, fitting many a prisoner for a better and more useful life when again entering society as a free citizen.

The Yard is a huge proposition, and there all kinds of athletic exercises and events are held. There is quite a keen rivalry among the baseball teams, which often compete with teams on the outside,

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FOLSOM STATE PRISON

(Continued from Page 7)

when the men are put on their honor, and never, according to my informant, has any prisoner failed to return or attempted to escape when thus allowed freedom to appear at a game outside the prison.

Elderly prisoners are given lighter jobs, tending to the gardens and the roadways, and being at work in the fresh air look all quite well. Spud Murphy was there, but although he was pointed out to me by the guard, I did not speak to him, not having previously seen him—and that reminds me of the nice little fight I saw in the yard, during the afternoon, between a Mexican and an Italian lad, both of whom had been prize fighters in their days of freedom, and whose enmity toward each other exploded that afternoon. It was a pretty exhibition of science, and not a rough and tumble affair, rudely interrupted, however, by the guard who rushed up and stopped the fight. Such things occur often, I was told, and if the affair is not too rough, the participants are let off with a slight reprimand from the Captain.

I engaged in conversation with three of the "boarders", one of whom I knew, a lifer, and another a three-time loser, with a long stretch ahead of him; hope still springs eternal in their breasts, and they are all looking forward to the day when they will be released to start over again, and singularly there was hardly a trace of bitterness in their talk. Of course there were some little things of which they complained, and which they would like to see improved, but their faith in the ultimate outcome was strong, and I feel that there is a sustaining force that makes life in such a place bearable.

They have a circulating library and may receive any book or magazine they choose, provided it comes direct from the publisher. But no California newspapers are permitted to reach the prisoners. Tobacco and sweets are also allowed, and the only cause for complaint is that the ration of sweets is too short. Money may be left to the credit of the prisoners in the office, and with such money they are allowed to buy little things for themselves; but visitors are not allowed to give them anything.

You are allowed to chat with the prisoners ad libitum, but of

course always in the presence of a guard, who is sufficiently discreet in not intruding upon the conversation. Before being admitted to the prison, you are asked if you carry any arms, but they do not search you. We sat in the office until 3:45, then excused ourselves, as the big line-up for the lockup was being started in the yard, and the prisoners checked in for their dinner. After dinner, they are locked in their cells—two to each cell—where they may read or talk, and at 9 P. M. lights are turned out. At 7 A. M. everybody gets up and starts another day.

The population is constantly changing, new men coming and old inmates going each day. They all wear the same blue uniform, excepting violators of their parole and those who have been recaptured after an attempt to escape—these wear striped uniforms. The behavior of the guards appear good; they address the prisoners by their first names, and engage in conversation with them sometimes, on subjects other than the routine.

The condemned men are the only ones not permitted to mingle with the rest. They are kept in the "condemned row", which at present is empty, the last one having been executed on the fourth of this month.

While depressed when I left, I nevertheless felt that penal institutions of today are on a higher plane than they were in the past, and that criminology and penology have taken a great step in advance in abandoning the view of social revenge and punishment for errors and wrongs committed and substituting therefor the idea of redeeming the offenders and making them useful citizens after they have paid for their sins. I also realize that punishment sometimes is meted out to men, not for any crimes they have committed, but for having been caught, and I feel certain that there are men there who never should have been imprisoned. But even this is explainable. Democracy has also its faults, and there is but one way of correcting the faults of democracy—according to Abraham Lincoln—and that is—more democracy.

It is very interesting to go through an institution like this—not to satisfy any morbid curiosity, but to ponder upon that biblical injunction, and realizing its truth—those that are without sin, shall cast the first rock.

PERSONALS

Girls resemble their own watches, says Jack O'Leary, because they are pretty to look at, have sweet faces and delicate hands, but are difficult to regulate once they are set going.

* * *

According to Dr. Gonzales, a tooth that has pained for a long while puts you in mind of that famous square in New York known as Long Acre (long acher).

* * *

That John Manion maintains that modern educational process has greatly simplified the three R's—from reading, ritin' and 'rithmetic to rah, rah, rah.

* * *

L. Skoll, speaking of Europe, says: "She always wants somedings—if it isn't doughboys, it's dough."

* * *

According to Mike Melvin, a republic is a land governed by any minority that happens to know just what it wants.

* * *

Speaking of heredity, Nick Morris inclines to the opinion that if you successfully hold your nose to the grindstone your children's may turn up.

* * *

From present indications, says Dan Murphy, it would seem as if Washington's Official Family was more interested in establishing good government abroad than at home.

* * *

They tell us that France has at last adopted our word "home". Probably they argue that we don't need it any more, ventures Max Stern.

* * *

Women hold their chins when thinking, says Arthur Sullivan, to keep them from interrupting themselves.

* * *

P. H. McCarthy believes that it is the height of irony to give father a billfold for Christmas.

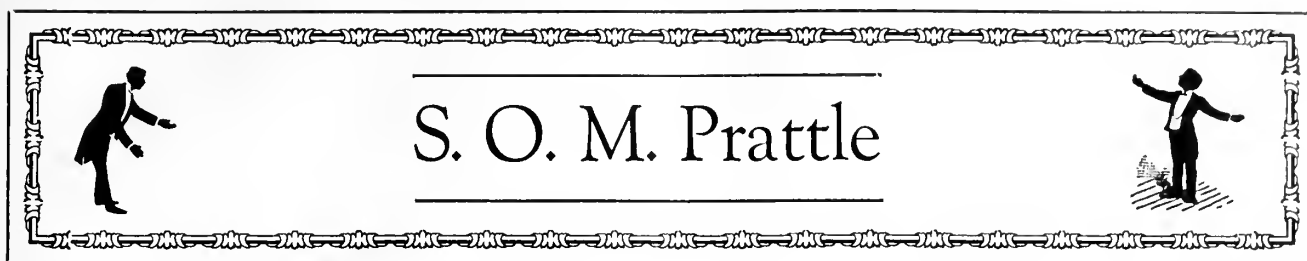
GEORGE GORDON

(Founder of South Park)

By ALBERT P. WHELAN

(Continued from Page 4)

little ones, working out the justice of God, leave us forsaken. If we can mingle our love and our abundance on the modest altars of our boyhood's hearth, and be high priests there and manly ministrants, there is nothing in this world and haply but little in the next, from which the incense of so pure a joy shall rise."



Walter Birdsall understands from his agricultural geography that a farm is a neglected body of land entirely surrounded by prosperity.

A great part of the happiness of life consists not in fighting battles, but in avoiding them. A masterly retreat is in itself a victory.

Dan O'Neill says the butcher's wife always keeps the books, because the business is a "joint" affair.

In the event of a taxi being called by a lady that is dieting, says Bill Quinn, the driver loses because he has a reduced fare.

Phil Sapiro compares a young woman to a violin because she often comes in contact with a beau.

Our genial, all-wire barrister, Tom Hickey, was approached recently by one seeking to learn what a kiss really was and here's his reply—a receipt given you by a flapper on paying your addresses and, as if suddenly inspired, he went on to state further, that it was sweetest when sirup-titiously obtained.

Tom Dillon says a straw hat should never be raised to a lady because no matter how much appreciated, it is never felt.

According to our observing banker, Phil Kennedy, a rich lady acts prudently when she marries a penniless mau, because she then husbands her resources.

D. Quinlan says that time saved at a crossing may be lost in an emergency war.

Capt. Gleeson believes that pedestrians should be seen and not hurt.

Dr. Squires advises the motorists to "say it with brakes and save on the flowers."

Ray Schiller importunes you not to kid about safety. You may be the goat.

According to Dan Reilly "too much makeup is a sign of unrefinement. In fact it leaves a bad taste in the mouth."

Our worthy George Sullivan contends that no domestic science course is necessary to enable a girl to make a traffic jam.

"Her countenance fell,
Wrote Lee Roberts, the gifted.
"That's why she went
And had it lifted."

Like begets like, says Eddie Healey, see how the Ford piled up the tin.

Phil Benedetti would fain have you understand that the Rio Grande marks the border between investment and speculation.

Bill Cannon wants to know what the Russians stay mad about if they really are better off than other peoples? See the "point"?

Sen. Tom Maloney agrees that there are poor men in the Senate, of course, but the adjective doesn't necessarily refer to finances.

According to Jim Conlon, the only world revolution that really registers does it every twenty-four hours.

Dr. W. A. Blanck admonishes the members to keep walking to keep well and occasionally jump.

Notwithstanding the fact that women are now wearing only about one-fifth of the clothes they wore ten years ago, Lewis and Jaffe say hooks in closets are just as scarce for husbands.

Cap Wallace says a girl is like a mirror when she's a good looking (g)lass.

In his opinion a demure young woman is like an ocean liner because she pays no attention to the swells that follow her!

It has always been said and naturally that's why it is true, says Jim

Crampton, that women talk least on the shortest day of the year.

Dick Cullen holds that a deceptive woman is like a seamstress, because she is not what she seams.

Jack Cavanaugh believes locomotives hear through their engine-ears.

Al Samuels says that the young in love always like the circus, because they have an itchin' for "the ring".

Bill Cunningham would have us believe that flappers are like hinges because they are something to a-door (adore).

Frank Dever insists that a young woman is like an acrobat when she shows her sleight of hand by refusing a young man.

Frank McConnell believes that the young women of today would make good pugilists, because they are eager to enter the ring at 16, and are willing to make a match with a man twice their own size any day.

Bill Egan takes the stand that a blush is an anomaly, because a woman who blushes is admired for her cheek.

The proof of will power, according to John Gaffney, is the continued possession of your tonsils.

Charlie Hamilton intimates that much of the liquor that is sold to consumers these days is guaranteed to last a lifetime.

Speaking of prescription whisky, Dr. Arthur O'Neil maintains (that what the good ship Prohibition needs most is a dry "Doc").

According to our wise old owl, Hugh Comisky, a lot of our modern problems seem to come in liquid form. Take, for instance, oil or alcohol. Or, for that matter, whitewash.

M. Kerns—the fireman—says that women's clothes were never funnier—if brevity is the soul of wit.



GEO. W. PATERSON

As the golden glowing sunlight
Falls o'er meadow and o'er
plain,
So the glow of golden memories
Falls across my heart again.
There they glisten in a beauty
That with time's flight grows
more clear,
Memories in which you mingle
With the friends of yesteryear.

Well, dear reader, I presume you have been waiting for this issue to again take up the trail down the alleyways of memory that another name or place might be discovered that was well known to you in the days when you dwelt "South of the Slot" but which unfortunately escaped your memory but when mentioned sends a thrill through your frame that fairly causes your blood to flow more freely and an exuberance of feeling and love wells up in your breast that makes you feel grateful for the privilege that was yours of having been one of those known as "the damndest finest" pioneers that ever participated in the upbuilding of a locality that had such an humble beginning but which brought forth such a host of leaders that fairly put this great city of ours "upon the map" to use a colloquial expression.

Without further ado then let's "on our way." The first distinguished individual that I recall was Dr. Alexander McRae who had his office at 873 Market St., but who dwelt at 211 7th St. At 223 6th St. Thomas Lindsay, a manufacturing jeweler, had his store. It was he that made many of the medals and trophies that were offered as prizes at the celebrated Caledonian Club gatherings and games that were the leading outings of those days and which were annually held on the second Saturday of May. For

many days in advance of that on which the great event was held the product of his handiwork was on display and thither would the intended competitors go to get a glimpse of the prizes they coveted and which they hoped to capture in their struggle for supremacy at the feats of strength and agility that were staged in the famous amphitheatre that was part of the well known Shell Mound Park of happy memory.

Daniel J. Bowen was an actor and dwelt at 39 Everett St. There was a piano teacher that enjoyed quite a reputation for ability in his line by the name of Prof. Geo. H. Little and he lived at 1153 Howard St. On the S. E. corner of Mission and 3rd Sts., there stood what was known as the "New Olympic Theatre." The place was run by "Jack" Harrington, and his wife "Eliza" performed there. Their home was at 222 Stevenson St.

Ezekial C. Bowen in those days held the very important position as foreman of the pressroom in the United States Mint and he lived at 32 6th St. At 427 3rd St. Patrick Lynch did a very flourishing business in men's hats. Charlie Lautterwasser, in conjunction with a man named Smith, ran a rather pretentious hay and grain emporium on the north side of Folsom St., between 8th and 9th Sts., at about No. 1216.

"Tim" and "Dan" Lowney, (brothers) were carriage makers and their shop was located at 8th and Howard Sts. The former was the senior member of the firm and lived at 716 Clementina. The latter domiciled at 1117 Mission St., just a few doors above 7th St. George F., the son of Tim, was the bookkeeper of the firm and lived with his dad at 716 Clementina St. He was a fine character of a young man and was well liked by everybody with whom he came in contact.

There was a carpenter that worked with S. M. Hills by the name of "Jack" H. Bowen and he lived at 17 4th St., just a few

doors from Market St. "Jack" Lynch was one of the staff of painters that worked for John A. Donovan when he was located at 1079 Market St. A rather strange coincidence is the fact that Donovan's Paint Shop was subsequently absorbed by Mrs. E. Lynch as part of her millinery establishment, which flourished at that location up to the time of the big fire.

There was another "Jack" Lynch who was very well known at that time but followed the stock brokerage business. He lived at 720 Folsom St. John Boyhan, a carriage trimmer with the well known establishment of H. M. Black Co., lived at 445 Natoma St.

William C. Dorrance was a well-known character in his day and ran the famous "Burn's Cottage Saloon" located at the S. E. corner of 2nd and Natoma Sts. He dwelt at 74 Natoma St. He was a very active spirit in the Scottish Societies that flourished in those days—but a particularly active member of the San Francisco Scottish Thistle Club which started six years later.

"Sammie" J. Dennis was the great comedian that appeared at "Jack" Harrington's "New Olympia Theatre", located at 3rd and Mission Sts. but he lived at 863½ Market St. Thos. Loughran of the firm of T. F. Loughran & Co., lived at 126 8th St., between Mission and Howard Sts. Sam Lippman ran a fruit store at 33 6th St. and lived in the next block at No. 110.

"Willie" Bowen was a wool-sorter by occupation and dwelt at 319 Tehama St., and Henry Boyle ran a furniture store at 1147 Mission St., between 7th and 8th Sts. Another physician that had his office on Market St., viz. at 646, and lived at 1053 Mission St., was Dr. C. F. Buckley. Charlie Cullen was a policeman and lived at 740 Harrison St. There was a compositor on the Evening Bulletin by the name of O. M. Boyle

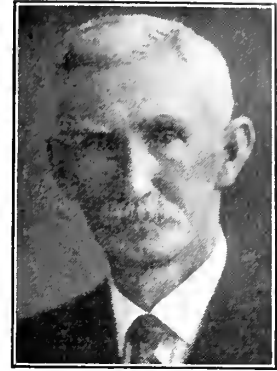
(Continued on Page 14)

Memories

By GEORGE W. PATERSON

the Past

By JAMES H. ROXBURGH



JAMES H. ROXBURGH

Just before starting my monthly contribution, let me ask the boys and girls from Second and Natoma streets, if they remember this: Five cents worth of beer—put a little foam on the top—what time is it?—lend me the paper?

Last month I spoke of the shooting of Dr. I. S. Kallock, Pastor of the Metropolitan Baptist Church, which was on the corner of Fifth and Jessie. He had been an earnest advocate of the Workingmen's Party, and large numbers attended his Sunday night services to listen to his sermons and from this he became an outspoken and capable member of the Workingmen's Party, and in consequence thereof he became their standard bearer in Municipal politics and was nominated for Mayor. This drew down on him the hostility of the Chronicle and the issuing of a pamphlet by the DeYoungs. So derogatory to the character of Dr. Kallock were these pamphlets that a public reply was the only means left to Dr. Kallock, so he made it public that he would reply from the pulpit. On the night set aside for his reply the Temple was packed to suffocation, and Fifth street was crowded from Market to Mission with people eager to hear the Doctor's reply. After the Doctor had addressed the audience in the Temple, he learned that there was a greater crowd outside in the street waiting to hear him, so he came out onto a little balcony directly over the entrance, and from there addressed the crowd; during his remarks some reference was made to the DeYoung family. The next day Charley DeYoung came in a cab to Doctor Kallock's study, which was on Jessie street directly back of where the United Undertakers used to be, and sent in a messenger to call the doctor out. When Dr. Kallock approached the cab DeYoung reached forth and shot him. This act aroused the people of the city. As soon as the Workingmen's Rifles heard of the shooting, they assembled at their various armor-

ies, the Ninth Ward rifles in Hibernia Hall on the west side of Third street between Howard and Folsom, and the Tenth Ward rifles in their armory at Fourth and Tehama in the basement under Green's saloon. The Tenth Ward Rifles established themselves as a guard and patrolled Fifth street in front of the Temple and on Jessie street half way to Fourth street. The Doctor was so seriously wounded that he was taken into his study at 368 Jessie, where he remained until it was safe to move him to his home; he hovered between life and death for many days. The police feared that should he die, the people might be aroused to a mob and damage might be done and many lives lost if this should occur. So everything was done to hasten his recovery. The Fifth and Mission street cars were not allowed to run up Fifth to Market, nor was any teaming allowed on Fifth between Market and Mission; this block was also covered with tan bark as well as Jessie street for half the block between Fourth and Fifth; in fact it was extra heavy directly in front of Dr. Kallock's study. The whistle on the Mint ceased blowing and the bell on St. Ignatius Church was not rung; in fact everything was done to make the immediate neighborhood as quiet as possible to hasten the Doctor's recovery.

When Dr. Kallock was shot, word was sent to his son, who was a minister in the northern part of the State, asking him to come to San Francisco; he was sent for by Dennis Kearny and other members of the Workingmen's Party. On the Sunday following the shooting a meeting was held in the sand lots at the spot where Hyde street crosses the Civic Center. Dennis Kearny had made it known that Dr. Kallock's son would address the assemblage and report on the condition of his father. When Sunday came, the largest crowd that ever assembled in the sand lots was present, and there had been many prior to this meeting. Dennis Kearny opened

the meeting, and after a few words introduced young Kallock, who was received with loud and vigorous applause. He stated, in the course of his remarks, that his father would recover and fill the chair of Mayor in this city. This remark was received with loud applause; he also requested those present to hold themselves in check and to commit no act that would conflict with the law; in fact, await the law's decision in the matter of the shooting of his father. Dennis Kearny closed the meeting and advised all those present not to commit any act against the law. The advice given by young Kallock and Dennis Kearny quieted the people and prevented any disturbance.

Now we will mention a few of the girls and boys who lived on Garden street between Harrison and Bryant, Sixth and Seventh; on the southwest corner of Harrison and Garden was a grocery store run by a man named Carroll who lived next door with his four sons, John, Dick, Tom and Jerry. John was in the wholesale liquor business with Louis Taussig & Co. Tom and Dick helped tend store. Jerry was for some years sporting editor of the "Evening Post". Next came the Arsangs, then the O'Keefs, Humphreys, Billy O'Brien, Bollier, Boss, Heidelberg, Daniels; then the Tobins, Mike and Tom, the Millers, then Cohl, who had a hat store on Kearny street, then the Anthonys, Joe, Meyer and Abe, then the O'Sheas, whose daughter married Supervisor Shannon, then came Cardoza, Plato, Deitz, McGuirk, Tom Muirne, Muleahy and Jack Donnelly. On the east side lived the Donellsons; next came Sol Simon, the cowboy detective, then the Gilmores, John, Billy, George and Sarah, then came Flynn's

(Continued on Page 13)

SOUTH OF MARKET JOURNAL



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Will you kindly notify us by calling Hemlock 4040.

Tom Ford, a South of Market Boy, is in charge; give him a call.

Asst. Chief Tom Murphy will be back on the job March 1st.

T. Lundy has opened a jewelry shop—room 405, 704 Market street.

Edgar C. Leavy elevated to Speakership of the Assembly.

James J. Conlon elected a Superior Judge.

Wm. P. McCabe reappointed a Fire Commissioner. All are South of Market Boys.

South of Market Boys:

Such a wonderful surprise to receive the telegram of congratulations from the South of Market Boys and then the beautiful basket of plants. It would be difficult to say how very much they both added to my home-coming and I wish it were possible for all the South of Market Boys to come and see our lovely baby.

Won't you please tell them how grateful I am for their good wishes so beautifully expressed in the telegram and flowers?

Cordially,

KATHRYN KENDRICK.

February 2nd.

Sam T. Breyer, one of San Francisco's leading merchants, is the Supreme Counselor of the United Commercial Travelers. Sam is an active member of our organization and formerly lived at 6th and Folsom streets.

Dan O'Brien sez alcohol made out of wood

Will prevent us from taking a sup,

But after we're blind

Would he be so kind

To give us a little tin cup?

PRESIDENT GARRITY'S MESSAGE

(Continued from Page 3)

Co-operation	Gene Mulligan, Sr.
Music	Dr. Joseph Toner
Radio	Wm. Egan
Speakers	Hugo Ernst
Printing	Ray Schiller
Concessions	Jos. Moreno

Now, Boys, don't forget to make this the greatest ever held in San Francisco.

In conclusion, let me ask you to bring in to our Club all eligible former residents of South of Market that you can get in touch with before the Big Event, which takes place on April 23rd. Make the membership 5,000. Get busy. Don't forget the date, April 23rd, Civic Auditorium — "Lest We Forget."

The By-Laws call for an Election of Officers at the first meeting of the quarter. In accordance with the law, election will be at the March meeting; nominations may be made at the February meeting for officers of the organization. Kindly bear this in mind.

VOL. II. FEBRUARY, 1927 No. 7

MEMBERSHIP

While our organization has been very successful and made great strides in the past two years, we have not come up to our expectations in regard to increasing our membership. We should have at least five thousand members on our roll. Each and every member of our organization could at least obtain one new member, some of course could obtain more, for there are thousands of men who lived South of Market prior to the fire of April 18th, 1906, and are only too glad to join our ranks and are only waiting to be asked.

At our next meeting membership cards will be distributed, and you are asked to use them among your friends and return them to the membership committee. No initiation fee is required, the dues are but fifty cents per month and any man over the age of 21 who at any time lived South of Market prior to April 18th, 1906, is eligible.

So Brother, **get busy**, and let our slogan be "Five Thousand Members at the time of our next celebration, 21 Years After."

ST. VINCENT DE PAUL SALVAGE BUREAU

The Society of St. Vincent de Paul, a world-wide organization formed in the year 1833 with the object of being of service to the poor and unfortunate, has just established a Salvage Bureau, and asks your kind donation of articles or materials for which you have no further use, such as clothing, shoes, furniture etc. These (if necessary) are repaired and

MEMORIES—ROXBURGH

(Continued from Page 11)

grocery, then the Desmonds, Bill and Dan, then the Cohns and their daughter, Sadie, then the Monahans, Jim, Ed and Lillie, then came the Donovans, Charley and Pete, the Hopkins, Jim and Nell, then the Nelsons, Pete and Herbert, Lew Powell, the prize fighter, then the Curleys, Jack, Dan, Billy and Mamie; one of the boys used to have a tailor shop on Montgomery street; the Dowds, Ed, Mamie and Rita; Ed is in the electrical business in the Mission; then the Codys, Joe and Bill, Joe Mack, then the Ingersens, Henry, Billy, Charley and Mary; all the boys in the City Hall know Henry; he is Chief Deputy in the Auditor's office; then the Bowmans, Harry, Sam, Mabel and Fanny; Sam is foreman for the Brunt Co., printers; the two girls were actresses at the Alcazar Theatre; the Bahrs, Jack and Andy; Al Sadler; on the corner of Harrison lived the Moroneys, Jack, Maggie and Elsie.

Now here are a few of the boys from Clara street between Fourth and Fifth streets: The Belasco family; you all know Dave, who is a big theatrical man in New York City; then Dan O'Brien and his brother Jack; Dan, you know, is our Chief of Police; Capt. Quinn of the Police Department, and his brothers; the Captain's father used to be shoemaker around on Fifth street. Dave Sullivan, Brannan and his three daughters; one of the girls married Stanton, the artist; the other two girls became actresses; then there was Ososky and two daughters; he kept a butcher shop corner Fifth and Clara; then there was Morris, the stone cutter, whose shop was on Fifth street near Clara; he used to cut headstones; in fact, did all kinds of cemetery work; his son is doing the same work down close to the cemeteries.

Everett street, while only a block in length, running from Third to Fourth between Minna and Howard, had quite a population. On the northwest corner of Third and Everett was a grocery run by John Riordan; back of the grocery on Everett street was a horse shoeing shop run by Johnny Grace who was judge at the Union Coursing Park; next came a coal yard, run by Martin Tierney, who had two sons, Martin and John; Martin is with the Board of Pub-

(Continued on Page 17)

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MEMORIES—PATERSON

(Continued from Page 10)

and he lived on the west side of 6th St. at No. 132. At the old California sugar refinery there was a cooper by the name of Patrick Buckley. He lived on the N. W. corner of Brannan and 8th Sts. That one firm could run more than one saloon in the good old days of long ago is evidenced by the fact that Messrs. Gallagher and Hatch conducted one at 160 1st St. and another at the N. W.

corner of Howard and 6th Sts. Both did a thriving business.

Aaron Gorfingel used to conduct a small dry goods store at 462 6th St. "Jimmie" Boyle, who used to clerk with Peter Mitchell, lived at 626 Brannan St. Messrs. Buckley and Luscombe were wholesale dealers in laces, jewelry, etc., and were located on the second story at 539 Market St. "Charlie" Crockett was a wood-turner and worked with H. Granz. He lived at 531 Natoma St. "Jack" Croger was a stone-cutter by trade and a good one, too. He domiciled at 530 3rd St. Another carpenter that was very well thought of in the late '70's was Charlie Buckner. His home was at 541 Natoma St.

Perhaps one of the most popular clergymen of his day was the Rev. Father Thomas Larkin, who was assistant pastor of St. Patrick's Church at 744 Mission St. He organized the St. Patrick's Cadets and participated in numerous civic activities. Kramer and Co. used to manufacture ladies' underwear to a considerable extent. They held forth at 511 Market St. John C. Lacy ran the only stove and tinware store in his immediate vicinity. His headquarters were located at 305 8th St. and his home was at 1205 Folsom St.

"Jack" Higgins, the blacksmith, as he was affectionately referred to by his many friends, dwelt at 10 Moss St. Maurice Higgins was a very likable person and was a decided favorite with his many friends. He was bookkeeper for the grocery firm of Cluff, Dewitt & Co. for quite a while and lived at 420 6th St. Amos C. Hiester occupied the position of pressman with the Stock Report in those days and dwelt at 422 7th St. He subsequently became Chairman of the Board of Education of the municipality. John F. Hennessy was another famous character that worked on the Stock Report. He was a compositor thereon and became quite a baseball celebrity. He lived at 210 8th St.

There was another Maurice Higgins who used to follow the occupation of graining but he lived at 33 Shipley St. Simon Harris, the Yiddish butcher, used to live at 148 Shipley St. M. Boyle, the watchman, lived in the rear of 412 Folsom St. James Buckley followed the contracting business

and lived at 751 Howard St. Edmund Buckley was a bricklayer and resided at 423 Tehama St. "Tommy" Hickey used to be a printer and dwelt at 715 Howard St., and John A. Hennessy ran a wood and coal yard at 47 Everett St. and lived at 49 Everett St.

John A. Cunningham, the contractor and builder, lived at 552 Stevenson St. Thos. H. Curran, a policeman, lived at 134 4th St. Thos. L. Currie was a driver on the old North Beach and Mission Railroad Line and dwelt at 313 Tehama St. Pat Curry, as he was commonly called, was a Deputy in the Superintendent of Streets office, and lived at 278 Minna St. Thos. Cunningham was the bookkeeper for the Sheriff in those days and lived at 424 Clementina St.

Joseph G. Deckelman was a cigar maker and dwelt in the rear of 715 Clementina St. With him also lived George, Louis and Hiram. William Dee ran a grocery and liquor store at 256 Jessie St. Albert E. Buckman was a collector and lived at 843 Mission St. John M. Buffington, a clerk with Crocker and Gurnett, dwelt at 137 Silver St. James Cronan was a maltster with the old Hibernia Brewery and he lived at 209 8th St.

On the N. E. corner of 8th and Minna Sts. Patrick Garvey ran a grocery and liquor store. Mark W. Dugan, a teamster, lived at 308 7th St., and Calvin Ewing, the harnessmaker, lived at 547 Howard St. J. A. Drinkhouse, the wholesale dealer in cigars and tobacco, whose store was located at 228 Front St., lived at 42 South Park. James P. Gallagher, who worked as a blacksmith with J. W. Farren, lived at 826 Harrison St. David Garvey, the popular driver for the Hibernia Brewery, lived at 733 Tehama St.

John J. Doyle, a horseshoer, lived at 143 Shipley St., and John F. Duane, a bookkeeper, dwelt at 561 Natoma St. Anthony Gagan was a laborer with D. A. Macdonald and dwelt at 164 Clementina St. Patrick J. Gallagher was a teamster and dwelt at 712 Natoma St. John Gorman, a bookkeeper, lived at 27 Rausch St. There was also a teacher in the Hayes Valley Grammar School by the name of Miss Kate E. Gorman. She lived at 110 6th St. John H. Green ran a saloon at 210 4th St. A

(Continued on Page 18)

It Would Be a Miracle

If Phil Kennedy should ever go into the dry goods business.
* * *

When John O'Connell does not say, "Now, Mr. President."
* * *

When Dr. Blanck says, "I am all out of prescriptions."
* * *

When Tom Hickey will not be called on for a speech.
* * *

When Tommie Trodden tips the scales at 140.
* * *

When Senator Maloney says let us pause for one hour.
* * *

When Arthur Sullivan sings, "McCarthy Forgot That He Was Dead."
* * *

When Duffer prints the "Journal" for nothing.
* * *

When Joe McTigue remains off of ladders.
* * *

When John Heffernan has nothing to say.
* * *

When Senator Murphy says, "What a pretty teacher."
* * *

When Al Hintz supplies something besides a hot water bottle with a room.
* * *

When we get a good claret for 30 cents a gallon.
* * *

When Henry Bucking ceases to do a good turn.
* * *

When George Watson stops making signs.

When Ray Schiller makes bags to carry a gallon and not show a bulge.
* * *

When Gus Pratt stops saying, "When I was a boy."
* * *

When Percy Goldstein joins the Knights of Columbus.
* * *

When the bridge will be built to Oakland.
* * *

When Tommy Hawkins celebrates the Fourth of July in the Middle of December.
* * *

When Al Katchinski's clerks say to flappers, "A little higher, please."
* * *

When Phil Benedetti does not exclaim, "Say it with flowers."
* * *

If Billy O'Kane ever drives a hack again.
* * *

If Eddie Galloup should ever decide to cease telling funny stories.
* * *

If Frank McStocker should have the "Journals" mailed free.
* * *

When Judge Graham ceases in his endeavors to conciliate warring couples.
* * *

When Thomas J. Ford again says, "Lady, I forgot my tools."
* * *

When the various judges attend all of the S. O. M. meetings.
* * *

When Geo. Paterson joins the W. C. T. U.

When Phil Sapiro says, "I'll have my hand down for the next meeting."
* * *

When Eddie Bryant says, "We're not collecting taxes this week."
* * *

When Dick Cullen turns out a pair of trousers with one leg longer than the other.
* * *

When James Roxburgh doesn't "recollect."
* * *

When Harry Kelly insures for rain in the middle of July.
* * *

When Emil Canepa says, "They're grown in my back yard."
* * *

When Herman Goldman moves his insurance office away from South of Market.
* * *

When Asst. Fire Chief Murphy doesn't answer the first alarm.
* * *

When Mike Doyle opens the doors and says, "Now all you fellows get out of here."
* * *

When James F. Smith won't bid for the plastering of our large buildings.
* * *

When Ralph Pineus gives us each an annual pass.
* * *

When Patrick McGee writes a monograph on the officialis preratus in conjunction with a few words on the cicendelia Californicus.

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**THE MAN WITHOUT A
COUNTRY**

(Continued from Page 5)

tempted to say a word or to do a thing that shall put a bar between you and your family, your home and your country, pray God in His mercy to take you that instant home to His own heaven. Stick to your family, boy; forget you have a self, while you do everything for them. Think of your home, boy; write and send and talk about it. Let it be nearer and nearer to your thought, the farther you have to travel from it; and rush back to it when you are free, as the poor black slave is doing now. And for your country, boy, and for that flag, never dream a dream but of serving her as she bids you, though the service may carry you through a thousand hells. No matter what happens to you, no matter who flatters you or abuses you, never look at another flag, never let the night pass but you pray God to bless that flag. Remember, boy, that behind all these men you have to do with, behind officers and government, and people even, there is the Country Herself, your country, and that you belong to her as you belong to your own mother. Stand by her, boy, as you would stand by your mother if those devils there (pirates) had got hold of her to-day."

Nolan eventually died aboard ship, loving his country with a greater fervor than before he came under the spell of Burr. Of course "The Man Without a Country" is to a great extent pure fiction. But the author cleverly blends the fictitious Nolan with historical facts and real national characters in an attempt to beguile the reader into the realm of truth.

Fiction though it may be, this highly fanciful and improbable story nevertheless stimulates the patriotic emotions of the reader. It brings to the mind with a vivid appeal those fundamentals of life—love of country, home and friends.

Unfortunate is he who is without home and friends. Like Nolan of the story men unthinkingly have driven their friends from them; and, like Nolan, they have lived friendless and alone ever regretting the harsh word spoken.

Men publicly ridicule and curse this country and its established

institutions because of some trivial personal dissatisfaction. The disgruntled individual never stops to weigh the privileges and benefits received under our flag as against the unjust burdens placed by other nations upon their citizens.

Even Shakespeare condemned the unpatriotic man when he wrote, "Who is here so vile that will not love his country?"

The man who fails to uphold the traditions of his country by disloyal conduct, even though it may not amount to treason, is in thought, a man without a country. He receives the protection of the commonwealth and enjoys his liberties to the fullest extent but he gives no thanks by way of loyalty.

Even fugitives from justice and unpatriotic individuals, who have been deported from this land, in nearly every instance pine to return.

Loyalty to country is essential to good citizenship. The famous toast of Decatur, "Our country . . . may she always be in the right; but our country right or wrong", ought to be, in a general sense, the motto of every loyal citizen.

BEALE ST. OF BY-GONE DAYS

After I finished reading your journal this month, my mind got roaming and I went back many years, so I thought I would send this to you. I remember, as a girl, Beale street when all the children of the following families used to play in a big lot. It was filled with old molds from Dundon foundry. There were the Krugers, Blacks, McCann, Morrissey, Fitzpatrick, Lennons, Spilman, Sheehan, Fallon, Midde, Mass, Conjers, Hanlons. And let's not forget Mary Casey and her sister Ellen. Then I can remember some of the families on Fremont when Martin Kelly was boss and we all thought his house was a mansion. First house, Charley Burnham lived; he worked on the State piledrivers for years and Jimmy Loney was one of his boys. Then I can see the Maloney boys, Jack, Ned, Mat; Mrs. Conjers; Walter Ferral; the Doughty girls with their two brothers; Mr. Kentfield and Old Daddy Fitz and next the Smith family; and last, our old St. Breden's Church where the

(Continued on Page 17)

MEMORIES—ROXBURGH

(Continued from Page 13)

lie Works; later on Tierney ran a grocery store; next came Billy Blattner, who was County Clerk; next, Jack Hoey; across the street lived Phil Crimmins and two brothers, Jack and Billy, and four sisters; then Stitts and two sons, Robert and John; next, Mrs. Moore and her daughter, the famous Maggie Moore.

Here is a clipping from the "Bulletin", speaking of John A. Ryan, "Redney" Ryan, who lived on Seventh and Cleveland streets:

Oldest Cop "Dad" to Tots

"Every boy raised South of the Slot knows him!"

That is what they say about Patrolman John A. Ryan, the oldest officer on active duty in the San Francisco police department.

Ryan is 69 and he still patrols his beat, 'way out in the Bayview district.

And he has been on active duty on beats South of the Slot ever since he joined the Police Department in April, 1874.

He has never been transferred to any station north of Market street.

They had to make new police districts to move him.

Beginning service under the late Captain John Short, in the Southern district in 1874, he reported year in and year out to that district headquarters until 1924, when they took part of the Southern district and made the Bayview district.

His beat at that time happened to be in the Bayview district, so he reported to the Bayview station.

At present he is interested in the generation that is attending classes at the Bayview School in Cayuga street.

Scores of boys and girls affectionately greet him daily as "Dad"—just as did thousands of their predecessors.

BEAL ST. OF BY-GONE DAYS

(Continued from Page 16)

crowd went on Sunday. On the other side of the street was Mrs. Hines and family; Mr. Lyons, the champion bootblack; Dr. Hawkins; Eddie Peterson; Dennis Fields, Pennington, the steel man; Kiln, now in Alameda; Mrs. Brennan, Geo. Pratt had a grocery store on one corner; Dick Hines on the other and John Heilman on the other, where every evening Scotty Christie would play for Mike Hogan and Danny Bohn to

dance. I can remember old lady Toner, where we all spent our nickels for 3 long sticks, one pink, one chocolate and one peppermint; if she gave you what you wanted, you were lucky. Then Kohn's store, and Hughie, the barber a part of it; Mrs. Bassignan and Mrs. Daly next and "Ma" Collins and Eddie Haughey and Swain Stable right across. Then I can remember Samuel, the tailor, and the old Bee Hive restaurant where all the foundrymen and others ate; and then Jimmy Loney, the butcher. On First street, Geo. Dryden, Mr. Buchanan, Frank Skelly and family; Mr. Kane, with the house set in a square block where the boys stole the pears before they were ripe. Tom Denehy and others. Now, if you think this is worth printing, I will be glad I was of some service to your paper.

I remain yours truly,

H. M. D.

Chas. Kendrick says the great motive for traveling is the loco-motive.

* * *

Luke O'Brien contends that coal is the most contradictory article known to commerce because when purchased it goes to the seller (cellar).

* * *

Al Whelan believes that a pelican would make a good lawyer because he knows how to stretch his bill.

* * *

Hugo Ernst, while speaking of Abraham Lincoln, whose birthday we celebrated on the 12th of February, said that "he fed us with counsel when we were in doubt, with inspiration when we sometimes faltered; with caution when we would be rash; with calm clear trustfulness through many an hour when our hearts were dark. He fed us with solemn solid truths and taught us the sacredness of government and the wickedness of treason."

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MEMORIES—PATERSON

(Continued from Page 14)

bricklayer by the name of John Harrington lived at 9 Harrison Ave., and Matt Harrigan, a laborer, lived at 21½ Langton St. Peter Griffin, a deputy in the Superintendent of Streets office, lived at 247½ Perry St.

Owen Harrington, a laborer with Funcke & Co., was a great character. He dwelt with his family at 517 8th St. Henry L. Harris, an engineer with the Pacific Barrell and Keg Co., lived at 525 6th St. John Harrington used to conduct a grocery store and liquor adjunct at 649 Minna St. James Hennessy was another cooper. His residence was at the N. W. corner of Brannan and 8th Sts. Michael Hayes was a cutler by trade and dwelt at 468 Jessie St. He was a great friend of John Flaherty who used to run the grocery and saloon at the corner of 5th and Stevenson Sts.

Thomas Harris, the porter, dwelt at 517 Mission St., and Frank V. Hart, the wood carver, lived at 1009 Howard St. George Hartmann, who was engaged as packer for the California Cracker Co., lived at 27 Garden St. Wm. Henderson was a very popular ship-carpenter in his day and dwelt at 655 Howard St. Dave Healey, the plumber, lived at 543 Natoma St. Simon Hartmann's dry goods store was located at 525 4th St. Robert Hayes was a stone-cutter at 404 Bryant St.

FORMER PUPILS OF ST. JOSEPH'S SCHOOL AND 10TH ST. GRAMMAR SCHOOL!

School days—in memory, the period of development, pranks, education and cherished associations—sound out an appeal half a century old to the former boys of St. Joseph's School and the Tenth St. Grammar School to organize and to cherish and recall old friendships.

March 20, 1927, Sunday afternoon (details later), will find the old boys convened at St. Joseph's Hall, 250 10th St. At present, 1200 names of former pupils have been enrolled—do they number you?

If you attended either school at any period, send in your name and address and your pet list of classmates to Thomas W. McCarthy, City Attorney's Office, Room 206, City Hall, Park 8500.

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MARCH, 1927

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SOUTH OF MARKET JOURNAL

MARCH, 1927



Vol. 2, No. 8

Revive Memories and Dance

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Saturday Evening, April 23, 1927

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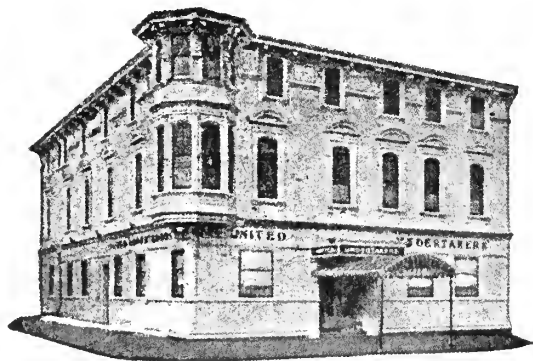
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South of Market Journal

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 Dr. W. A. Blanck
 Thos. W. Hickey

*Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
 Who never to himself hath said,
 This is my own, my native land.*

—Scott

Vol. II.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA, MARCH, 1927

No. 8.

PRESIDENT GARRITY'S MESSAGE

Well, it was a great success; of course, I refer to the corned beef luncheon held at the Whitcomb Hotel, Tuesday, March 15th. It was originally intended to have the committee and workers in charge of our next ball, "TWENTY-ONE YEARS AFTER" to get together and boost this event, but it grew and grew and grew, until instead of being a committee affair, upwards of 250 attended and enjoyed themselves. The talent was exceptionally good and the speeches were short and to the point and our thanks are due the Whitcomb Hotel for the service. Our thanks are also due Assistant Chief Thomas Murphy for securing the talent, Judge Thomas F. Graham, who presided, Major Charles Kendrick and Thomas W. Hickey, who spoke, and last, but not least, our own Annie Laurie, who told us about the fairies in Ireland. All there pledged themselves to work for the success of our next affair, which, as you know, brothers, will be held in the Civic Auditorium, Saturday, April 23rd.

The committees are meeting regularly every Tuesday evening at the Knights of Columbus Hall, and if you have any suggestions to offer, we welcome them.

Our annual number of the Journal will be out prior to the ball



THOS. P. GARRITY
 President
 South of Market Boys

and will contain a full list of the committees. Our next monthly meeting will be an exceptionally good one. Special talent has been provided for and after the enter-

tainment, refreshments will be served. No member will be permitted to participate unless he has a paid-up card. We are in receipt of a communication of those in charge of the "Fah Dang Wui" (Feast of the Lanterns) thanking us for our participation and assistance. The committee, who did wonderful work, consisted of Joseph Moreno, Paul Perazzo, Tommy Hawkins, Sol Barren, Bill Trade, Ray Schiller and Sam Gregg.

I make a special appeal at this time to those who are unable to attend our meetings, to give all the assistance they possibly can in making our next affair the success it justly deserves. Talk it up amongst your friends and be sure

(Continued on Page 4)

COMING EVENTS

ANNUAL ENTERTAINMENT AND BALL
 Civic Auditorium **Saturday, April 23rd, 1927**

**Regular
 Monthly
 Meeting
 Thursday
 March 31
 1927**

The next regular monthly meeting will be held on Thursday, March 31, promptly at 8 o'clock, in the Knights of Columbus Auditorium, 150 Golden Gate Ave.

**MEETING — REFRESHMENTS
 ELECTION — ENTERTAINMENT**

Memories

By ABE BORKHEIM

In looking backward, I feel the same familiar sensation which I have no doubt many others experience. When I live over again those wonderful days, and think of the friendships made and cemented through the years, I realize life is not an empty dream.

Many of the South of Market Boys will remember Daly's lot, at 7th and Harrison, where the municipal play grounds is now located.

No doubt they will remember the Silver Spray Baseball Club.

Many an exciting ball game was played in Daly's lot. We never lost a game there; if there was any indication of our losing, our boosters would climb on a barn in the lot and throw rocks at the opposing team.

I might say we received the same treatment when playing on the other fellow's grounds, so you can realize all games were on the square.

I have forgotten all the members of that famous club, but can remember our battery was Joe Eber and Mike Brown, with Jas. Smith, Dan Kearney, Tom Lynch, Wm. Cunningham, Frank Prunty, John Mitchell and myself.

I remember the Eighth Street School, on 8th between Harrison and Bryant, now called the Franklin Grammar School, at one time considered a difficult school to manage.

Many changes had to be made, until Elisha Brooks became principal. Mr. Brooks knew how to handle boys, and in a very short time the Eighth Street School became a model for other schools in the city.

He was the first one to introduce vocational training in the public schools of San Francisco.

Every boy endeavored to have the privilege of his companionship Friday afternoons.

Mr. Brooks later on became principal of the Girls' High School, and was very successful.

I understand he died a short time ago. All honor to his memory, as he was a wonderful man.

Many times I have thought of the Manhattan Athletic Club at Mission and Erie streets. Some of the best fighters in the country had their start in this club. Al Mill, who should have been champion middleweight of the world, Kid McFadden, who went to Eu-

rope and beat the best they had there, Capt. Peter McGee, Sergt. Geo. McLaughlin, John Lahey and many others.

Fred Muller is entitled to much credit for its success, and he was ably assisted by John Whelan, Con Ryan, Jack McFadden, Fred Butler, Wm. Schroder and a host of willing workers.

There was a fine corps of athletic instructors, and the representatives of the club were successful in competition with those from other organizations.

There are many other incidents and experiences of which I could remind old friends, such as the dances of the Palmetto Club, Cornell Club, Primrose Club, and Ed's Coffee Kitchen on Howard street near 10th where we used to meet after having danced half the night.

I wish to congratulate the Officers of the South of Market Boys for the wonderful results they have had in bringing together men who otherwise never would have had the opportunity to meet again and renew old friendships.

May the South of Market Boys continue to grow and prosper.

PRESIDENT GARRITY'S MESSAGE

(Continued from Page 3)

to secure your tickets in advance. I may add that tickets will be on sale at our next meeting and they are, as you know, One Dollar each.

The following officers were placed in nomination at our last meeting and their names will be presented to the organization for election at our next meeting, Thursday, March 31st.

Officers:

Thos. P. Garrity.....President
Albert S. Samuels.....1st Vice Pres.
Thos. A. Maloney.....2nd Vice Pres.
Jas. F. Smith.....3rd Vice Pres.
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John A. O'Connell
Thos. J. Murphy
Dr. W. A. Blanck
Thos. W. Hickey

The following telegrams were received at our luncheon, Tuesday, March 15th:

Montello, Nev.,
March 15th, 1927.

"South of Market Boys:"

Greetings and best wishes for a happy gathering today and great success in April.

(Signed) JAMES E. POWER.

* * *

Sacramento, Cal.,
March 15, 1927.

"South of Market Boys:"

Regret inability to be with fellow South of Market Street Boys

to participate in that wonderful dish that put red cheeks on most of our forefathers. Am here in interest of pending State legislation co-ordinating with my work in Congress for the development of San Francisco, the greatest city on earth. Best wishes.

(Signed) RICHARD J. WELCH.

* * *

Sacramento, Cal.,
March 15, 1927.

"South of Market Boys:"

If there is any corned beef left send by air mail to us. Good luck to all the boys.

SENATOR T. MALONEY,
D. MURPHY,
JACK O'CONNELL.

* * *

Sacramento, Cal.,
March 15, 1927.

"South of Market Boys:"

Sorry I cannot join the corned beef jollification. Best wishes from the bunch in the assembly.

EDGAR C. LEVY.

Saint Patrick—the Man

By MARTIN F. WELCH

Ask the average person what was the greatest achievement of St. Patrick and the answer will be that he banished the snakes from Ireland.

Regardless of the truth or falsity of the snake story and whether there were really any snakes to be so banished—which is seriously debated in some quarters—the fact remains that St. Patrick did drive from Erin one monstrous reptile, the Snake of Paganism, that held the people in its slimy grip.

Ireland's patron saint was born at Kilpatrick, near Dumbarton, in Scotland in the year 387, and died in Ireland, March 17, 461. His life was replete with persecutions almost from his infancy. At the age of 16 he was captured by Irish marauders and sold as a slave to a Druid chieftan. For six years thereafter he tended his master's flocks. Even in youth St. Patrick evidenced an intense religious fervor which was destined to carry him through life over almost insurmountable difficulties. He acquired a perfect knowledge of the Celtic tongue and became familiar with the details of Druidism from whose bondage he would some day liberate the Irish people.

Life with his master became unbearable and he ran away. After traveling over 200 miles on foot he boarded a ship and sailed for Britain. By studious application he eventually became a vigorous crusader for Catholicity. His forcefulness was soon recognized and he was honored with high office in the Church.

But St. Patrick's thoughts were always for Ireland. He longed to return to his chosen people and announce the glad tidings of the Redemption.

Finally he launched the pilgrimage to Erin in true Rooseveltian style. Immediately the Druid

chieftans opposed his progress. One chieftan drew a sword to strike the saint but his arm became rigid and continued so until he swore allegiance to the cause of Christianity.

Call this power to subdue men without physical force what you will—whether divine or hypnotic—St. Patrick seemed to have it in abundance. True, he was not entirely immune in his work from the interruptions of human agency, for it is related that during his travels through Ireland he was seized no fewer than twelve times by pagan chieftans who loaded him with chains and decreed his death. But St. Patrick possessed a charmed life which brought him safely through such difficulties.

His former master, hearing of St. Patrick's divine power, gathered all his treasurers into his mansion and setting them on fire jumped into the flames. An ancient record referring to this event reads: "His pride could not endure the thought of being vanquished by his former slave."

As his fame spread throughout the land the opposition to his teachings in a great measure diminished. In addressing an assemblage of chieftans he plucked a shamrock and explained by its triple leaf and single stem the great doctrine of the Blessed Trinity. It was this incident that gave to the shamrock its historical significance. Progress through his adopted country was continually marked by converts and the establishment of churches. Over 350 bishops were consecrated by him.

And like every true saint he lived in a humble fashion. Clothed in a rough hair shirt he made the hard rock his bed. Many converts showered him with precious ornaments but he would return them with the admonition

that he was not seeking material wealth but desired to present to the Irish people the treasures of Christianity. At times his only shelter from the fury of the elements would be a rough cave. On one of these occasions—so the legend goes—St. Patrick was disturbed in solitude and prayer by a great flock of hideous birds of prey which fairly covered the sky. Their presence was construed by him as being demons who were endeavoring to turn him away from his pious endeavors. He prayed God to scatter the creatures, but for a time his pleadings were in vain. In desperation he rang a sweet-sounding bell, the symbol of his preaching the divine truths. The sound of the bell was heard over the valleys and hills, bringing peace and joy to the people. The birds of prey scattered and flung themselves into the sea. This is probably where the snake story originated, for an ancient narrative says: "For seven years no evil thing was to be found in Ireland."

Can one of St. Patrick's faith not draw an analogy between this bell-ringing incident and the great bells of Christianity joyfully ringing every Sunday morning, bidding the faithful to drive from their hearts the demons of evil temptation and do homage to the great saint?

In glancing over the achievements of St. Patrick we find him to be, aside from his saintliness, a most practical man. He possessed the fearlessness and astuteness of the present-day political crusaders when he boldly walked into the councils of the pagan chieftans and by his two-fisted manner of presenting his cause induced many of them to enroll under the banner of Christianity.

We can say that the protecting cloak of Divine Providence was

(Continued on Page 16)

SOUTH OF MARKET ANNUAL BALL
Civic Auditorium, Saturday, April 23rd

A Reminiscence and a Poem

It may not be known generally, but it is a fact nevertheless, that on March 17, 1885, Frank J. Murasky, who had been selected as the poet of the day by the Convention of United Irish Societies which met prior to that date, and who in later years blossomed forth as a Judge of the Superior Court in our fair city and who is still occupying that distinguished position in this community, participated in the monster parade held that date and delivered the following poem, written by himself for the occasion, at the St. Patrick's Day Exercises held then at Union Hall, located in those days on Howard street between Third and Fourth streets, and published that same day in the "Daily Report".

The Poem

Though each year adds a link to
the chain of thy sorrow,
And unlightened by time thy
burden is borne,
On yesterday's tears the sun of
thy morrow
Reflecting, will gild the sky of
thy morn.
As, Erin, the flow of thy rivers'
bright waters
Gives life to the flowers their
em'rald banks wear,
So the love that is born in thy sons
and thy daughters
Brightens thy heart ere 'tis
chilled by despair.
Yes, Erin, thy sorrow ever nur-
tures affection.
More deep than is born of pleas-
ure and mirth,
More ardent is love, more sweet
recollection
When sorrow and tears lay
claim to its birth.
Like the on-rolling waves that
sweep o'er the ocean,
And ever return to encircle thy
shore,
The hearts of thy children repair
with devotion
To the bosom of Erin, their love
to outpour.
The kind hand of love that
through bondage of ages
Has smoothed away wrinkles of
care from thy brow,
Will flourish the sword when the
battle work rages,

And fight for thee, Erin, as it
blesses thee now;
The voice of thy sons, that melts
now in sadness,
As they mourn o'er the loss of
their country and home,
When Liberty calls, will ring out
in gladness—
A token to exiles wherever they
roam.

Yes, Erin, in chains, thy children
still love thee
As when Liberty shone on thy
mountains and vales;
When floated the banner of sun-
rise above you,
And free was the strain of thy
ballads and tales.
Fresh as a spring of thy own is-
land mountains,
This love will burst through
every crevice and rock;
And though England endeavors to
cover its fountains,
New waters gush forth at com-
mand of thy knock.

The spirit of Ireland, alone among
nations,
Unbroken remains by the harsh-
ness of Fate;
When others are conquered, en-
suing generations
Are merged in the mass of the
conquering state.
But an Irishman's nature could
never be altered,
Nor his pure virgin metal be
mixed with alloy;
Though England, to crush him,
has never once faltered,
His love for his country she
could never destroy.

Then, Erin, one beam through the
gray clouds of sorrow
Ever lightens thy heart with the
comfort of hope—
The thought that thy sons will
brighten thy morrow,
And the gates of thy freedom
their affection will ope;
For the cause of the blood of a
nation made holy,
And blessed by the prayers of
its heroes who fell.
Is sacred before them, be they no-
ble or lowly,
And their efforts to triumph no
tyrant can quell.

To the moment, at hand, O Erin,
awaken!
While yet in the heavens the

clouds are but faint,
Nor wait till the sky by the thun-
der is shaken,
And the storm bursts forth in
its wild unrestraint;
But, now, while the threat'ning
Cossack advances,
And boldly the bear braves the
lion's fierce growl,
Rouse thee, O Erin! Strike while
the lances
Of Russia's provoke frenzied
Albion's scowl!

—Frank J. Murasky.

March 17, 1885.

Dear Mr. Quinn:

It affords us great pleasure to
again volunteer the services of our
employees to act in any capacity
that you may desire on the night
of your Celebration.

Hoping for the complete suc-
cess of your Ball, we are,

Very truly yours,

THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS
AND LOAN SOCIETY,
E. J. TOBIN, President.

The South of Market Boys
Baseball Team are now in third
place in the City division of
Spaulding's Midwinter League,
which will come to a close in about
another month, and if it were not
for the fact that on two occasions
two of their best players were un-
der the doctor's care when they
played the best teams in the
league, they would at this stage of
the race be close to first place.

However, the team must be
complimented for the good ball
they have played all season, for
outside of their playing in the
league, the team won ten straight
games under the name of the
South of Market Boys, and that
record in itself should inspire all
the older members of our organi-
zation to boost the youngsters
during the summer season, as they
will play almost continuous ball.

On June 1st the leading batter
of the team will receive a baseball
bat autographed by one of the
greatest ball players in the coun-
try, Dave Bancroft, now with the
Boston Braves; the leading fielder
will receive a new baseball. Both
of these prizes were donated by
one of the members of the S. O. M.
Boys, Mr. Egan, an ardent advo-
cate of that great sport.

European Labor

By HUGO ERNST

Hugo Ernst, of the South of Market Boys, who has just returned from an extended trip to Europe, has contributed the following very interesting communication to this paper. It is well worth reading, particularly to those who in their early days were residents of the different countries visited by Mr. Ernst.

The conditions of labor in the European states of today are totally different of the conditions, as they prevailed prior to the war, and particularly is this noticeable in those countries that have gained their independence after being for years linked with some other part of political Europe, and have shared the then prevailing conditions of labor. This is noticeable in the republics of Austria, Jugo-Slavia, Czechoslovakia, and Poland, which countries were in the past joined to the Austro-Hungarian monarchy, and have suffered under the oppressive and antiquated laws being imposed upon them by the reactionary governments of that country. But since the war the working men have come into their own in most all of these countries; in some to a larger extent than in others, but in all cases they have reached a point where they are at least recognized as an important part of the whole. Reaction has been swept aside; and in all these countries—with the partial exception of Jugo-Slavia—the so-called radicals—or socialists of various shades—have assumed the reins of the government, and as a consequence the legislation for the benefit of the working class has assumed such proportions that it may be truthfully said that they are well taken care of.

Not only is there a uniform provision for the eight-hour day and the one day off in seven, but also sick and accident insurances are compulsory features of the dealing with the employees—as is old age pension, out of work dole, a yearly vacation with pay, the apprentice system, and most important of all, the care of women and children. For the women in particular provisions are made that makes motherhood a pleasant duty rather than a burden, and

provisions are made for mothers and prospective mothers to take care of them as well as the children, both in a financial way and in the way of health regulations, so as to raise a better and healthier citizenship. Public schools are being erected to obliterate illiteracy; and public parks, playgrounds, bath houses, etc., are being built for the free use of the workers and their families to give them a chance at a better physical and mental development. Then there is the matter of housing and rents. In all of the newer countries laws have been passed—and are being rigidly enforced—protecting the workers from the greedy landlords, and certain limits have been placed upon the raising of the rents, giving the workingmen also preference in the securing of homes wherever vacancies occur, and in some instances like the city of Vienna, homes are built by the municipality for the exclusive use of the workers. There have been erected, and are now occupied, 25,000 such homes in Vienna and another 25,000 are in the course of construction, owned by the municipality of Vienna, and providing thousands of workingmen with wholesome, up-to-date quarters at a very reasonable rental.

The labor movement in Vienna is in excellent shape, thanks to the Socialist government of the city, which has swept away the reaction that has lurked there for a long time, and all public utilities in Vienna are municipally owned, giving the inhabitants of Vienna cheaper light, water, heat, transportation, etc. Almost 85 per cent of all the workers in Vienna are organized, and the percentage for the whole republic of Austria runs to about 70 per cent. Of course, there is quite a bit of unemployment in Austria, due to the dismemberment of the former Austrian empire, but the unemployed are receiving a weekly dole from the treasuries of the unions, keeping body and soul together. The economic condition in Vienna is very bad, as all the industries have either greatly reduced their output or else have been forced to shut down entirely. This is due to the fact that

Vienna in pre-war days has supplied the whole Austro-Hungarian monarchy with its 45 million inhabitants with the economic needs and this same Austria was reduced in Versailles to about 8 millions, and all the new countries that regained their freedom and that have, heretofore, been consumers of Vienna products, have established their own industries and surrounded them with protective tariffs, so as to stop the competition from Vienna, and consequently the industries of Vienna have fallen away to almost nothing. The banks, naturally, were also involved in this forced reduction, since they have been to a very large extent financing these industries, and it is therefore not to be wondered at that you may read almost every day where some old established bank is being forced to the wall, or merging with other institutions to save itself from ruin. The social life in Vienna also has suffered through these conditions, and where before the war the real night life in Vienna only began at about 11 p. m., you can now walk the boulevards at about 10 p. m., and find them almost deserted, and some of the street car lines stop operation after 10 p. m. for lack of patronage.

Italy

Of all the countries that I have visited during my recent trip, Italy is the only one where there seems no visible unemployment. But then, also, there is no visible liberty left either. Since Mussolini's assumption of power all traces of liberty have been gradually abolished, and today he is the undisputed "boss of the country." Labor unions have for all practical purposes been abolished, and the law, dealing with labor, decrees that only such associations of employers or employees may exist that have the approval of the government; and the main qualification necessary to receive such approval, or charter, is that the organization must prove that they are willing and able to educate their members in such patriotism as prescribed by the Fascist government. Ten per cent

(Continued on Page 16)

Brothers Under the Skin

AL KATSCHINSKI

Requesting a Jew to write a few words upon the Irish may appear humorous to many, but to me it has a most profound appeal, because the trials and tribulations of these two people are so similar.

Through century and through century we see the paralleled history of the Irish and the Jew. Prosecution, persecution, execution, attempts at extermination, yet both live on. No people on the side of right and righteousness can ever be annihilated, yet persecution still continues today, not so much against the Irish, but the pogroms in Poland, Austria and Rumania against the Jew still go on. While the Queen of Rumania road smilingly on Fifth avenue, New York, Jews were being killed wantonly in her own country. History reveals wanton killings of the Irish in their battle for political and religious freedom, but the rights of all people must be ultimately recognized.

In this glorious country of ours, still—bring it closer to home, in this city of ours, the lives of the Irish and the Jews are closely entwined. I can remember, though young at the time, Julius Kahn, a Jew, masterly stand at the Metropolitan Temple for what he knew was right; and vividly I remember those two lovable characters, Father Yorke and Julius Kahn, walking on Third street, arm in arm. Many an Irishman has participated on Jewish charity drives and many a Jew has assisted on Irish drives.

Why, my friends, we are all brothers under the skin whether we be Irish or we be Jews. Well do I remember that glorious incident when that great and good Jew, Jesse Lilienthal, lay dying on the floor at the St. Francis hotel, stricken while attending the St. Ignatius Drive Luncheon. Father Foote, Father Gleason and four other good priests knelt down by the side of this Jew and prayed while his soul passed on to eternity. Truly an exemplification of the brotherhood of man.

Again I say we are all brothers under the skin and why shouldn't we be? Our desires, our hopes are the same. Our love of family, of country, state and city are the

same—if our religion be different it is only a matter of birth, as the Jewish rabbi once said to his friend, the Cardinal, "If you were born of my mother and I had been born of yours, I would have been the Cardinal and you would have been the Rabbi", and that is why the Irish and the Jews and every American should strive together for one cause, that cause of peace and harmony for the sake of this, our country, these United States.

—Al Katschinski.

W. T. Bonsor insists that the best way to make the hours go fast is to use the spur of the moment.

* * *

E. Canepa contends that a dress-maker is braver than an actor because she is not afraid of the hook.

* * *

Ed Bryant, commenting upon the recent scandal in sporting circles, inclines to the belief that there is too much bawl in baseball.

* * *

Tom Carrick admonishes all to keep active to live long, especially when crossing the street.

* * *

Chas. Arms says—being a gentleman is like being happy—if you must try to be, you aren't.

* * *

Jim Kerr, referring to the recent intimation on the part of the newspapers that there were many citizens dying from drinking poisoned liquor, said that he didn't notice the names of any of the bootleggers among the lists published.

* * *

H. J. Bucking believes that what pedestrians need more than rules are wings, and sometimes he believes they get them.

* * *

Our esteemed Judge Graham contends that the real oil gushers are the men who write the stock advertisements.

* * *

Though man is admonished to "know thyself", Otis Berge says he is not advised to tell.

* * *

The ukulele is now made with a single string, but John F. Quinn suggests that a useful little device to promote enjoyment at a party is a pair of pocket wire-clippers.

DEDICATED TO TIM TRACY

By Thos. J. Gallagher

Backward, backward Tim, turn
your mind

To the time when your purse was
not well lined

Having mixed up in the thick of
the strife

You must smile looking back on
political life.

One little instance let me recall
At Tehama and Fourth in the
basement hall

Where ambitious young men under
your command

Brought to light a club that you
had planned.

There amidst a general hubbub
You were made Captain of the
Club

And, as I remember it now
That was your first political bow.

How the boys fought and how
they swore

Under the hat their fathers wore
Often the atmosphere got pretty
hot

Doing politics South of the Slot.

Many there were who turned a
flipflop,

But you toed the mark and came
out on top.

Bosses have come and bosses have
gone,

But my friend Tim still marches
on.

It's a great satisfaction to see on
one's self,

Nothing but what he has earned
himself.

The world always looks upon him
with pride

Whose fight was won against the
tide.

The Sons of Erin find in you
An Irish heart beating honest and
true.

It gladdens the heart when near-
ing the end,

To have kindly thoughts for an
old time friend.

The humor of this no one else can
see;

It is only intended for you and me.
Long may you continue the fight
And eventually find the Pathway
of Light.



S. O. M. Prattle



When Tommy Hawkins was asked to describe the costume worn by one of the actresses at the last show he replied, "Not much."

* * *

Jimmy Aiken says he knows a Scotch girl that is so stingy she won't give her sweetie the gate.

* * *

Joe Hotter says an old-timer is one who can remember when baking powder outsold face powder.

* * *

Dan Sheehan says it takes hard facts to make an impression on a soft head.

* * *

Tom Caveney says he remembers when the Smiths were the first settlers in his part of the town, but things have changed, they are among the last settlers now.

* * *

According to Leon Munier, life isn't long enough for you to do half the things you want to do, but it is long enough for you to have to do lots of things you don't want to do.

* * *

Postmaster Power recently refused to accept a pair of trousers for transmission via parcel post, to which the party sending them took exception and threatened to write Congress in the matter. He maintained that anything could be sent by parcel post that was open at both ends. Of course, he won.

* * *

Percy Goldstein thinks it so silly to hear people say they are thinking of getting married. He stoutly maintains that people getting married are not thinking.

* * *

According to Albert Samuels most pedestrians wonder what a motorist is talking about when he says his car "misses."

* * *

"When some people wander in their minds", says Tommy Murphy, "they haven't far to go."

Pat McGee says, "The two enemies to reform are the wicked who oppose it and the lunatics who favor it."

* * *

Arthur McQuaide said it will be fifty years before the human brain catches up with modern progress, and the worst of it is by the time we know where we are at we will be somewhere else.

* * *

James McSheehy says, "Things have come to a pretty pass in this country when a man cannot occupy a Senate seat he bought and paid for."

* * *

Brothers, are you looking out for the good and welfare of your brother members who are out of employment? What about that job you were going to help him get? If you hear of a vacancy or know where a position could be obtained, get in touch with Captain Wm. J. Quinn, Davenport 20, or telephone the office of our Journal, Franklin 615, and we will do the rest.

* * *

Daniel O'Brien, Jr., son of our Chief of Police, and like his father, a member of the South of Market Boys, was admitted to practice and is now a full-fledged attorney-at-law.

We extend to him our congratulations and wish him success in his new venture.

* * *

Gene Mulligan recently attended a State Legislature to represent the Scandal Club of this city.

* * *

According to Jack Cunningham it is a safe bet that a man who sings "How Dry I Am," is a wet.

* * *

Bill Egan believes that the easiest way to get to the top is to go to the bottom of things.

* * *

"Homely girls have it all over their beautiful sisters," says John Heffernan. The former never have any trouble of any sort, kind or description.

According to Jack McManus, no modern has thus far invented an intelligent test to equal matrimony.

* * *

Notice that Al Samuels got a "ring in" on the proceedings at our last meeting.

* * *

Jack O'Connell says that politics is either a matter of passing the buck or passing the doe.

* * *

Captain Jack Moreno says there is one trouble with the teeth in the prohibition law and that is they require so much gold filling.

* * *

George Brown said the brain was made to think, but the pocketbook forms most of the opinions.

* * *

The "czar" in baseball, as elsewhere, says John Dhue, is the bird who can push his dollar through the window or not.

* * *

Recently the skull of what was supposed to be that of an ape, says Herman Kohn, has turned out to be the knee-cap of an elephant. Now isn't that the pachyderm's patella?

* * *

According to E. Krant, the number of drinkers in this country is rapidly decreasing. Ah! that is because they keep right on drinking.

* * *

Our little philosopher, Percy Goldstein, ventures to explain why it is so hard for some men to keep their heads above water; he says that man's origin can be traced to a primitive fish.

* * *

Edgar Levey maintains that in a bungalowette with a dinette and kitchenette, one needn't expect anything more than a housekeeperette.

* * *

John F. Cunningham, the predominating spirit over the Crocker Safe Deposit Vaults, speaking of a boxer who recently crossed from America to England remarking on the roughness of the sea, says that is natural because nothing annoys a boxer more than to be attacked below the belt.



GEO. W. PATERSON

Memorie

By GEORGE W. PATERSON

I never hear the old time song
But what it brings a thrill
To me of all the happy days
That live in memory still;
I never miss an old time friend
Like you but what I know
That nobody can take the place
Of friends of long ago.

And so we retrace our steps over the paths we were wont to go in the days of old and discover to you again those wonderful people with whom you associated and who, because of change of scene and environment have escaped your memory. It is a great and rapturous feeling that takes hold on you when suddenly there flashes before your mind recollections of those you cherished in those happy days. How you reprove yourselves for ever having forgotten them, and more especially if perchance they brought sunshine into your young lives.

Now that a new awakening has taken hold on you, how deeply grateful you feel that you can live over again those joyful days and dwell upon the memory of them with ever increasing pleasure. This being a St. Patrick's Day Edition of the Journal, and before proceeding with our usual review, I thought it might not be amiss to record right here an incident that occurred away back in 1876 that impressed the St. Patrick's Day of that year most vividly upon the memory of the writer. It will at least show how the old neighborhood developed in the subsequent years that followed, primitive though it was at that time.

At the time mentioned, the parents of the writer had occupied the third floor of the old home then known as 712 Clementina street, but finding that larger quarters were needed, and having a lot vacant in the immediate rear of the property occupied, but fronting on Tehama street which had but

recently been cut through from 8th to 9th streets, bargained with "Kelly, the butcher", who then lived on Folsom street near 9th, to purchase the cottage wherein he dwelt, and had it moved to that particular lot, known ever afterwards as No. 711 Tehama street. When it was set in place and all fixed up and ready for occupancy, which was on the 16th day of March of that year, the writer's dad assisted by an old friend, Owen Harrington, who, by the way, lived on 8th street near Bryant street, and your humble servant who was the oldest of the family, immediately after supper, moved everything into the new home, finishing the job about midnight. The Lord knows how many times we had to climb the stairs of the flat just vacated, but anyhow all were pretty tired, and not much time was spent in putting things in order. So after Mr. Harrington took his departure all retired.

The writer at that time was the happy possessor of a butterfly kite and before retiring put it in order so that it would be ready to fly on the following morning. It was particularly windy that March and that made it fine for flying kites. After partaking of a hearty breakfast, which at best, under the circumstances, was but a make-shift affair, the writer grabbed up his kite, went out onto the street, which was neither planked nor sidewalked, and ran up and down Tehama street in the sand in his efforts to fly the kite. Owing to the prevalence of the wind he had fairly good success—on account of having to run in the sand, it was not long before he grew tired, however, and returned to the upset house to assist in putting the things in order. There was one menace to the pleasure incidental to the flying of the kite and that was the riding of the aides to the Grand Marshal of the Parade. They did all their practicing there in that block and consequently the horses would shy at the kite when it would fall to

the ground and thereby scare the riders; so, notwithstanding the fact the running on the sand fatigued the writer, he was compelled to cut out the kite-flying in any event to allay the wrath of said aides, who were anything but expert horseback riders, but who gloried in being all dolled up with their cocked hat and green plumes and bright green and gold sashes across their right shoulders. It was not long, however, after that that sidewalks were placed thereon and the streets were planked and eventually the former were replaced with cement and the street paved with basalt blocks and curbstones, and in due course accepted by the city. So much for the incident.

Before leaving the immediate neighborhood, we recall a place that we failed to call to your attention in a recent article and that was the butcher shop that was located at 117 Ninth street, wherein there gathered the good housewives of that section while doing their daily shopping, to get the meat they would need for the "owld man's" supper, and incidentally to listen to the gossip that would always be centered there. The presiding genius of that particular shop was none other than the whole-souled, kindly hearted, ever smiling J. W. Kehoe. That was not, however, his home. He dwelt at 37 Seventh street. Perhaps you recollect "Mickey" Cronin, the drayman, that used to work for David & Co., and who dwelt a short way around the corner from Kehoe's, at 720 Natoma street. There was another Cronin—a painter—but his first name was John, and he lived in the rear of 209 Eighth street.

A popular grocery and liquor store in those good old days was that run by Wm. Fahrenkrug at the northeast corner of Howard and Seventh streets. Thomas Gagan, the father of "Billie" Gagan, who afterwards worked on the Chronicle, lived at 1226 Howard street and worked as a shoemaker with I. M. Wentworth & Co. His

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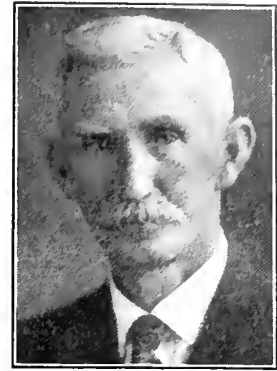
the Past

By JAMES H. ROXBURGH

Here's to the Shamrock so green,
Here's to the boy and his darling
colleen,
Here's to those we love dearest
and most,
May God bless Old Ireland
'Tis an Irishman's toast.

St. Patrick's Day in the late Seventies was a day that the Irish from North and South of Market and particularly those from the South, looked forward to, for then they arrayed themselves in their best clothes and started for their various headquarters to don their regalias or their uniforms as the case might be. Those belonging to the Third Regiment would gather at their armory on New Montgomery and Howard and from there march down to First street to their place in line. The McMahon Guard had their headquarters in Irish American Hall on Howard street between Fourth and Fifth and from there they marched to First street to their place in line. The Hibernians assembled on Second street waiting to fall in when their time came. The procession was supposed to start at 10:30 in the morning, but as St. Patrick's Day was a holiday there was no need to hurry so the Grand Marshal and his aides would ride up and down the street with their bright green regalias and spirited horses, whether to awe their friends or to give orders to the various division commanders was hard to say, but after an hour or more of this, the order would be given to start the parade. First would come the Grand Marshal and his aides, then the band playing "Wearing of the Green" or some other Irish air, as they swung into Market street. Heading the band would be Drum Major Denahy; after the band came the Third Regiment, commonly known as the "Irish Regiment," for it was composed of Irish and each company was named after some Irish patriot, the names running thusly—Emmet Guard, McMahon Guard, Shields Guard, Meagher Guard, Wolfe Tone Guard, Sarsfield Guard and

Hibernia Rifles. There was also an independent company from Eighth and Folsom known as the Irish Volunteers, composed of residents living around Eighth and Ninth streets; after the military would come the Hibernians wearing their green regalias and carrying the Irish flag, which was of green silk and emblazoned thereon was a harp painted in gold with the words above, "Erin Go Bragh". Then St. Patrick's Alliance and other Irish societies. Just note the line of marching from First and Market to Montgomery and California to Kearny, out Kearny to Market, out Market to Van Ness, over Van Ness to Washington, counter-marching from Washington street back to Market to their various headquarters. The McMahon Guard went down Fourth street to Howard to their armory in Irish American Hall, the Hibernian Rifles went down Third street to Hibernia Hall on Third street near Folsom, while the balance of the military went to their armory on New Montgomery and Howard except the Irish Volunteers, who marched back to Eighth and Folsom. One of the Irish Volunteers told me that the first time he marched with his company "they started from Eighth and Folsom at 10 o'clock in the morning and his company didn't get back to the hall until 6 o'clock that night," and that was a St. Patrick's Day parade. When the Hibernians came along in the parade many of the members had their small sons walking by their side, wearing a bright green ribbon badge. In those days St. Patrick's was the day on which the Irish paraded and they certainly made a fine showing and their parades were worth seeing in those days comparing favorably with the Fourth of July parade and as an old Irishman said to the Yank, "St. Patrick was as good a man as Fourth of July any day." Now for two characters that were always seen on Patrick's day. The first was Thomas Francis O'Mal-



JAMES H. ROXBURGH

ley Baines, an Irish patriot who swore that he would not cut his hair until Ireland was free, and as the years rolled by his hair was getting longer and I believe it was quite lengthy when he passed away several years ago; the other was a woman who lived on Folsom street between Fourth and Fifth, who would on St. Patrick's day, array herself in a bright green dress and a hoop-skirt, making her dress appear like a balloon, a green hat with a green plume in it, then a bright green parasol, a big green ribbon badge. Thus arrayed she would march down Folsom street to Fourth, up Fourth to Market, where she would select a place of prominence and as the parade passed by she would shout to the paraders attracting their attention to her and saluting as they passed. She certainly was Irish and was seen on every St. Patrick's day for many years. The poor old soul passed away many years ago.

One of the Captains in the Third Regiment used to cause a laugh at the manner in which he gave an order. When the parade would be coming out Market street and they always walked in the middle of the street, this officer, noticing the approach of one of the Market street horse cars—and you know horse cars are fast—would give this order: "Company split and let the car go by." After the car had passed, he would give this order: "Company come together agin." While this order was not in the United States military tactics in those days, still it served its purpose. The bands that took part in the parade were Walcott's, Blythe's, Blum's and Kidd's Bands. Of course, with all this music and the enthusiasm of the marchers, this was some day—for nearly

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VOL. II.

MARCH, 1927

No. 8.

"LEST WE FORGET TWENTY-ONE YEARS AFTER"

We have been particularly fortunate in drawing large numbers to all of our affairs, which brings to mind the occasion of our first Ball in the Civic Auditorium. We had the largest gathering in that commodious building since its erection, save one, which was the visit of our late lamented President, Woodrow Wilson.

You will recall that on the occasion of our last Ball it rained continuously during the day and evening, but notwithstanding, every seat in the auditorium was occupied, and the dancers crowded the floor.

Our next affair "LEST WE FORGET TWENTY-ONE YEARS AFTER" will be held in the Civic Auditorium, the first Saturday evening following Easter, April 23rd, 1927—our third occasion to fill this spacious structure.

WILL WE BE SUCCESSFUL IN THIS UNDERTAKING?

THE ANSWER IS UP TO YOU, MY DEAR BROTHER.

Interest yourself, your family, and your many friends in our coming affair.

A spectacular pageant has been arranged, every act of which will be a replica of the days gone by. In addition, an elaborate program will be staged under the direction of Ralph Pincus, assisted by an energetic entertainment committee, and they promise you, your family and friends an interesting two hours of good, substantial, wholesome, wholesouled, wholehearted entertainment following which will be the usual Grand March, and dancing until the "wee small hours ayeont the twal".

The side halls will abound with old-time dancers and the interior of the building so decorated as to produce the atmosphere replete with South of Market incidents.

In addition, you will meet old-time friends, renew old-time acquaintances which, after all, is the purpose of this most popular organization—"To bring together the people who formerly resided in that spot so dear to us all, known as South of Market."

The tickets are \$1.00 apiece.

ANNUAL SPECIAL NUMBER

The next edition of our Journal will be THE ANNUAL SPECIAL NUMBER, and will be in the hands of the members prior to our "21-Year-After Celebration", which is Saturday, April 23rd, 1927. It will contain articles by some of our leading members who are likewise the foremost citizens of this community. Also, there will be interesting articles by feature writers that will interest not only those who lived South of Market prior to the fire of 1906, but also to all who reside in San Francisco.

In order to publish this Annual Number, it is necessary for us to secure additional advertising. If you know of any merchant or business man with whom you have dealings, who would like to place an ad. in this historical paper, you can impart this fact to the Journal Committee at our next meeting or advise the office of the Journal, 150 Golden Gate avenue, Franklin 615.

It is impossible for us to continue the Journal without advertising, therefore we ask you to patronize our advertisers, and when making a purchase, say, "I saw your ad in the SOUTH OF MARKET JOURNAL."

MEMBERSHIP

If you know of a desirable member, advise him to be at our next meeting, March 31st, and the membership committee will do the rest.

Cards have been distributed to the membership and we expect a large class for initiation.

Secure Your Tickets for The Ball at Once

ON SALE AT

"TWENTY-ONE YEARS AFTER"

HDQTRS. - - 150 Golden Gate Ave.

KELLEHER & BROWNE - 712 Market St.
(Mr. Heffernan)

DOC. LEVY - - - - 704 Market St.

JNO. F. QUINN - - - - 853 Howard St.

JOS. O'CONNOR - - - - Hobart Bldg.

PHILADELPHIA SHOE CO.—

- - - - - 825 Market St.

- - - - - 2610 Mission St.

PETE MALONEY - - - - Police Dept.

GENE MULLIGAN - - - - Fire Dept.

WM. GRANFIELD - 11th and Howard Sts.

MEMORIES—ROXBURGH

(Continued from Page 11)

everyone you met had a green badge, and all the boys South of Market had a green badge, and among them were quite a number of Jewish boys wearing the green badge.

St. Patrick's day was always looked forward to in those days. It equalled any Fourth of July parade in numbers. The week before St. Patrick's day we used to go down to Natoma and New Montgomery to the Meagher Guard's armory to listen to roll call of the Guards. They were known as the Sullivan guards, on account of the fact that the company consisted of 65 men, and of this number there were 45 Sullivans. The roll call would go like this: John Sullivan, here; Michael Sullivan, here; Jeremiah Sullivan, here; Jeremiah John Sullivan, here; John Sullivan No. 1, here. After you had listened to the roll call of 45 Sullivans you would wonder if there was any Irish whose name was not Sullivan, but best of all would be the tone in which the answers were given. They ranged from a basso profundo, a high tenor, a good baritone, down to a squeaky falsetto all tinged with a beautiful Irish brogue.

Pete M.: Do you believe in wet money?

Tom M.: What is wet money?

Pete M.: Dew in the morning and mist at night.

DO YOU?

Your dues, are they due?
If so, let the words be few—
Just write "Here's my check,
To pay my dues, by heck."
Do not wait until the time
Your name is on the delinquent
line.

So, just glance at your green card
As 'twill assist you to guard
Against a delay at the outer door;
No one will be admitted to the
floor

Unless a "Paid-up" card is pre-
sented,
So if admission is refused—Don't
resent it.

Pardon my bluntness which, I
trust you'll excuse,
And get busy, please, and send in
your dues.

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MEMORIES—PATERSON

(Continued from Page 10)

wife ran quite a dressmaking establishment at that same address. Ed. Kelly was a marble polisher by trade and worked for J. K. Kessler. He lived at 1121½ Folsom street. Henry Fabian was quite a well-known character in the early days. He was the old draw-bridge tender and lived on the south side of Townsend street, between 7th and 8th streets.

George F. Gallagher, the machinist, and "Jim" Gallagher, the blacksmith, both worked at Hinckley & Co. and lived at 826 Harrison street. John Harrington was another of that tribe that ran a grocery and liquor emporium at 649 Minna street. There was an Alf. Kelly who followed the occupation of shoemaker. He lived at 231 Sixth street. William Cumbo was a trunk merchant and he lived at 1128 Folsom street. James H. Culver, who used to be the secretary of the Industrial Expositions promoted by the Mechanics' Institute, was well known in his day, and the particular time we are writing about he lived at 416 Tehama street. Frank Kelly was the proprietor of the celebrated Charter Oak Saloon, located on the northeast corner of Third and Howard streets and dwelt in that famous street known as Stanley Place—the number was 21. James Cumming was a well known salesman and was with Banner Bros. His residence was at 757 Howard street.

John Falconer was a carpenter and builder of no mean caliber, and held forth at 807 Market street. His home was at Fifth and Howard streets. William Crow was a glassblower and lived at 563 Bryant street. Edward Cullen, the teamster, held forth at 225 Minna street. George and Charles Eyre were brothers and followed the occupation of painting; they lived at 137 3rd street. Chris. Fagan was a plater and worked with the Pacific Electric Depositing Works, and lived at 209 Fourth street. Miss Kate Fagan lived with her mother, Mary Fagan, a widow, at 632 Minna street.

Alexander Faggett was a well known engineer in those good old days and lived in the rear of 214 Ritch street. With the firm of George H. Tay, there was a porter by the name of Andrew Fagan, and he lived at 50 Clementina street, near 1st. There was a hostler by the name of Malachi Gaffney, who worked with the old Omnibus Railroad Co., and he lived at 317½ Tehama street. Another well known personage was a pressman by the name of John A. Gaffigan, who worked with the old-time firm of Francis Valentine & Co. and he lived at 126 Dora street. John H. Falls was a clerk in his day and lived at 747 Harrison street. There was a natty little fellow known as George

Gaffney, and his business was that of a tailor. He dwelt at 141 Minna street. John Jack was a canny Scot and an ironmolder by trade. He lived at 1115 Harrison street.

There was a chemist called Abbott L. Ide and he lived at 708 Folsom street. Robert Fair, the plasterer, lived at 56 Everett street, and John J. Fahey, who was a shoemaker, lived at 447 Stevenson street. George W. Curtin was a member of the San Francisco Police Department and dwelt at 26 Howard Court, across from Irish-American Hall. A. Gagan was the name of a laborer who worked at D. A. Macdonald's Enterprise Planing Mill. His home was at 164 Clementina street. B. Gallagher, the proprietor of the Importing and General Repairing Carriage Establishment that was located at 220 and 222 Mission street, lived at 753 Harrison street. Isadore Iburg used to be a peddler and lived at 237 Clara street. Jesse Curtiss was in the real estate business and lived at 623 Howard street. "Jimmie" Cusack, who used to drive a team for Berryman & Doyle, lived at 521 Minna street.

Louis A. Imhaus, the billiard agent, whose office was at 832 Market street, lived at 235 Fifth street. William A. Irving, the yardman for Baker & Hamilton, lived at 168 Tehama street. Then there was Francis Irving, the carpenter, who occupied the premises of 13 Harriett street. Tommy Cusick, who ran the grocery store at 715 Brannan street, lived at 717 Brannan street. A. W. Jackson was a good carpenter in his day, and lived at 28 Langton street.

Messrs. Cusick and Crane were the proprietors of a grocery and liquor store that was located at 1129 Howard street. George Irvine, well known in the pork packing business, lived at 945 Howard street. Lewis Cutting, of the Cutting Packing Co., lived at 332 Bryant street. If you remember John Kavanagh, the tailor, you certainly must remember James Dagnan, who worked for him, and who lived at 242 Minna street. George Daily was a pressman with the firm of Kane and Cook, and lived at 31 Third street. Thomas Daly, the watchman of the Hibernia Brewery, when a bachelor, lived at the Huettman's Hotel and after he married dwelt at 717 Tehama street. Henry Dahl, well known blacksmith in the early

(Continued on Page 18)

Memories

JOHN (BOB) ROBERTS, *Oldest Shipcaulker in San Francisco*

Say boys, do you remember when Mr. Vice had a boat building shop on Market street, where the Alameda Cafe now stands? There was no East street then.

At what is now East and Market was a sand beach, where the boss shipwrights would haul up logs and make spars for ships. It was an open space and the tide came in and out.

Across the street was the Fairwind Saloon and coffee stand where the Cowell Building now stands (one of the places Jack London wrote about). At low tide you could walk around it, but at high tide you had to go through the coffee saloon.

Smith's Cash Store was on Market street where the S. P. building now stands. Steuart street was built on piles and all the lumber yards were on the east side of Steuart street. There were Holms lumber yard, Hansons, Ackermans, Simpsons, Adams & Blums. On Steuart street near Howard, George Dodge had a butcher shop over which The Happy Family had their headquarters. A crowd of eastern shipcaulkers. They were Thomas Kimbell, Bill Anderson, Charles Grove, Bob Delano, Sanford Taylor, Johnny Harding, (vinegar bitters) Windy Smith, and others I have forgotten. Just a little up Howard street was a coal yard kept by Nick Bichard. In this yard a Mr. Foster had a joiner shop (father of Charles F. Foster, the well known shipbuilder of 128 Steuart street).

At the corner of Steuart and Howard was the well known saloon, The Young America, owned by George Heuer; his bartender was Charley Lindsay, who was secretary of the Ellsworth Rifles, of which Jimmy Carson was captain. (Jimmy was the brother of Judge John Carson, who died recently.)

Their armory was on Howard street, across from New Montgomery street. Near Mission street, on Steuart street, was Thompson, who had a sailor's boarding house. This place had a bad name, as there was a trap door in the floor and many a sailor went through this trap into a boat and was rowed to some boat that was waiting for a crew. In those days there were some sailors' boarding houses, run by such men

as Tommy Chandler, Fred Brown, Longford & Maitland, on Front street. Longford afterwards went on the police force; this is where Johnny Devine, "The Chicken", lost his fin, as he called it.

Coming back to Howard street, Griffin, the ex-supervisor, had a boat shop. He had a son named Denny, who died recently. Denny and Sam Watkins had a race in Whitehall boats around Goat Island, but if I remember right, Sam Watkins won the race.

George Finn had a saloon on East street. Jim Clarke was bartender. Tom Finn would call once in a while, and Oh! Boy! how the gang was glad to see Tom. They would come from all quarters to greet him. Across from Griffin's Boat shop was Middlemess & Boole shipyard. They built the John F. Miller tow boat, Aetna, and a number of barges. As I said before, there was no East street, and there was no trouble in launching the vessels. This is the same place where Darby Layden had his office, of which Jack London wrote so much. At this time they were building the Hunter's Point Dry Dock, and Middlemess had charge of the woodwork. He had two boy apprentices; one was T. P. H. Whitelaw. After working three of four months, Middlemess told Whitelaw he had better look for another job, as he would never make a carpenter. So Tom got himself a shack at the foot of Second street and started in the junk business. After a while he rented a store on Brannan street from Johnny Campbell, who had a blacksmith shop in the rear. Tom did well. All the kids for blocks around came with bottles, rags, old iron, brass, or anything in the line of junk; that was the turn in Whitelaw's life. I saw him not long ago on Market street, and he looked good for another twenty years.

At the foot of Folsom street was the mail dock. In 1867 it was moved to Brannan and First streets. Ben Halliday took over the old wharf. He had a number of steamers, among them the Moses Taylor, Idaho and Orizaba. At this time Steuart street stopped at Folsom. Where Steuart street should be, the Whalen Bros. (John and Jim) had a small shipyard and general repair shop.

Barney Rawles went to the state assembly. He was foreman of engine 10. At the other corner of Folsom and Steuart, Pat O'Brien had a saloon. Pat always wore a silk hat; over Pat lived the Petersons, the boatman, father of Henry, Ed, and another who was on the police force for awhile.

NEW MEMBERS

The following gentlemen were elected members of the South of Market Boys at the meeting of December 30th:

Bushnell, E. R.....942 Market St.
Cass, Louis.....108 Stillman St.
Conway, M. T.....3650 21st St.
Doyle, Edw. G.....615 Persia Ave.
Eachles, O. V.....131 Park St.
Engel, Mosen242 Powell St.
Hamilton, Wm. A.

596 Bosworth St.
Higgins, Jas. J.....65 Clementina St.
Jacobs, B.....525 Arguello Blvd.
Labortz, Joseph.....36 Pearl St.
Luhrling, Fred.....676 Castro St.
Lyons, Geo. E.....624 6th Ave.
McLaughlin, C.....131 Park St.
Merrick, Wm.....1297 18th St.
Merrick, John.....370 Missouri St.
Mignola, Louis.....2965 25th St.
Morriarity, E.....1123 Judah St.
Murphy, T.....6209 California St.
O'Donnell, M.....351 Moultrie St.
O'Keefe, J. E.....880 Potrero Ave.
Rieling, Geo.....544 Capp St.
Rivers, J.....15 Lucky St.
Ryan, E. P.

2126 Linden St., Oakland
Ryan, Wilbur.....894 24th Ave.
Schendel, W.....110 Chattanooga St.
Schmidt, Chas.....2722 Folsom St.
Sharpe, F.....3131 Mission St.
Skinner, Jas.430 Douglas St.
Suhr, Fred.....2919 Mission St.
Vinker, Harry H.....3222 17th St.
Sullivan, D. A.

Dan J. Sheehan, one of the prominent members of the South of Market Boys is back at his old stamping grounds at Berger's, clothiers, 860 Market Street.

* * *

Phil Sapiro, our orchestra leader for the Annual Ball is a brother of Aaron Sapiro, now conducting the famous libel suit against Henry Ford, the Flivver King.

* * *

According to Phil Dietz, one should never complain of the price of a railroad ticket, because it is a fare thing.

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SAINT PATRICK—THE MAN

(Continued from Page 5)

not thrown about this good man when he invaded a hostile country at a time when it was seething with paganism and religious ignorance?

His preaching resulted in the definite establishment of Christianity in Ireland. At his direction houses of worship were built within which followers could, with dignity and reverence, follow their faith in a practical way.

And on the 17th of March the Irish people, both in a religious and public manner, glorify in speech, prayer and song the name of St. Patrick—the man and the saint. Though centuries have passed since his reign over Ireland his spirit still governs the hearts of the Irish people. In their upward struggle for religious and economic freedom they have ever had before them the vision of St. Patrick; and because of their abiding faith in his saintly character many injustices have been eliminated.

With St. Patrick as a spiritual leader Erin will continue to hold aloft the banner of Christianity, valiantly carrying on the battle of its patron crusader and gradually acquiring the human rights in the fullest degree to which a liberty-loving people with the grace of God is entitled.

New Members Admitted

Jan. 27, 1927

3675 Sacramento St.
Apple, Isidor.....134 19th Ave.
Andrus, W.....30 College Ave.
Anderson, C. J....2708 Harrison St.
Adami, H.....4168 23rd St.
Bonaros, Nick

1646 11th Ave., Oakland
Alfred Brown

Post and Polk Sts.
Casserly, L.....S. F. F. D. 3-Truck
Frustuck, H.....128 Collins St.
Gallagher, T. J....1125 Balboa St.
Griswold, Wm. R....731 5th Ave.
Grundecker, P....431 Bartlett St.
Lyon, Capt. Wm.....624 6th Ave.
McDonald, C. H....2121 Bush St.
McCann, Thos.....614 26th St.
Powers, Edw.....625 Guerrero St.
Robinson, E. E....512 Hearst Bldg.
Sprung, R.....1459 Alabama St.
Smith, Jos.68 Ringold St.
Tessier, Wm, E.....831 14th St.
Rudee, D.....730 Shrader St.
Wilson, John H....454 14th St.
Wild, Julius267b 10th St.
Walsh, Larry.....106 15th Ave.

EUROPEAN LABOR

(Continued from Page 7)

of employers or employees in any industry may form an organization, with the approval of the government, and these 10 per cent dictate the conditions of the whole industry and the other 90 per cent have to submit and work under these conditions, whether they are members of said organization or not. Any matter of wages or hours, if the parties interested cannot agree amongst themselves, must be submitted to a tribunal consisting of three judges and two laymen, the finding of said body is final and there is no appeal from said judgment. Strikes or lock-outs are strictly forbidden and are punishable by fines up to 5000 liras and imprisonment up to 5 years in state penitentiaries. More than three people quitting at one time in a place of employment is considered concerted action, and the men so quitting are liable to fines and imprisonment. Agitation in newspapers or otherwise are against the law and punishable by fines and imprisonment, and agitation is considered everything tending to change the existing conditions of labor. A lawyer defending a man accused of anti-Fascismo is debarred from practicing law. All elections of officials, in vogue since the founding of the Italian monarchy, have been abolished, and the mayors of the towns, and the governors, and all other officials are now appointed by the government and can only be removed by the government. A series of laws have been promulgated by Mr. Mussolini, and later approved by his parliament, dealing with the length of the dresses to be worn by women, to the size of the daily papers, which latter have to be reduced to no more than six pages per edition without enlarging the size of the sheets. No more public places, like restaurants, bars, dance halls, ice cream parlors, etc., may be erected within one year, and the building activities have to be restricted to the building of homes for the people and business houses. and all buildings of luxury have to be cut out for one year. The hours of labor have been increased from 8 to 9, without extra pay for the extra hour. The elections of the officials of the labor unions—such as they are—are subject to approval of the government. I doubt very much whether the price that Italy

has to pay for its alleged prosperity—the surrender of all traces of liberty—is to be considered a gain, for life without liberty, after all, is hardly worth living.

Contrary to general impressions throughout the world, there is a strong undercurrent of feeling against the rule of the Fascisti. This undercurrent is strongest in the industrial centers, and is especially noticeable in Milano and Genoa, the largest centers of industry in Northern Italy. However, the government censorship is so strict that practically nothing is allowed to escape to countries abroad, except it is favorable to the present government.

Great Britain

The conditions of the British labor movement have, no doubt, been given to the American labor movement by the fraternal delegates of the Trades Union Congress of Great Britain to the recent convention of the American Federation of Labor, and I will only say from personal observations, and from the talks I had with a large number of British trade unionists, from the top down, that the effect of the general strike acted invigorating upon the workers of Britain, and the very fact that the movement has poured nearly six millions of pounds sterling (nearly 30 millions of dollars) to the support of the miners (some of the larger unions actually going into debt to do so) proves that they have gained a lot of confidence and fighting spirit through the fight, and even today, after a six months' strike of the miners, there is only a very small percentage of the miners that have gone back to work, notwithstanding the lies in the conservative press of England, which had the strike broken four months ago and all the miners back into the pits. The unemployment in other basic industries, other than the miners, has increased since the general strike, for, owing to the miners' strike still being on, a great number of men, such as transport workers and railroad men, could not go back to work for lack of work, and they are still kept up by doles. But taking it all in all, the labor movement of Great Britain is in a healthy condition.

It may be of interest to remark here that there is quite an agitation going on all over Europe for prohibition, and while in most of the instances it is restricted up to

now only to newspaper agitation and hall meetings, the systematic agitation is quite apparent, and the similarity with the earlier part of our prohibition movement is undeniable.

Summing up, I can state unhesitatingly that the conditions of labor in America, and particularly in California, are far superior to the conditions as I have found them in these few European countries that I have visited, and while there is plenty of room for improvement in our movement, I am glad to be a part of it and to be able to contribute my little mite to keep the dinner pail of the workers filled.

We all know Al Wheelan.
Who writes with such feelin'
Of people who have already gone
"beyond".

He can certainly sling the ink,
And cause one to think
Of the district we're all so fond.

In the estimation of Pat Magee, our big cities aren't shooting too many people. They're just shooting the wrong people.

* * *

It is the opinion of our distinguished Fred Butler, that our girls have made a great deal of progress in the matter of calling a spade a spade, but we notice the dyed rabbit fur coat is still generally referred to by the owner as beaverette or sealine.

* * *

Geo. Watson maintains that the mere fact that a man has an automobile does not prove that he has money, but on the other hand evidences the fact that he had money.

* * *

Geo. McLaughlin intimates that farming isn't the only occupation in which overproduction cheapens the product. There's lawmaking.

* * *

Josh Reilly believes that organized baseball is having a hard time riding the diamond of its flaws.

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Reasonable Prices

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MEMORIES—PATERSON

(Continued from Page 14)

days, lived at 12 Ninth street near Market street. George C. Irvine, the photo retoucher, lived at 124 8th street.

Robert Jacks, the merchant, lived at 911 Bryant street. Henry Delaney, the printer, dwelt at 438 Jessie street. Jeremiah Kelleher, of Kelleher & Simpson lived at the northwest corner of 8th and Clementina streets. Ed. Kelly, the carriage trimmer, was located at 78 Everett street. Kelleher & Simpson ran the saloon on the southeast corner of Folsom and 4th streets. Billie Kelleher, the carpenter, lived at 628 Minna street. Jeremiah Dempsey ran a marble works at 1069 Market street. There was a wine and liquor store at 133 Sixth street, that Messrs. Dempsey and Gilmore used to run and was quite popular in its day. Herman Doscher used to conduct a grocery and liquor store on the southeast corner of Fifth and Clementina streets. William Dowling was a driver with the LaGrande Laundry and lived at 39 Lafayette street. A. C. Kelly sold goods for George A. Raymond and lived at 26 6th street. Tim Kelleher was a very well known laborer in the early seventies and lived at 18 Sumner street, and Frank Kelley, the stone cutter, dwelt at 115 Shipley street.

Gene Mulligan volunteers the information that in the great State of Maine sardine canners have voted a million dollars for advertising in the next three years, but not one cent for more commodious quarters for the sardine.

* * *

Joe Hotter, after reading some information gathered from Paris in which it was stated that the 1927 skirts would be shorter, ejaculated that that will leave what is known in arithmetic as an improper fraction.

* * *

According to our genial Gus Pratt, an appraisal of the Wrigley fortune shows that the United States Mint is not the only one which is making money.

* * *

John Heffernan, commenting upon the skirt, said it was once a noun but now it is a mere abbreviation.

* * *

Now that the newspapers have statistically proved that most people believe in God, it might not be bad journalism, says James F. Smith, to send a questionnaire to Heaven to see if God still believes in us.

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APRIL, 1927



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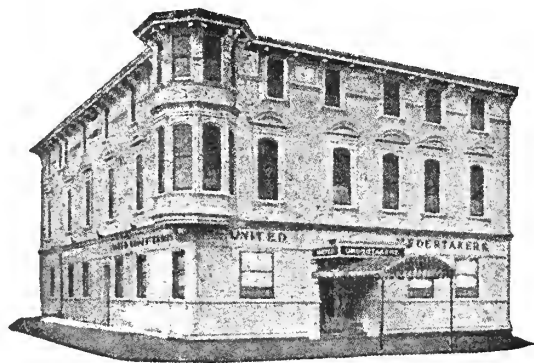
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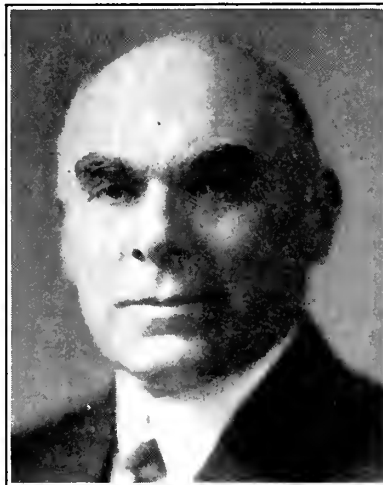
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South of Market Journal

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*Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
 Who never to himself hath said,
 This is my own, my native land.*

—Scott

Vol. II.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA, APRIL, 1927

No. 9.

PRESIDENT GARRITY'S MESSAGE

I desire, at this time, to thank the members for having re-elected me your President. I will, to the best of my ability, conduct this office in the future as I have in the past, namely: for the best interest of our members and the city we love, San Francisco.

I also wish to convey the thanks of the other officers for having unanimously been re-elected and can safely say that the affairs of the South of Market Boys, Inc., are in good hands, as the officers are working in harmony for the good of all.

It is surely a good sign when you consider that all of these men were nominated and re-elected without a single contest. It surely bespeaks the confidence of the membership.

Now to practical things!

The most important matter confronting us is the success of our next ball "LEST WE FORGET 21 YEARS AFTER" to be held in the Civic Auditorium, Saturday evening, April 23rd. Five tickets



THOS. P. GARRITY
 President
 South of Market Boys

have been mailed to members and they are expected to dispose of them. The eyes of San Francisco are upon us and the city that is famed the world over as the "City that knows how" is looking to us and asking the question: "DO THE SOUTH OF MARKET BOYS KNOW HOW?" I am sure we can depend upon our members, and that we will fill the Auditorium on this night. Mr. Ralph Pincus, Chairman of the Entertainment Committee, has arranged for a two hour old-time entertainment that will be of interest to all, fol-

lowing which there will be dancing until the "wee" small hours of the morning. In each of the side halls of the auditorium there will be the old time dancing and I am sure you will miss a night of pleasure if you fail to attend; and remember, Brothers, you will meet many of your old time friends, those whom you have not seen for years. So come and join with us in an evening of pleasure, and renew old acquaintanceship.

This is Very Important

Our next regular monthly meeting will be held two days previous to the Ball, Thurs., Apr. 21, in the Knights of Columbus Auditorium, and I respectfully ask each and every one to make return for the tickets at this meeting. We will have six or more receivers to accommodate the members who desire to pay. This, as you can readily understand, will eliminate a great deal of work as well as sending out notices after the ball. Our slogan is "LET'S PUT THE BALL OVER". Remember the night of the meeting, April 21st, and the ball, Saturday, April 23rd.

Pony Express to Air Mail

By JAMES E. POWER, Postmaster, San Francisco, California



COL. JAMES E. POWER

On July 2, 1924, Crissy Field, the U. S. Army aviation field in the Presidio, was crowded with thousands of persons who came out late in the afternoon to see the arrival of the first air mail plane inaugurating the Transcontinental Air Mail Service from New York to San Francisco. It was an interesting and an exciting moment.

A few minutes ahead of its schedule the plane was seen against the Eastern sky, long before the whirr of its motor was heard. As it came on, the cheering of the crowd grew until the plane took the ground, ran up to the hangar and was surrounded by a widely enthusiastic multitude who gave vent to their delight in shouts, cheers and handshaking. It was an event that marked the latest development in mail transportation; one that transformed the distance from San Francisco to New York into a matter of a few hours instead of nearly 3,000 miles.

Newspapers bearing the date of July 1st, when the plane left New York, were scattered among that crowd gathered on the afternoon of July 2nd. It was an achievement that made history.

The occasion was not much different in character, although far different in circumstances and conditions, from a similar event one day in April, 1860, when a river boat from Sacramento drew up to a wharf near the foot of Market street, and there rode down the gangplank a sturdy figure in buckskin riding apparel, astride a wiry, nervous, Indian pony, and carrying on his saddle the mail pouches that had been rushed through by Pony Express from St. Joseph, Mo., bearing mail that had left there 10 days before. He was the first rider of the Pony Express to reach San Francisco.

His arrival had been anticipated for some time and, as he proceeded up Market street, the entire town turned out with bands and militia companies, in cheering multitudes, and made him welcome. He, too, had cut down the time of mail transportation from New York. It was about 30 days via the Isthmus of Panama, and

3 months were required around the Horn. The Pony Rider cut the time to 12 days, and his achievement of 1860 was the same as that of the mail pilot of 1924, the inauguration of a new service and the annihilation of distance by a saving of time.

Linking the Pony Express of 1860 with the Transcontinental Air Mail Service of 1927, there lies in between all the romance of the development of the transcontinental railroads, each one of which did its part in linking the Pacific to the Atlantic Coast and the Far East to the West.

The Pony Express was a private enterprise called out by the insistent demand for a better service for mail, telegrams and news dispatches from the East. It started from St. Joseph, Mo., which was the most westerly terminus of the railroad system at that time. The route was practically 2,000 miles long. It followed in general direction the route later taken by the Union Pacific and Central Pacific Railroads to San Francisco. There were about 200 stations, averaging about 10 miles apart, further through the plain country and closer than that through the mountains.

In choosing the men and horses the greatest care was taken. Young men were sought, of light weight, resourceful, courageous, wiry, capable of extremes of endurance, and with that reckless spirit that characterized the frontiersman and was so necessary in such a service. Almost the same qualifications were sought in the ponies. It was necessary to exercise care in the choice of men and horse because of the dangers of attack by Indians as well as the hardships of such rides as were demanded.

The riders covered the distance on regular schedule, and the sta-

tions were so spaced as to enable the ponies to cover the distance at practically top speed. Half an hour before a rider was due at a station a fresh horse stood ready, saddled and bridled. The rider was allowed 2 minutes to change his mail bags from horse to horse himself. The horses covered the distance between stations. The riders made about 100 miles each, and the mail was kept going for the 24 hours of the day.

In all the time of the Pony Express only one mail was lost. Many riders were mortally wounded by Indians but brought their mail in; and one man was killed outright but the pony escaped and brought the mail in safely to the next station. Buffalo Bill was one of the riders, and he once rode 384 miles without stopping except to exchange horses. Pony Bob, another famous rider, rode 120 miles in 8 hours and 10 minutes.

When the service got going well the schedule time from New York was cut to 10 days.

Under no other inspiration, except the carrying of the mail, could a service like the Pony Express be conceived and carried out through the dangers and trials on every side besetting.

In the meantime railroad building was being developed westward, and the founders of the Central Pacific were building the first line eastward until, in 1869, the rails met at a small town called Promontory in Utah, and made one continuous line of steel from the Atlantic to the Pacific. This shortened the time of mail transit of 10 to 12 days by train to St. Joseph and Pony Express westward, to 7½ days by railroad from New York to San Francisco. This service continued with various improvements due to the better speeds of trains, and better rights of way, until on December 31, 1905, Train No. 9, the first through special mail train from New York to San Francisco, was instituted. This cut the time to about 90 hours or 3 days and 18 hours, and this train is still being run on approximately the same schedule.

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The Streets, Avenues, Alleys and Lanes of South of Market—The Story of Their Origin

By ALBERT P. WHEELAN

The Hundred Vara Survey, was that portion of San Francisco, later to become famous as South of Market. It was bounded by the Bay of San Francisco, Market street and Ninth street, then named Johnston street. Market street, the northern boundary, is one hundred and twenty feet wide, and the main streets of the district are eighty-two and one-half feet wide.

Much of the early history of San Francisco is connected with this district, through its street names, and many of the early pioneers, settlers and historic personages have had their names perpetuated to our time, and their activities, as citizens of our community, remembered and preserved through having streets named for them.

A few of our streets have been named for the pioneer Spanish and Mexican families of the colonial days, and other than those lately given to streets in the Sunset and Richmond districts the only streets bearing such family names are: Bernal, Castro, De Haro, Guerrero, Noe, Sanchez and Vallejo. These streets except Vallejo, are in the Mission district, where their activities centered in the old days. No South of Market street bears the impress of such an old family name.

In 1852 and 1853, the South of Market district was small in extent and sparsely populated. About this time, the sand hills of Happy Valley were literally almost leveled and cast into the sea, and the bay shore from Market street to Rincon Point was lined with foundries and work shops. South of Market, in those days, was of a very limited area and to appreciate what was done by the pioneers in building up and improving the district, it is only necessary to say that up to 1853 there were only twenty-six streets named in the district, of which fifteen were not numbered. Nearly all of the streets running east and west extended only to Fifth street, and were from two to five blocks in length, while the few streets running north and south were about the same length. The city of San Francisco, for political purposes, was divided into eight wards. Ward No 7, which con-



ALBERT P. WHEELAN

stituted South of Market as it then existed was described as follows: "Including that portion of San Francisco south and east of the center line of Market street and east of a line running through the center of Fourth street." The westerly boundary of South of Market, in those days, extended practically only as far as Fifth street, though its legal boundary was Johnston street or Ninth street as it is now called. This ward was represented in the city government by G. K. Gluyas, a machinist by occupation; the owner of the Sutter Iron Works, at Rincon Point, who lived on Second street near Minna, as Alderman of the 7th Ward, while J. B. Piper, a provision merchant, 36 First street, was the Assistant Alderman.

A small street, off the westerly line of Dolores street, running parallel with the southerly boundary of the Mission Dolores cemetery, is named Alemany street. This is but a slight tribute to a great churchman, and pioneer citizen and priest of San Francisco, the Most Rev. Joseph Sador Alemany.

The pioneer population of San Francisco, in the early days, consisted chiefly of young, active men, who had come to California either across the plains, or by ship around the Horn or by way of Nicaragua or Panama routes. They

were strong and hardy, and were lured to California by their youthful spirit of adventure, or the hope of becoming rich at the placers. Hardly a man with gray hair was to be seen on the streets. The female population was only a total of eight per cent of the inhabitants of the city, and but two per cent of the population of California. A woman on the public streets of San Francisco was a rare sight, and when a woman would appear she was **not** only stared at but saluted upon every hand by the hardy citizens of the day; while a child would be picked up and embraced and a golden ounce slipped into its hands. Most of the pioneers never expected to stay in California, but hoped to make their "pile" and then depart for their old homes, to live in affluence and ease. Many of the pioneers had families, but they came to California alone. Hence, their high feeling of chivalry for the female sex. This feeling became rooted in the nature of Californians and continued on as a trait of their character for many years after the gold excitement. The streets named Alice, Clara, Clementina, Caroline, Eliza, Grace, Jane, Kate, Maggie, Mary, Minna, Pearl, Jessie and Harriet were probably named for the mothers, wives, daughters, sisters or other female relatives of the old timers.

The streets named Anthony, Clarence and Oscar were probably named for male relatives of the pioneers.

Another characteristic of the pioneer was his fondness for the place of his birth, and for the ship that had safely brought him to California, and which seemed a part of his existence, after many weary months at sea. These traits of character may explain the naming of the following streets: Berwick, Blackwood, Boston, Charlestown, Clyde, Converse, Decatur, Elim, Electra, Elkhart, Essex, Falmouth, Grote, Isis, Juniper, Hawthorne, Lucerne, Lafayette, Maiden, Norfolk, Rodgers, Sterling, Sherwood and Tenny.

Many streets received their names in peculiar and unusual ways. A story is told that when a portion of the Western Addition

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had been subdivided and was offered for sale by the real estate people of the time, Hall McAllister, the famous lawyer, was prevailed upon to purchase one of the lots for the sum of thirty-five dollars, and that the promoter of the enterprise agreed to name a street in the new tract for him. This agreement was performed, and thus McAllister street, one of our principal thoroughfares, came into existence.

Another story is told about the naming of Anna Lane, a small street extending from the northerly side of Eddy street, to the southerly line of Ellis street, between Powell and Mason streets. Two brothers named Lane lived with their families on the land bounded by the above-named streets. They disagreed, concluding to sever all their relations, and determined to take the matter of the partition of the land to court for adjustment.

A friend advised them not to do this, pointing out to them the consequences of such litigation, and upon his suggestion they determined to adjust their differences in an amicable way, to shake dice to determine the question of the division of the lot of land. It was agreed that the winner of the game should have the first choice of the selection of his portion, and that the loser should take the remainder, and have the privilege of naming a small street extending along the westerly boundary of the lot of land. The winner selected the upper portion of the lot and the loser selected the property where the Bank of Italy and the Turpin Hotel now stand, and named the street for his daughter, Miss Anna Lané.

Many changes have taken place in the names of streets since 1850, and many streets originally appearing on the various maps of the early days and prior to 1906, have entirely disappeared. Various reasons have been assigned for this, but the chief reason given is that many of the streets were claimed, after the records of the city were destroyed in 1906, to be private property, and that it was so decided in a number of cases by the courts.

Ringgold street, a South of Market street, was for many years called Shipley street, because it appeared to be a continuation of that street. About 1895, Judge Daniel S. O'Brien, being of an

inquiring turn of mind, and feeling dissatisfied with what he believed to be an error in the name of the street, investigated the official records and discovered the true name of the street. The official map of the city showed the street to be Ringgold street and not Shipley street. The judge commissioned his brother to paint two signs bearing the true name of the street, "Ringgold street". The Judge personally attached these signs to telephone poles, one at Eighth street and one at Ninth street. Thus, through the interest taken by a public spirited citizen of the community, the name of Ringgold was rescued from oblivion.

It is to be regretted that more of our intimate local history has not been preserved, and that we are forced in determining many matters connected with the early history of our city to indulge in speculation and conjecture. There are no sources from which the names of minor streets South of Market can be settled with certainty. The recollection of the descendants of the old timers cannot be relied upon because they either do not remember or they disagree as to the sources from which the names came, and there is such a conflict of opinion that the question cannot be satisfactorily settled with any degree of certainty. Even as early as 1850, when Happy Valley began to figure in the world's history, discussions were carried on for many months in the local newspapers, as to the rightful claimant for the honor of giving that district its name, without any agreement as to who was entitled to the credit of naming Happy Valley.

Nearly all of the public records of the City and County of San Francisco were destroyed in the fire of 1906, and we are therefore foreclosed from using that source of information, and the Spanish and Mexican archives in the old Sub-Treasury Building on Commercial street above Montgomery, suffered a like fate, so we cannot look to that source for information.

San Francisco in the fifties was a very small city. When the citizens proposed a Charter for the city in 1850, a movement was started to annex the Mission district as part of the city, and it was overwhelmingly defeated.

A prominent citizen of the day, living in the vicinity of Washington and Dupont streets in the fifties, had a family consisting of two young sons, and he feared that the wild life surrounding them might be a bad example, so he moved out to the corner of Ellis and Mason streets. When asked why he had moved away from the city, he said: "I do not want my boys going to town so often."

Van Ness avenue is now a South of Market street, a modern one it is true, for it has only lately been extended across Market street. It was named for James Van Ness, Mayor of San Francisco, 1855-56. He was the author of the "Van Ness Ordinance", and many other municipal ordinances settling disputed land titles. He had served as an Alderman for many years before being elected Mayor of the city. He lived in the block bounded by Van Ness avenue, Franklin, Hayes and Fell streets, where St. Ignatius College stood for many years before the fire. He moved to San Luis Obispo in later years and became a farmer; he was elected Joint-Senator from San Luis Obispo and Santa Barbara counties in 1871, and died at San Luis Obispo, December 28th, 1872. He was an experienced public official and bore a wonderful reputation in the community for his honesty, integrity and love for the city.

For the purposes of this article, the liberty has been taken of extending the westerly boundary of South of Market to 14th street instead of 12th street, where it has been arbitrarily placed by the constitution and by-laws of our association.

The following is a list of the principal streets South of Market, together with a list of the smaller streets, with an attempt to solve the sources from which their names came into existence. As to the origin of the names of the principal streets, there is no doubt that their sources are correct, while those of the minor streets are not claimed to be absolutely correct.

THE EMBARCADERO: (Spanish.) The place of embarkation. This street was formerly called "East street", and a portion of it "The Bulkhead". In early days it extended from Pacific street to Folsom street.

MARKET STREET: This is the principal street of San Francisco and all the streets running from it either in a northerly or southerly direction are numbered from it. The name was probably suggested from Market street, Philadelphia.

STEUART STREET: Named for William M. Steuart, who came to California as Secretary to Commodore Jones in the United States Line-of-battleship "Ohio", in 1849. A member of the Ayuntamiento or Town Council of San Francisco, 1849-50. His name is said to have originally been spelled "Stewart". A member of the Constitutional Convention of 1849. Acting Chairman of that body at times. A candidate for Governor at the first State election, but defeated by Peter H. Burnett for that office.

SPEAR STREET: Named for Nathan Spear, an early merchant and trader. Associated with Jacob Primer Leese and William S. Hinckley at Yerba Buena, 1835-36. Leese built the first house upon a lot of land granted him by the Mexican authorities. This lot was bounded by Dupont, Sacramento, Clay and Stockton streets. It is now part of Chinatown. Here was held the first 4th of July celebration on the Pacific Coast, 1836. An upright, honorable citizen, who died in San Francisco, 1849, at the age of 47 years.

MAIN STREET: This street was called Front street in 1852-53. Named for Charles Main, who arrived in San Francisco, July 5th, 1849.

BEALE STREET: Named for Lieutenant Edward F. Beale, U. S. N. He took a prominent part in the conquest of California, 1846, as a Lieutenant of the California battalion. He rendered distinguished and heroic services during the battle of San Pasqual and other engagements, under the leadership of General Kearny. He was an early Surveyor-general of California, and afterwards United States Minister to Austria. He acquired large land holdings in Kern County, and was a noted citizen of California. He assisted in surveying a central route to the Pacific.

FREMONT STREET: Named for Lieutenant-Colonel John C. Fremont, called "The Pathfinder of the Rocky Mountains", who crossed the plains in 1845. His reports to the government are classics of early western travel. He participated in the Bear Flag

Party revolt at Sonoma, in 1846, and in the conquest of California. He was one of the first United States Senators elected by the Legislature of California, at its first session, San Jose, 1850. He was the successful claimant of a large grant of land in California, called "The Mariposa Grant". He was an unsuccessful candidate for President of the United States in 1856.

MISSION STREET: Called in early days "Mission Road" and the first outlet from the city to the Mission Dolores. This street was planked from Third and Mission streets for a distance of about two and one-half miles. It was a toll road. The franchise was granted by the Board of Aldermen of San Francisco to the "San Francisco and Mission Dolores Plank Road Company", and approved by the state legislature. The plank road commenced at Clay and Kearny streets and ended at Corbett street, now 17th. The first toll house was at Third and Stevenson streets. The road was completed and open for travel July 25th, 1851. The charter was for eight years.

STEVENSON STREET: Named for Colonel Johnathan Drake Stevenson, Colonel of the First Regiment of New York volunteers. The regiment came to Yerba Buena in four ships: U. S. warship "Portsmouth", and the army transports "Loo Choo", "Susan Drew", and "Thomas H. Perkins". Stevenson arrived March 5th, 1847. He became a permanent resident of San Francisco, and for many years resided in a large two-story frame building, southwest corner of California and Stockton streets. In his later years he was a familiar figure on the streets of the city, and was always accompanied by a Chinese servant. He died at San Francisco, February 14th, 1894, aged nine-four years.

NATOMA STREET: Named for an Indian tribe inhabiting the banks of the Sacramento and Feather Rivers, in Sacramento County, in the vicinity of Natomas. Up to 1854, this street was known as "Mellus street", for Henry Mellus, who came to California with Richard Henry Dana, Jr., author of "Two Years before the Mast", as supercargo of the ship "Pilgrim". He was also associated with Alfred Robinson, author of "Life in California", and with Captain Thomes, the author of several books relating to

the early history of California. Mellus had a disagreement with his partner, W. D. M. Howard, and it is said that either Howard, or the early property owners of the street, changed the street name because of Howard's charges against Mellus.

HOWARD STREET: Named for William Davis Merry Howard, who arrived in California, January 1st, 1839. A progressive merchant, trader and citizen. After the admission of California into the Union, Howard erected at various places South of Market, many frame buildings, used as dwellings he had imported to San Francisco from the Atlantic Coast. It is said that the "Isthmus House", on the westerly side of First street between Market and Mission streets, was one of them. He donated a number of buildings to the Protestant Orphan Asylum, then at Second and Folsom Sts. Upon the death of William A. Liedesdorff, Vice-Consul of the United States, at Yerba Buena, it was discovered that Liedesdorff was a citizen of Mexico, and Dr. John Townsend, Alcalde of San Francisco, appointed Howard the administrator of the Liedesdorff estate. Howard occupied Liedesdorff's adobe house, then situated at California and Montgomery, now the site of the Clunie building. Howard was the first President of the Society of California Pioneers. He was a large property owner in San Francisco, an upright and progressive citizen of the community.

FOLSOM STREET: Named for Captain Joseph L. Folsom, who arrived in California, March 26th, 1847, as a quartermaster of Stevenson's regiment. Upon the death of Liedesdorff, he purchased the entire estate from the heirs, then living on the Isle of St. Thomas, Danish West Indies. He suffered a good deal of criticism through the transaction. He lived in Liedesdorff's house at Montgomery and California, where he cultivated a beautiful garden that was the talk of the town, and hundreds of the early residents went to view and admire it. He completed, in July, 1851, a two-story and basement building called "Folsom's Iron Building", at California and Liedesdorff streets. He was the founder of the Town of Folsom on the American River, which he carved out of a great land grant formerly belonging to Liedesdorff. The rancho was

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called "Rancho de Los Americanos", and consisted to 35,500 acres. He was first Recording Secretary of the Society of California Pioneers. Folsom street was planked in 1853 by the "San Francisco and Mission Dolores Plank Road Company", a toll road opened for traffic, November 14th, 1853. It was two and one-half miles long.

HARRISON STREET: Named for Edward H. Harrison, Quartermaster's Clerk of Stevenson's regiment. He was an assistant to Captain Folsom. He was a member of the Ayuntamiento or Town Council of San Francisco. Afterwards a member of the firm of De Witt and Harrison, commission merchants, 189 Sansome street, between Washington and Jackson streets, 1852-53. Many have entertained the opinion that this street was named for William Henry Harrison, a President of the United States.

BRYANT STREET: Named for Edwin Bryant, who succeeded Washington Bartlett as Alcalde of San Francisco. Bryant served in the California battalion as Lieutenant of Co. H. He was the author of a famous book relating to early western travel, "What I Saw in California", New York, 1848. It was reprinted in many languages. It served the pioneers as a guide book on their journeys across the plains. He was first Corresponding Secretary of the Society of California Pioneers. He lived in San Francisco for many years and died at Louisville, Kentucky, 1869, aged 64 years.

BRANNAN STREET: Named for Elder Samuel Brannan, prophet and head of the Mormon Church in California. Came to San Francisco July 31st, 1846, in the ship "Brooklyn", accompanied by two hundred and thirty-eight men, women and children. He brought a printing press, types and paper, and started a newspaper, the second to be printed in California, "The California Star". This newspaper afterwards became the "Alta California", and one of the leading newspapers of its time. Brannan had great faith in the future of California. He was a progressive man, and engaged in many enterprises. He sent the first nuggets and gold dust to the Atlantic Coast. He was the second President of the Society of California Pioneers, 1853-54, and its first

Vice-President, 1850-53. He preached the first Protestant sermon ever preached in California, in front of Richardson's Casa Grande, on Dupont street, August 14, 1846. He lived in San Francisco for many years, and then went to Mexico, where he died, May 5th, 1889.

TOWNSEND STREET: Named for Dr. James Townsend, a physician, who came overland to California, in 1844. He was Alcalde of San Francisco, 1849. He was a native of Virginia, and died either in December, 1850, or January, 1851, during an epidemic of cholera.

TEHAMA STREET was named for an Indian tribe living in the northern portion of the Sacramento Valley, in what is now Tehama County. (There is a small alley running into this street from the south side of Howard street near 2nd street. It is called Tehama Place).

First, Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth and Thirteenth streets were the first numbered streets South of Market. No one seemed anxious to father 13th street, probably upon the ground of superstition. In 1852 and 1853, Fifth street was the southerly boundary of South of Market. To appreciate what the early residents of the district accomplished in building up and improving the district, it is only necessary to call attention to the following: Up to 1853 only twenty-six streets were named, and of these only eleven were numbered, showing the sparsity of the population in the district.

Sixth street was called Simmons street and was named for Bezer Simmons, member of Town Council, 1849.

Seventh street was called Harris street and was named for Stephen R. Harris, Mayor of San Francisco, 1852. He was a physician who came to California, June 4th, 1849. He was the fourth President of the Society of California Pioneers, and afterwards Controller and Coroner of the city. He bore a high reputation for moral worth, ability, zeal and generosity. He died at Napa, California, 1879.

Eighth street was called Price street.

Ninth street was Johnston street.

Tenth street was called Thorn street. Probably named for Benjamin K. Thorn, a pioneer of 1849.

Eleventh street was called Wood street for Wm. G. Wood, Alderman, 1851.

Twelfth street was called Potter street for George C. Potter, a pioneer of 1849.

Fourteenth street was called Tracy street.

Ridley street was called for Robert T. Ridley, who conducted a saloon at the eastern end of Clay street from 1844 to February, 1846. He was a runaway English sailor, who had been employed by Capt. Sutter at New Helvetia, Sutter's Fort, on the American River. He built an adobe house on the southwest corner of Montgomery and California streets in 1845, which he sold to Liedesdorff. He has been described as a pronounced "Cockney", a fine looking fellow, a tremendous drinker, and a very popular man. He became a Mexican citizen and married into the pioneer Spanish family of Briones at North Beach. He was the owner of the Visitacion Rancho, now called Visitacion Valley, and while in partnership with C. V. Stuart, keeping the Mansion House in a part of the Mission buildings, 16th and Dolores streets, died November 11, 1851, aged 32 years. His body was interred in the old cemetery at the Mission Dolores.

Some of the smaller streets, alleys and lanes of South of Market are named for various persons hereinafter named, as near as I can ascertain. As I said in this article, I cannot vouch for their correctness, but after investigating the matter with the authorities available, I venture to submit the following:

BALDWIN COURT: Probably for Marcus M. Baldwin, a pioneer of 1849.

DE BOOM: For Cornelius De Boom, a real estate agent having his offices in the Court Block, north side of Clay street, between Kearny and Montgomery streets, next door to the Postoffice, 1852. A pioneer of 1849.

BENNETT: Probably for an early resident of San Francisco. There are four Bennetts named as pioneers of 1849.

BERRY: For R. N. Berry, a pioneer merchant of San Francisco.

BURNS: Probably for a pioneer, of whom several bear the name of Burns.

BRADY: Probably named for an early real estate operator of early days. This portion of the city was called "Irish Town".

BOARDMAN: Unknown.

BERRY: Probably named for Richard W. Berry, a pioneer of 1849.

BROSNAN: Unknown.

CLEVELAND: Probably for Charles T. Cleveland, a banker, who arrived in San Francisco, October 7th, 1849.

CROOKS: Named for James B. M. Crooks, who built and installed the first lighting system in San Francisco along Merchant street, October 1850. The lamps were lighted with oil, and were maintained by public subscription.

COLUSA: Named for the Colusi tribe of California Indians, who lived along the westerly bank of the Sacramento River.

COLTON: Probably for C. O. Colton, one of the founders of the S. P. Co.

CROCKER: Named for Charles Crocker, an early railroad man.

CONVERSE: Unknown.

CHESLEY: Named for George W. Chesley, a pioneer, who arrived in San Francisco, June 13th, 1849.

DECKER: For Peter Decker, a pioneer of 1849.

DOW PLACE: Wm. H. Dow, one of the founders "Howard St. Presbyterian Church".

DOWER: Unknown.

DIVISION: Formerly called South street, and the dividing line between South of Market and the Potrero Nuevo.

DORR: For Benjamin Dorr, an early lumber dealer of San Francisco.

ECKER: For George O. Ecker, an early watchmaker and jeweler of San Francisco, who kept an establishment on Montgomery street near Clay, in the early fifties. He was an Assistant Alderman of San Francisco, 1853-1854.

ELIM ALLEY: Off west side of First street between Mission and Jessie. The narrowest alley South of Market.

ERIE: Formerly called Erie place, between Mission and Howard streets; Green Lane, between Howard and Folsom streets. This street was a portion of the bed of a creek or outlet from the lagoon or lake near the Mission Dolores to the Mission Bay. The entrance to Woodward's Gardens was directly opposite this street. It was first known as MacClaren's Lane. A roadhouse celebrated for its good cheer, conducted by one

MacClaren, was here situated, hence the name.

ESSEX: Named for the famous U. S. Warship "Essex", commanded by Commodore Porter in the war of 1812.

FEDERAL: Probably named because of United States Bonded Warehouse in its vicinity.

GILBERT: Named for Edward Gilbert, senior Editor of the Alta California, an early day newspaper of San Francisco. He came to California as a member of Stevenson's Regiment, and was a member of Congress from San Francisco.

GORDON: For George C. Gordon, founder of South Park.

HARLAN: Probably for a pioneer of 1849?

HATCH: Probably for Jabez Hatch, a pioneer of 1849?

HERON: Named for James Heron, an ensign in U. S. Navy, who arrived in California, 1846. For many years secretary of Wells Fargo & Co.

HERMANN: Probably named for Sigismund Hermann, a pioneer of 1849.

HOLLAND: Probably named for Nathaniel Holland, a pioneer of 1849.

HUNT: For Henry Brown Hunt, pioneer merchant.

JAPAN: Because of its proximity to the old Pacific Mail S. S. Co. wharf.

KISSLING: Unknown.

KING: Probably for Jas. King of William. Shot by Casey, who was executed by Vigilance Committee.

LUSK: Unknown.

LASKIE: Unknown.

MORRIS: Probably for George R. Morris, a pioneer of 1849?

MINT AVENUE: The street surrounding the United States Mint.

LANGTON: Unknown.

NEW MONTGOMERY: This street was cut through the south side of Market street between Second and Third streets, in 1868-1869. The property was held at such high prices, it was thought to be impossible to put it through, but the earthquake of October, 1868, settled the difficulty, as the property owners suddenly left San Francisco and sold their interests at reasonable prices. The land for this street was donated by Asbery Harpending and W. T. Sharon.

OPERA ALLEY: Adjoining Grand Opera House, once called Wade's Opera House.

PERRY: Named for Dr. Alexander Perry, a surgeon with Stevenson's regiment.

RAUSCH: For Joseph N. Rausch, a pioneer of 1849.

RINGGOLD: Named for Cadwalader Ringgold, an American Naval officer. He was a member of the United States Exploring Expedition commanded by Commodore Wilkes. He surveyed the Bay of San Francisco and its tributaries, 1841. The results of his labors were published by the United States government in 1852. This street was called Shipley street through an error, which was discovered and rectified by Judge O'Brien.

SILVER: This street is now called Stillman street. It is said to have been named for a pioneer family named Silver, who had large property interests in San Francisco and Monterey Counties.

RUSS: Named for the Russ family, who arrived in San Francisco, March 26th, 1847. There were twelve in the party and came from New York. The father was Christain C. E. Russ, and the two sons Adolphus G. Russ and Frederick Russ, were members of Stevenson's Regiment. The family is so well known that it is unnecessary to give in detail their activities other than to call attention to the greatest monument ever erected to a pioneer California family, the new Russ Building, thirty-five stories in height—Bush and Montgomery streets.

SPARROW'S ALLEY: A small way off north side of Folsom between First and Second streets. This alley was popularly so called by the boys in the neighborhood for their nemesis, "Old Man" Sparrow.

SOUTH PARK: A restricted residence district created by George C. Gordon.

STANLEY PLACE: Named for Ira Stanley, a pioneer of 1849?

WELSH: For Capt. Charles Welsh, who arrived in San Francisco, June 18, 1848, who built first brick house in North Beach.

RINCON PLACE: The word Rincon is Spanish and means a corner. The southerly point of Yerba Buena Harbor was called Rincon Point.

(Continued on Page 34)

General Committees

GENERAL BALL COMMITTEE

Hon. Chairman	Mayor James Rolph, Jr.	Reception	Judge Thos. Graham
Hon. Vice-Chairman.....	Hon. Jas. E. Power	Publicity	Al. Katchinski
Hon. Vice-Chairman.....	Capt. John Moreno	Floor	Thos. P. Garrity
Hon. Vice-Chairman.....	Sam Stern	Finance	John Francis Quinn
Hon. Vice-Chairman.....	Norman F. Hall	Badges	Thomas Hawkins
Hon. Vice-Chairman.....	Dr. M. O. Squires	Co-operation	Gene Mulligan, Sr.
Gen. Chairman.....	James F. Smith	Music	Dr. Toner
Gen. Secretary.....	John J. Whelan	Radio	Wm. Egan
Invitations	Frank McStocker	Speakers	Hugo Ernst
Entertainment	Ralph Pincus	Printing	Ray Schiller
Decorations and Hall.....	T. A. Reardon	Concessions	Jos. Moreno

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Peter R. Maloney	Wm. J. Quisen
W. A. Granfield	Thos. W. Hickey
Percy I. Goldstein	John A. O'Connell
Thos. Healy	Thos. J. Murphy
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Silvey Stern	James H. Donahue
Sig. Green	P. S. Higgins
Paul Perazzo	Geo. Hussey
George Maloney	John Hogan
George Greeves	Herman Kohn
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Geo. McLaughlin	Peter McGee
Bernard Judge	J. McTiernan
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Edward T. Dullea	Hon. Matthew Brady
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George Sullivan	Gene Mulligan
William D. Flinn	Al Murphy
James Reade	Daniel A. Murphy
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Martin Tierney	Dan O'Callaghan
M. J. McGovern	F. J. Pratt

Ceaser Attell

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Fred Murphy, Jr.

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Maurice Morino

John Merrick

Eddie Healy

Pete Brown

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Jno. J. McManus, Floor Manager

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Matt P. Brady	Wm. Rielly



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Frank Brady, Floor Manager

Wm. Trade	Geo. McNulty
Walter Schiller	Stanley Cook



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S. O. M. Boy's Impression of Europe

By HUGO ERNST

Responding to numerous requests for a narrative of my trip to Europe, I will endeavor to present to the members of the South of Market Boys my experiences in a brief and condensed form, hoping that they will enjoy reading same.

Leaving San Francisco on the S. S. Mongolia on Wednesday, March 6, 1926—having been presented with a beautiful basket of flowers by the S. O. M. Boys on the pier before departure—I was much pleased to find on board Brother Ralph Pinkus, who took a trip to Los Angeles on the same boat, and the trip down there was very pleasant. I was introduced by Bro. Pinkus to his friend, a Mr. Gallenger, who travelled all the way to New York, and his company proved very interesting all the way, as we passed many a pleasant hour together. The first stop after Los Angeles was Panama City, where we arrived after 10 days' sailing, and where we had the first chance to quench our thirst with the "Real stuff", and where we had a chance to admire and marvel at the wonderful engineering feat, the Panama Canal. To describe the Canal, the beauties of its approach, the locks, the Culobra Cut, Gatun Lake, etc., requires a mightier pen than I am able to wield. Suffice it to say that the ingenuity of the whole undertaking, the magnitude of it, the thoroughness with which it was consummated and is being kept up, is a lasting monument to America's enterprise and daring, and while Roosevelt and Goethals have as yet no monuments erected in their memory, the four busts and the shaft erected by the French in memory of Lesseps and the other French engineers that first started the project, but had to abandon it—is by inference a monument for us—attesting the success of our people. Steaming through the locks on your own power, guided by four electrically driven

"mules" to steady your course, one just watches and watches, admiring one of the greatest things human mind has ever conceived and human hand ever finished. You see huge dredges in continuous operations cleaning the water from all refuse that is thrown there by many steamers dashing through the Canal and which would eventually clog up the passageway, unless continually kept in good order. Also at the Culobra Cut which has the tendency to be unruly at times, building operations are still going on and will be, I presume, for a long time to come, until the whole matter is cleaned off.

The eleventh day out, on Wednesday, we reached Panama City. The first relief of monotony—the first longing for the good old U. S. A. "as was." Old time cabarets with music, dancing, entertainers, and table girls. The famous Silver Dollar Saloon, with the bar decorated with real silver dollars, where you can again put your foot on the rail and discuss everything and anything, to the tune of the ever-flowing amber fluid. We visited the town from one end to the other and was particularly impressed with the good quality of buildings erected by the U. S. Government for their employees, which latter are divided into two classes—the gold and silver employees. Inquiring as to the meaning of this designation "gold and silver employees" I received two different interpretations for it, but was unable to verify either of them through authoritative sources, and will give you both of them, as I got them. One version is, that gold and silver means simply another way of expressing the color line—gold denoting whites and silver blacks. The other version is, that gold applies to employees sent down from Washington, D. C., under civil service, and silver to those hired on the job in the Zone, subject to immediate dismissal and non-civil service. Be that as it may, they have separate commissaries and separate club houses

for their social activities. The club house of the "Panama Club"—for gold employees only—is elegantly, while not luxuriously-furnished, has a big swimming pool, spacious restaurant, lounging room, four bowling alleys, a number of pool and billiard tables, chess and checker tables, concert room, and moving picture screen. No cigarettes or tobacco sold to outsiders in that club, only to employees of the U. S. Government. American brands of cigarettes like Chesterfield, Camels, Lucky Strikes may be had five cents cheaper per package than in the States. Non-American workers receive less wages than Americans, some concession to American citizenship! The cheaper class of labor is recruited mainly from negroes of the West Indies, Jamaica, Cuba, Martinique, Guadeloupe and you may hear negroes talking Spanish, French and English, (not the American English, but the real, continental English). The musicians in the cabarets are mostly all negroes, and they surely know how to tickle the ivories. In Kelly's Cabaret, one of the foremost in the city, you don't have to stretch your imagination very far to feel yourself in some American high-class institution in the palmiest pre-Volstead days. We wound up our stay in Jimmy Dean's—the last place where you could get the real stuff, before crossing into the dry zone—the so-called Canal Zone—bone dry, since it is American property. There is not much of a labor movement in Panama, but whatever Unions there exist, they are mixed locals, not drawing the color line, as it would be impossible to maintain any locals along separated lines. The automobile has displaced the horse to a large extent in Panama, but you will yet find horse-drawn vehicles, and the clatter of the hoofs on the cobblestones is somewhat of a novel sound to a man used to the noiseless propelling by automobiles. We took a run out in the country amongst the natives to observe their lives and habits.

(Continued on Page 23)

Co-operation Committee, South of Market Girls, Inc.

Agnes Schaeffer
Mary Dennis
Kate Goslin
Kate Conlan
Lizzie Mullen
Josie Murphy
May Murphy
Emma O'Connell
Kate O'Brien
Anne O'Brien
Mamie Faber
Nellie Bell
Annie Neilan
Mamie Daniels
Catherine McGrath
Elizabeth Keenan
Josie Dunnigan
Mary Anderson
Kittie Sweeney
Elizabeth Brown
Lucretia Lyons
Ada O'Neil
Kate Lareaux
Mrs. Hugh Lyons
Kate Ryan
Eva Durham
Annie Neylon
Margaret Granfield
Minnie Long
Mrs. W. E. Lawless
Elizabeth Lambert
Mrs. C. Noonan
Vina Nicholson
Winifred Collin
Rose Cuzzens
Kate Cosgrove
Elizabeth Collins
Mrs. A. Cames
May Arbarry

Jeanette Cagney
Suzie Christ
Mrs. N. Classen
Nellie Cahill
Mary Cotts
Agnes Tierney
Annie Barry
Lucy Pickett
Margaret Koffman
Josie Shelly
Lillian O'Connor
Mary Dolan
Kate Donovan Doyle
Del Gordon
Sadie Rice
Mamie Goldsmith
Ida Resovich
Alice Cotter
Phelita Regan
Sara Ryan
Margaret Enright
Annie White
Del Eden
Catherine Fletcher
Annie Fry
Nellie Maloney
Nellie Hatfield
Lillian O'Leary
Kitty Kelly
Julia Hayes
Mary Long
Margaret Kane
Julia Owens
Ray Birchell
Agnes Deasy
Minnie Gerran
Agnes Lowney
Mrs. A. Ervin
Nellie Hoeckle



ELIZABETH HAYES,
President, South of Market Girls, Inc.

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Mrs. H. H. McGowan

Lillian Hogan
Bernadette McKittrick

Jennie Anglun
May Jennings
Margaret McNulty
Hannah McElroy
Hannah Pointz
Georgie Wedemeyer
Elizabeth Butts
Tiny Barry
Nellie Campbell
Theresla McCreeley
Cassie Lee
Kate Elmer
Mamie Riley
Vanna Riley
Annie Curtis
Agnes Murphy
Hannie McNamara
Annie Hanson
Mary Hurley
Margaret Holtz
Elizabeth Williams
Mrs. Doctor Toner
Eliza Derby
Sadie O'Neill
Mammie Dolan
Kate Ryan
Agnes Deasy
May Lewis
Kate Doyle
Fannie Klise
Hanna McDonald
Sara Armstrong
Mollie Maloney
Nora Black
May Cronin
Dorothy Cronin
Mae L. Grisez
Georgia Saunders

Catherine Sullivan
Elizabeth Poisell
Martha Bender
Mrs. H. Frederick
Mary Begley
Mrs. Phil. Benedetti
Madeline Cogan
Elizabeth C.
Lauretta G.
Emma Hein
Lillian O'Leary
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May Schret
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Nellie Hend
Mrs. T. A.
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Gertrude T.
Mrs. A. M.
Gladys Mar
Emma O'Ke
Elsie Otto
Etta O'Brien
Nellie Arm
Margaret N.
Flora Freder
Agnes Scha
Catherine K.
Delia Murph
Elsie Otto
Helen Ring
Mary Hanse
Gertrude C.
Mary E. C.
Mary Henne
Frances An
Tillie Cavag
Frances An

Do You Know --

THAT Otis Berg is well known along Broadway?

THAT Jim Boland takes care of the city prison?

THAT Abe Balkheim likes to gather with the old gang?

THAT Matt Brady seldom misses a meeting?

THAT Sam Breyer is one of the old timers?

THAT H. J. Bucking does any duty assigned to him?

THAT Capt. Thos. Bolger enjoys the meetings?

THAT Fred Butler very seldom misses a meeting?

THAT Martin Callaghan, although he lives in San Mateo, gets up to the meetings once in awhile?

THAT E. Conepa usually gets around?

THAT Bill Cannon is still very quiet and has but little to say?

THAT Charlie Cory sells cigars and tobaccos at 16 Van Ness Ave.?

THAT Frank Carr is one of the old timers and takes active interest in our organization?

According to Ed Quillinan, the brain was made to think with, but the pocketbook forms most of the opinions.

Emmet Hayden likens a mouse entering a trap unto a diplomat arguing his policy, because each has a well defined end in view.

It is a great mistake says Leon L. Munier, to think that grass widows are green.

In the estimation of Jim McSheehy, a discredited politician is like an unpopular dentist because each has lost its pull.

Put the Ball Over

Warren Shannon believes it is incumbent upon hasty climbers to have sudden falls.

Jack Cunningham says moonshine turns night into "daze".

John Quinn says good looking girls usually "dye" young.

Geo. McLaughlin says, don't sit on the lapse of time.

Otis Berge says lazy people make a good impression—on the pillow.

Abe Borkheim says the girl next door is all wrapped up in Art—Art who?

Capt. J. W. Wallace says prohibition may not succeed, but it dries its best.

It's not the shortness of the skirt, says Dan Casey, but it's the "up-creep".

According to Phil Kennedy, if you start on a bottle you are liable to end in the jug.

L. Skoll says the clock is always running down its own works.

That Larry Conlon likes to stand in silence.

That Bill Cunningham has the proud distinction of being a brother of John Francis.



S. O. M. Prattle



Tom Dillon contends that the washerwoman is the cruellest creature in the world because she daily wrings men's bosoms.

Tom Healey says an umbrella reminds him of a pancake because it is seldom seen after Lent.

Jim Kerr maintains that love is always represented as a child because it never reaches the age of discretion.

Put the Ball Over

John Dhue says you will never be able to "save" until you knock the "L" out of "slave".

According to Bert Kahn, the way bees dispose of their honey is "cell" it.

Jack Manion is now known as the "musical cop" because his bullets sing.

According to Tom Trodden the "Kitchen Cabinet" consists of the Iceman, the Policeman, and the Delivery Boy with the Cook as the chairman.

Put the Ball Over

Gus Pratt says it is easy to break into an old man's house because his gait is broken and his locks are few.

Gene Mulligan contends that a son does not take after his father when his father leaves him nothing to take.

According to Bill Hynes, poor relations are like fits of gout, because the oftener they come the longer they stay.

Geo. Paterson says it's the height of folly to spend your last dollar for a purse.

Bill Haggerty would have you understand that a mirror is like an ungrateful friend because no matter how much you load his back with silver he will still reflect on you.

In the estimation of Emil Kraut, many words hurt more than swords.

Put the Ball Over

According to Martin Tierney, a baker is a most improvident person because he is continually selling that which he kneads himself.

Bill Granfield says we should never abuse one and one-half per cent beer because it's not right to speak ill of the dead.

Mike Doyle says the first thing you do on getting into bed is make an impression.

Doc. McGough insists that hypocrisy is the homage vice pays to virtue.

John Quinn says that no matter which army wins in China the name of the winning general never will become popular with composers and proof-readers.

Richard Cullen advises that the best way to make a coat last is to make the vest and trousers first.

Put the Ball Over

According to Hugo Ernst, adversity makes men, but prosperity begets monsters.

In the estimation of Tom Maloney, a cautious, prudent man is like a pin because his head prevents him from going too far.

Dr. Blanck contends that a man imposes on himself when he taxes his memory.

Put the Ball Over

Mike Claraty says a man permits himself to be henpecked when he is chicken-hearted.

Jack Cunningham intimates that a married man is like a candle because he sometimes goes out at night when he oughtn't to.

According to Geo. McLaughlin, a woman thinks her husband a Hercules when he can't get along without his club.

And Jerry O'Leary says a man is like dough when his wife needs him.

Ben Levy contends that a skunk is a very queer animal because it is offensive on the defensive.

Tom Garvin says that our enoughboys are hoping that the open door in China won't cause any of them to be caught in the draft.

Alex. Duffer believes a greedy man should wear a plaid vest because he would then have the check on the stomach.

Put the Ball Over

According to Geo. McNulty, a man is like a green gooseberry when a woman makes a fool of him.

According to Jack McManus, the gold that other nations have invested in China is the real yellow peril.

Denny Quinlan believes the open door in China now resolves itself into a question of which way it will swing.

Andy Gallagher says that a matrimonial bureau is a bureau with six drawers packed full of woman's fixings and one man's necktie.

Lee Roberts contends that when Irish eyes are smiling, the whole world is happy.

Jim Silver doesn't play the saxophone but he does put some nasty English on a pipe.

Phil Sapiro would advise his fellows not to tell their secrets in a cornfield because there are too many ears and they would be shocked.

Geo. Gilmore maintains that a man is involved when he is wrapped up in himself.

Jas. Roxburgh says that bald-headed men are in danger of dying, because "death loves a shining mark!"

Al. Katchinski says it is the man with squeaky shoes who have music in their soles.

Pat McGee ventures to say that if we could see ourselves as others see us we'd never speak to them again.

* * *

Jim Gallagher maintains that the strap hanger's complaint is one of long standing.

* * *

Bill McMahon insists that people who live in glass houses should always show good form.

* * *

According to Charlie Kirtchman, film actresses do not seem to be content with marriage. They obtain happiness by decrees.

* * *

Put the Ball Over

* * *

The way a woman can get a man up a tree leads Charlie Kendrick to believe there must be something in this evolution business after all.

* * *

Byron Slyter says you can read a girl like a book much easier when she is of the bold-face type.

* * *

Alimony, according to Judge Graham, is a modern system by which one person continues to pay for a mistake made by both.

* * *

Among the things which run in all families, says Herman Goldman, are silk stockings.

* * *

Smuggling through the customs, says John Kelly, is an unpatriotic action. People who do it forget their duty to their country.

* * *

According to Arthur Sullivan, few girls are as black as they are painted—or as red or as pink.

* * *

Put the Ball Over

* * *

If poverty is a blessing in disguise, says Martin Welch, the disguise is perfect.

* * *

According to Tom Murphy, the salaries, dresses and staging of a modern revue cost more than they used to. That, no doubt, is the reason why the producers have to use the old jokes.

* * *

That matter of short skirts, says Capt. Jack Moreno, is rapidly going to the head.

* * *

Geo. Watson says he has no difficulty meeting his expenses, he's always running into them.

* * *

Sam Breyer maintains that stockings were invented 'way back in the eleventh century, but weren't discovered until the twentieth.

Dick Welch maintains that if our legislators keep their present speed at making laws, the rest of us soon won't have time to get around to violating a tenth of them.

* * *

Put the Ball Over

* * *

Jack O'Leary was accosted on the sidewalk the other day by an urchin who saw him park his car in front of a building. When he returned to get it the lad told him there was only part of it there and Jack asked him what was missing, and he replied the number—the cop took that.

* * *

According to Frank O'Shea, women don't have to be bootleggers to be problems.

* * *

Bill Wynn says the present session of Congress has given us three cruisers and four bruisers.

* * *

Put the Ball Over

* * *

Al Wheelan, referring to the statement made by Patrick Henry that the only way to judge the future was by the past, maintains that if some men of today were judged by their past they wouldn't have any future.

* * *

According to the Minerva Co., cosmeticians disagree as to whether the bob is passing, but it is their opinion that the passing of the bob is like the passing of the buck. It will continue to pass, but we will never be rid of it.

* * *

They say man is a very high form of animal life, but according to Tom Hickey, you never hear of an amoeba rolling a golf ball across the continent for a chance to get into the movies.

* * *

Put the Ball Over

* * *

Capt. Gleeson says it is dangerous to drive in a fog, especially if it is mental.

* * *

The up-to-date conclusion in the oil cases, says Pat McGee, seems to be that there was some crookedness but no crooks. Guess he's right.

* * *

The best way to make the hours go fast, in the estimation of John Heffernan, is to use the spur of the moment.

* * *

John O'Connell likens swearing to an old coat because it is a bad habit.

* * *

Tom Finn says political troubles are always multiplied by division.

Judge Van Nostrand says fashion has lifted a considerable burden off the clothesline.

* * *

Eddie Healy contends that much has been written about Henry Ford and his ups and downs, but that is nothing to what his customers have experienced.

* * *

According to Dan O'Brien, the bright lights of Market street may dazzle but it's the moonshine that blinds.

* * *

Put the Ball Over

* * *

John W. Wallace insists that there is one property America is protecting astonishingly well in China and that is good will.

* * *

Bill Quinn says oftentimes it's the mink in the closet that is responsible for the wolf at the door.

* * *

Frank Dever says the most notable effects of prohibition on liquor are higher prices and lower visibility.

* * *

Walter Love says that American jazz has been barred from Russia by the Bolshevik government; thus the reds drive away the blues.

* * *

Put the Ball Over

* * *

Dan Murphy says the sort of tune he most enjoys is For-tune when it's made up of bank notes.

* * *

L. L. (Doc.) Levy believes that Babe Ruth is a cigarette manufacturer because he makes home runs out of Lucky Strikes.

* * *

Jack Kane says the toothpick has been living from mouth to mouth, but never misses a meal.

* * *

There is no one has more enemies in public than John Barleycorn—or more friends in private, says Mike Doyle.

* * *

In the old days, if anybody missed the stagecoach, he was contented to wait 2 or 3 days for the next one. Now he lets out a squak if he misses one section of a revolving door, says Joe Reilly.

* * *

That Tim Connell, of the Tax Collector's Office, likes his Chief, Eddie Bryant, the Tax Collector, both of whom are South of Market Boys.

* * *

That Bill Crowley is still with the Associated Oil Co.



GEO. W. PATERSON

I like to think of all the things
 You used to say and do,
 I never had in all my life
 A better pal than you;
 And when I get a-thinking so,
 Of all those things—why then,
 I wish you were right here to do
 And say 'em all again.

He was just about to cross the street when the writer saw and hailed him by the old familiar name of "Lamon" and then came a pause and he seemed to hesitate e'er he looked around to see who 'twas that accosted him in that peculiar and familiar way. He reasoned it must be someone who had known him in the long ago. For over forty years he had been called "Lee", although his real name was "Lamon" and it seemed so strange to hear the old name spoken again.

When his eyes met the writer they seemed to glisten with delight and then he explained why he had been so long in turning around when his true name was called. Immediately he thawed out and a happy social hour was spent in rehearsing the happenings of two generations now past. He was indeed, an oldtimer, but his memory was as clear as a bell and at once we began to review the past and grew reminiscent. He had dwelt in the days of old at 9 Harrison avenue and attended Eighth Street School at the time when Miss Slavan was principal of the primary and "Lefty" Bannon was king of the yard. When M. Geraghty's stationery store was the rendezvous of the boys and girls of the neighborhood and where they would go for their "Boys of New York," "The New York Boys' Weekly" or "Shorty Kicked Into Good Luck" or the like. Mentioned the name of one whom we had passed over unnoticed during the previous references to the same locality.

And strange, too, that should

have happened, for there was no one who played such a leading part in our young lives as did he. Whenever we had occasion to go to that particular store for school books, publications, candies, or a ball or bat, the person who always waited upon us was that genial ever-obliging clerk, Dan Lawler. He almost read our minds—for when we entered he would invariably hand us that which we came to get—even without our making known our wants. Across the street from Geraghty's store was located Pat Egan, whose saloon was a popular resort for coursers and dog-fanciers. At the coursing matches held in those days Egan held the responsible position of slipper.

There were other famous personages that were domiciled in that locality and seemed to have been forgotten. For instance, "Billy" Kennedy, who lived on Rausch street between Folsom and Howard streets. For years he has been connected with the Olympic Club. Then, again, there were the Connell Brothers—Pat and Dan—the blacksmiths, who lived on Shipley street, between Seventh and Eighth streets, and Jerome Tyrrell, who eventually became a "cop." He lived on Folsom between Eighth and Ninth streets. And referring again to the vicinity of Harrison avenue and Folsom streets we recall the Munck Sisters—one of whom became the wife of Van Orden, who is connected with the celebrated printing firm of Phillips and Van Orden and Company.

There was Jim Wilkinson and Terry McNally whose hang out was Harrison avenue, and of course, you cannot dwell upon thoughts of old Shipley street between Seventh and Eighth streets without recollecting "Old Man Clark," with the patriarchal whiskers. Hyman Kahn was employed by Godchaux Brothers and Company. He was the father of "Lamon" mentioned above and lived with him at No. 9 Harrison avenue. A blacksmith named J. S. McKinnon lived diagonally across from the Kahns, at No. 18.

Perhaps you remember "Jim" McArdle, the coachman who worked for W. E. Weston and lived at 21 Rausch street.

Now let us jump down to Caroline street and another blacksmith is brought to our mind. He was no other than Nick Fallon and he dwelt at No. 19. Now you mustn't imagine that he was the only Fallon who lived in those days. To use an up-to-the-minute colloquial "the woods were full of them." There was a James Fallon, who earned his "dough" coopering and he lived at 101 Folsom street; and another "J. J." who earned his wages as a gasfitter. He lived at 225 Minna street.

Not an uncommon sight in the days we are writing about was the glazier going about with his stock carried on his shoulder in a peculiarly constructed box or case, soliciting a job, replacing broken windows that some enthusiastic urchin of baseball proclivities had demolished. We recall one by the name of Henry Gabby, who lived at 224 Jessie street. There is one line of endeavor that flourished in the days of long ago that you hardly ever hear of since the advent of the automobile, and that is "horse-clipping." There was a party by the name of Robert Gadigan, who was quite an expert horse-clipper. He lived in the rear of 225 Perry street.

Perhaps you ken Jamie Aiken. He was what the Scotch would be pleased to call a braw lad and he had a brawny arm. He lived in the rear of 266 Clementina street, and was a boilermaker by trade. It may not be amiss to divert from our regular course for just a bit to recall to your memory one or two of the societies that flourished at St. Ignatius College when it was located at Market street between Fourth and Fifth streets. In the year 1875, there was The Ignatian Literary Society, which met every Tuesday evening. The officers at that particular time were E. M. Nattini, S. J. President; A. Campbell and J. H. Clark Secretaries; Treasurer J. M. Chre-

(Continued on Page 22)

Memories

the Past

By JAMES H. ROXBURGH

Here is another item from "Men and Memories of Early San Francisco":

"The ship Oxnard, Capt. Cole, arrived in San Francisco, November 22nd, 1849, bringing twenty-five wooden houses, all numbered in sections, and fitted in Boston, for erection in San Francisco. Charles R. Bond brought them out for Wm. D. M. Howard, who retained twelve of them, after selling twelve to Captain J. L. Folsom and one to Captain Cole.

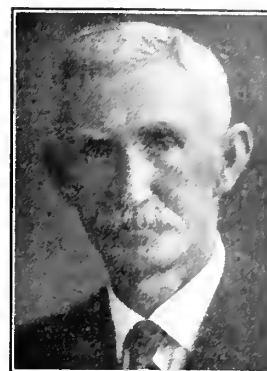
"Three of four of them were erected on Mission street near Third, Messrs. Howard, Mellus and Brannan occupying three of them. Captain Folsom erected others on Mission street between First and Second streets; on Minna, Natoma, Tehama and Folsom streets. To Mrs. Van Winkle, Mrs. Cany and Mrs. Wakeman, whose husbands were all attached to his office, he gave each a cottage, and we believe nearly all the buildings stand today. The house in which Mr. Howard resided prior to the Oxnard's arrival, was on the northeast corner of Washington and Stockton. Some years ago it was moved to Bryant street between Second and Third where it stands at the present writing. It is a fact worthy of record, that none of these houses brought out on the Oxnard were ever burned. The first Orphan Asylum in San Francisco was opened in one of these houses on the corner of Folsom and Second streets, on General Halleck's land.

"The house was contributed by Mr. Howard. The managers of the Asylum were Mrs. S. R. Throckmorton, Mrs. C. V. Gillespie, and we believe, Mrs. Henry Haight and Mrs. R. J. Vandewater. We are quite certain that some of these have, through all the years since the little wooden cottage was given as a home to the fatherless, worked zealously for those 'little ones'. May the God of the widow and the fatherless bless them and the memory of the late Abner Barker, who left twenty-five thousand dollars to that noble charity."

Here is a tribute paid to our old friend, David Scannell, late Chief of San Francisco's Fire Department, who at the time this tribute was written, was replaced by Frank R. Whitney as Chief of the Fire Department. This tribute may seem out of place, but Chief Scannell was beloved by all the boys South of Market:

"Capt. David Scannell, late Chief Engineer of the San Francisco Fire Department, came to California in 1850. He was Captain of a New York Company in the war with Mexico, and was in every battle from the Rio Grande to the city of Mexico, behaving with the utmost gallantry in every engagement. He was Sheriff of San Francisco at a time when all his surroundings were of a nature to prejudice the public against him, but he never knowingly touched a dishonest dollar in his life. We were once of a widely different opinion; but for the past seventeen years have had constant opportunities to note that he is always an efficient officer, full of charity and kindness. We are pleased to record this of a man to whom great injustice was done in the community, but of whom one estimate only can exist in the minds of those who really and truly know him."

Here are a few names of boys from South of Market on Welsh, Freelon and Zoe streets: On the corner of Fourth and Welsh, was a grocery kept by a man named Walsh, father of the late Coroner Walsh; on the other corner was a book store, known as Gordon's Book Store, where the kids of the neighborhood used to buy their school books. Next door to him, on Welsh, was a Chinese laundry. Then the Mullers, Jim and Tom; Jim used to pitch for the San Franciscos; they had three fine sisters. Then the Fowlers, with three girls; then the Cooks, Herman and his two sisters; then the Harrigans, Bob with two brothers and seven sisters; one of the girls married Joe Nyland, a member of the South of Market Boys. Bob has been a fireman for a good many years and is now a member



JAMES H. ROXBURGH

of 46 Engine at 48th and Point Lobos avenue; then the Robertsons, John, Billy and one sister; then the McCartys, with one daughter; then the Nolans; John used to drive for C. A. Hooper Co. His son Frank has a large cooperage in Fresno. On the corner of Zoe and Welsh streets lived John Harrold; then the Langs, Lizzie, Carrie and Kate, then the Burkes, two boys and two girls; then "Pep" Hughes and sisters Carrie, Lulu and one other.

Around on Zoe street lived the Giffeathers the Caseys, the McCormicks, Geo. and Jennie, the Minnehans, Andy Gallagher, our Andy, now supervisor, the Dinneens, the Gaffneys, Geo. Roche, the drayman and his three sisters. On the corner of Zoe and Bryant was Flanagan's. On Freelon street lived Andy Reavey, the Monahans, then the McAuliffes, then John Hebrank with his brother and two sisters; John used to work in the Glass House at Seventh and Townsend. On the corner of Fourth and Freelon, Rosen-cranz kept a clothing store. On the lower end of Ritch street lived Geo. Duplesse, Bob McDowell and Buck Dougherty of the South End Boat Club; then Charley Long, Bob Gibson, Tom McNamarra and Big Brady, all of whom were boatmen at the foot of Third street; Mick Cohn then came Ike Beard. I remember Ike when he used to play centerfield for the Eagles; his sleeves were always rolled up, showing his red undershirt. Ike and his brother Jack, Nigger Jimmy and Biggans used to drive pigs from the steamer "Thoroughfare" which docked at the foot of Second street, across Long Bridge to Butchertown.

I wonder if any of the boys from Sixth street remember Sol Bloom who used to live on Sixth street opposite Clementina, who was

(Continued on Page 31)

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VOL. II

APRIL, 1927

No. 9

PUT THE BALL OVER

It is up to you, Brother, to PUT THE BALL OVER. We do not mean by this a baseball pitcher, with three men on bases, three balls, two strikes, a tie score and this at the end of the ninth inning. You can readily see that it is up to him to "put the ball over". We do not refer to the mighty gladiators of the gridiron field, who after hours of intense playing, have a short time to go and make a touchdown. Can they put the ball over?

We refer, Brothers, to our celebration "LEST WE FORGET 21 YEARS AFTER" in the Civic Auditorium, Saturday, April 23rd. Will you "HELP US PUT THE BALL OVER." You can do this by first becoming interested yourself. Then interest your family and relatives; and then your many friends, and we are sure that if each and every one of our members will do this, we will PUT THE BALL OVER.

There will be a brilliant pageant on a specially constructed stage and theatrical headliners of a quarter of a century ago who thrilled those in their day will be brought back in the personality of talented impersonators who will portray characters of vaudeville and theatrical stars in San Francisco years ago. You will also meet old time friends, dance the old time dances and live over again the days of our youth spent on the south side, commonly known as the South of Market.

IMPORTANT

On account of our celebration, "21 Years After", being held April 23rd, we deem it advisable to hold

our next regular monthly meeting Thursday, April 28th, instead of the last Thursday of the month, which would be April 28th. This will give all the members an opportunity to enjoy a wonderful show, hear all the details of the coming celebration and to provide themselves and their friends with tickets. Therefore do not forget the date, Thursday, April 21st.

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS SILVER JUBILEE "OOM-PAH"

A brilliant Fashion Promenade with one hundred pretty girls from local societies taking the roles of manikins displaying a million dollars' worth of milady's attire, nightly theatrical revues and entertainment programs, and special stunts each evening, will mark the Knights of Columbus Silver Jubilee "Oom-Pah" civic celebration, to be held in San Francisco, May 18 to 28, inclusive.

Frank M. Buckley, general chairman of the committee of arrangements, has announced that a spectacular night military and fraternal parade will formally open the Silver Jubilee "Oom-Pah", Wednesday evening, May 18, with thousands of participants from fraternal, veterans, patriotic and civic organizations in the line of march.

The Knights of Columbus building and auditorium, 150 Golden Gate Ave., will be the center of activities during the "Oom-Pah" festivities, which will be staged each night from May 18 to 28. Scores of societies and clubs of the city and bay district will co-operate with the K. of C. members in presenting the Silver Jubilee program and taking an active part in the entertainment events each evening. Three floors of the building will be utilized for the numerous attractions and presentations.

Season tickets, at fifty cents each, granting admission to the "Oom-Pah" any and all times from May 18 to 28, inclusive; and also carrying an interest in a sensational new Falcon-Knight sedan automobile, six-cylinder, four-door machine, fully equipped with spare tire and all accessories; are now on sale at the Knights of Columbus "Oom-Pah" headquarters, 150 Golden Gate avenue, Sherman, Clay & Co., Sutter and Kearny streets, Michael Claraty's cigar store, 240 Montgomery street, Palace Hotel cigar stand, and Kelleher and Browne's, 718 Market street.

Proceeds from the K. of C. "Oom-Pah" celebration will be used to wipe out or substantially reduce the indebtedness on the Knights of Columbus building, and enable the Hall Association to make alterations and additions to the structure, to realize the order's ambitions for an ideal K. of C. downtown Community and Social center. James F. Smith is president of the Knights of Columbus Hall Association, sponsors of the mid-May "Oom-Pah" festivities.

SICK

L. McKinley
Chas. Clapley
John Heffernan

Ray McGrath
Pat Curren
Paul Dunphy

Wm. Granfield

IN MEMORIAM

Thos. Murtle

Geo. Bougie

**COPIED FROM THE MORNING
CALL, MAY 30, 1879**

Yesterday afternoon the graduation exercises of the Lincoln Grammar School took place in the school auditorium—the First Grades of Mr. James T. Hamilton and Mr. W. H. Edwards being the participants. School Directors Leggett, Clement, Mountain and Sullivan being present as well as the relatives and friends of the graduates. The class songs were very well rendered and Miss Sallie A. Rightmire, who drilled the boys deserves much praise. The fancy drills and calisthenics were wonderful in their precision and the recitations and essays showed great thought and ability. The Lincoln medals were awarded after which diplomas were given to the graduates by Mr. James K. Wilson, Principal of the school. The whole affair was most enjoyable and interesting to all present. The following is a list of the graduates:

Lewis Allen	Meyer L. Cohen
Jesse Andrews	Finlay D. Cook
Fred. Belasco	Samuel Cohn
David C. Bole	Harvey Colby
Grant R. Borel	William Dale
George D. Boyd	Chas. L. Davis
H. F. Briggs	Eugene Dewey
Frank Brown	Harry Donahue
Wm. Campbell	H. Edmunds
A Castelazo	Ralph Emerson

Wm. Ferguson	Edw. H. Mitchell
Walter Fletcher	Jerry Moore
Harry L. Ford	S. B. Morse
Chas. Gardiner	Leonard Moss
C. L. Gebhardt	Dan. J. O'Leary
Chas. Gienger	Timothy O'Brien
Frank Gray	Fred L. Patek
Wm. Greenbaum	Wm. F. Perkins
F. Grimm	H. B. Rathbone
W. B. Grosh	Thomas Reid
Saml. Growney	Wm. Reston
Justice Haley	Wm. Rightmire
Edw. Hammer	Arthur P. Rhodes
Robt. Hancock	Ralph Rogers
Jos. Harris	Benj. Romaine
N. C. Harris	Wm. Romaine
Fred. Head	Tullio Rottanzi
Harvey Helmh	Lincoln Savage
R. P. Hotaling	Geo. W. Scott
Horace Jones	Chas. Scrimgeour
Lancelot Keogh	John Sellon
L. T. Kenake	Frank Sherwood
J. J. Kennedy	Edw. W. Smith
W. A. Kollmyer	George Smith
W. R. Lazalere	Robert Stanton
Beverly Letcher	Frank Swain
Reuben Levy	Geo. Thygerson
Chas. K. Lipman	H. C. Tibbetts
Fred L. Lipman	William Turner
Russell Lord	Thomas Vivian
G. H. Luchsinger	Geo. P. Webster
J. J. McCloskey	August F. Wettig
Thos. McCord	A. H. Waugaman
Jas. R. McElroy	Edward Willard
Frank McEwen	David Wohfelt
F. D. Madison	(Dave Warfield)
Wm. O. Miller	Benj. Wood
David Mish	

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MEMORIES—PATERSON

(Continued from Page 18)

tion and Librarians Thomas H. Griffin and F. McAuliffe. Another institution that flourished at the College at that same time was the Loyola Scientific Academy. It met every Monday evening at the college and was officered by the following: President, Rev. J. M. Neri, S. J.; T. D. Reardon and Jerome Hughes, Secretaries; Thomas H. Griffin, Treasurer, and Librarian, John T. Fogarty. Some of those just mentioned, in after years played quite an important part in the development of this city.

Getting back again to the regular review we recall the name of Thomas W. Irwin, the big Mining Machinery man, whose plant was located on the corner of Fremont and Mission streets, and who dwelt at 548 Howard street. A well known drayman in his day was John Kelleher. He domiciled at 143 Minna street. And another famous Kelleher was "Tim", who lived at 18 Sumner street. He was a laborer and had several sons. If you ever lived in the first block of Clementina street you surely must have known Johnny Kelly, who followed the occupation of molder. He lived in the rear of 33 Clementina street. Now let us go over to Welsh street—that little street that lay between Zoe and Fourth streets—and lo and behold we find James E. Keller, the machinist, who lived at No. 17.

There were quite a number of the old settlers of south of the slot who followed the trade of boilermaking, and among them was one by the name of "John" Kelly, who was noted for his deafness. This, no doubt, he acquired from the "din" that at all times prevailed at the shop in which he worked. He lived at 81 Natoma street. And speaking of "Kelly" we are reminded of another "John Kelly," who followed a different occupation than that of boilermaking. He was a jolly sort of chap and drove an express wagon. He lived at 347 Fourth street.

There was another Kelly whose first name was Anthony, and who followed the undertaking game with Keefe and Fitzgerald. He dwelt at 772 Mission street. Perhaps you recall the well known carpenter of those days, who was known as "Gus" C. Kelly and lived at 821 Folsom street. In

(Continued on Page 25)

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ERNST'S IMPRESSIONS

(Continued from Page 14)

Their huts are built on stilts, giving them kind of a basement as a shelter from the hot sun, which beats down on them most of the year. There is a rainy season for about four or five months, when its rains intermittently. The rest of the year, sunshine and intense heat. The natives, therefore, are slow-moving, lazy-appearing people. The main products of the soil are pineapples, bananas and sugar cane; practically no manufacturing except Panama hats, which may be obtained very cheap. Back to the boat to resume the monotony of the trip. The three main events on the boat are, breakfast, lunch and dinner. Saturday morning, the fifteenth day out, we reached the heaven of thirsty Americans: HAVANA: Havana is a beautiful city of about 530,000 inhabitants with the most wonderful harbor it was ever my good fortune to look upon. As you pass Moro Castle you have a kind of visionary recollection of the pirates that made this island their headquarters while plying their trade upon the open and unsuspecting sea. There are still many relics of the old time barbarism and of the more recent domination of the Spaniards over the island and wherever you may go you may feel the gratitude of the Cubans for the assistance rendered them by the United States to throw off the yoke of Spanish subjugation. A beautiful city in a beautiful setting full of hope and aspirations and full of potentialities. Restaurants of the first class, but with much slower service than in the States. Whether it is the atmosphere of the tropics or just an acquired habit, the service is extremely languid and is ill fitting to the hustling and bustling nature of an American.

(To be Continued)

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JAMES E. POWER

(Continued from Page 6)

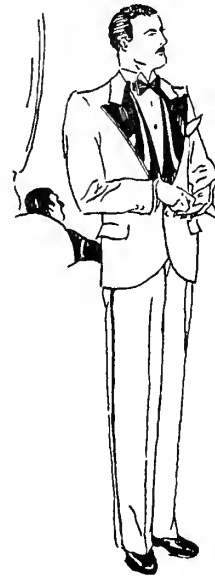
Then came the development of the airplane, and its first use in the transcontinental mail service was in a combination plane and train service inaugurated in 1918, by which mail was carried in day-light flights to overtake important transcontinental trains, cutting the time of transcontinental transit to 83 hours.

Later the government developed the art of night flying on a regular schedule. The present Transcontinental Air Mail route was inaugurated on the 1st of July, 1924, after some preliminary trials in the preceding September. The time was approximately 32 hours from New York to San Francisco. The sections from New York to Chicago and from San Francisco to Cheyenne were taken in day flights, and the section from Chicago to Cheyenne was flown at night.

The lighting of this night section was a tremendous problem. Three main landing fields were established between Chicago and Cheyenne, each of these lighted by characteristic signal lights of high power and flashing at different intervals. Between these main landing fields were established emergency fields, each similarly lighted with signal lights of a differently timed flash so that an emergency field could be easily identified. Along the way of flight, at intervals of three miles, were set smaller lights with another differently timed flash, marking the way across the plains and through the mountains. Throughout the entire transcontinental line there are, besides the terminals of New York and San Francisco, 13 stopping places, and through rail connections these covered the broad belt from ocean to ocean, every part of which received the benefit of the Air Mail Service.

Now, under the invitation of the Postmaster General, private enterprises have entered the air mail field and have built and extended

(Continued on Page 28)



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L. T. Jacks***Compliments of***John H.
Thieler****TREASURER
of SAN FRANCISCO****MEMORIES—PATERSON**

(Continued from Page 22)

fact, there was hardly a line of endeavor in those days that there was not a "Kelly" engaged in. Take for instance—boxmaking—D. M. Kelly was an expert. He was a regular "speed-burner" and onlookers used to take a great deal of pleasure watching him turn them out. He lived at 474 Jessie street.

Cornelius Kelly, of the firm of C. & M. Kelly, lived at 433 Stevenson street. Then there was "Kelly the Barber," whose first name was Edward. He dwelt at 270 Brannan street.

By way of innovation let us see if we can discover to you some of those who dwelt within that hallowed portion of our city so dear to us all, in more recent times—say within the last generation. Many of you perhaps may recall them more readily than you can those who dwelt two generations back, and perhaps get a greater thrill when their names are mentioned. There is, for instance, Jeremiah J. Healy, who ran a grocery store at 363 Clara street. Perhaps you have not forgotten Helmer Johnson, the stableman, who lived at 36 Hawthorne street, or Fred C. Kaufmann, who kept the grocery at 218 Fourth street, and who lived at 306 Tehama street. Then there was George Kennedy, the porter, who lived at 739 Harrison street. The butcher, David F. Kennedy, at 495 Fourth street. He dwelt at 550 Fourth street. Robert H. Kerr, porter with Murphy, Grant & Co., resided at 363 First street. Thomas E. Rock was a harnessmaker at 115 Market street and dwelt at 134 Hawthorne street.

Perhaps you recall Michael J. Ryan, the janitor at the City Hall, who lived at 49 Natoma street; or William J. Murray, the waiter, who lived at 224½ Shipley street; or William J. McDonald, the clerk that dwelt at 60 Stanley place. And then there was Patrick Mackie, the teamster, who lived at 726½ Clementina street; the cooper, Wenzel Krauss, who resided at 425 Fourth street, and Arend Juchter, the expresman. He resided at 722½ Bryant street. A patternmaker by the name of Otto H. Johnson lived at 722 Stevenson street. A tailor by the name of Alexander Hempel lived at 385 Fifth street. William F. Douglas,

(Continued on Page 32)

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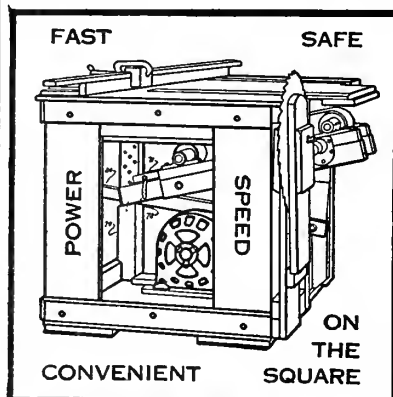
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THE JEWISH RACE SOUTH OF MARKET

By Louis Skoll

Many members of the Jewish race came to California in the days of '49. The society of California Pioneers have many of them on their honored rolls. I did not come to California so early, but when I counted up the years, they number thirty-five. So, I have spent most of my life in this beautiful city of San Francisco. I would not live anywhere else, especially since all of my family are natives of my adopted city.

Many Jewish families lived South of Market when I first came to San Francisco and continued to live in the district until 1906. A great many of them were located along Howard and Folsom streets, between 3rd and 8th streets. They were engaged in many different occupations. A great many sold fruit and produce from street wagons, while others engaged in the new and second hand merchandising business. The fruit sellers were located along Sixth street between Howard and Market streets. Captain Spillane was the police captain South of Market in those days. He was a good hearted but bluff officer. The merchants complained of the peddlers and the Chief gave orders to the Captain to keep the peddlers moving, and he made them keep going.

He kept them moving so fast that they did not have time to wait on their customers, so they hired a young Irish lawyer, who took the Captain and the whole police department to court and Judge Graham granted the peddlers an injunction against the police and that ended their troubles.

The result of this trouble was that the peddlers organized a union. It was called "The Fruit and Produce Peddlers Union",

(Continued on Page 27)

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(Continued from Page 26)

and an Irish peddler named Finn, who was afterwards in the Sheriff's office, was the President, and a Jewish boy was the Secretary and Treasurer. I remember the second meeting of the Union. It is impressed upon my mind as nothing else ever was. Some member approached the Treasurer's desk and laid down a five dollar gold piece. Some one called upon the Treasurer for a report and he turned his head a moment and the five dollar gold piece was missing from the desk. The Treasurer protested and the member yelled for his change. Finally the desk was searched, the carpet rolled up, but the five was never found. It came near breaking up the Union.

Many were engaged in the brokerage business, and little by little the Jewish merchants took a large part in the affairs of the district. The married and raised their families and became well-to-do citizens, respected and honored in the community.

Right now, I wish I could turn back the hands of time and live over again the happiest moments of my life, those spent South of Market in the old days.

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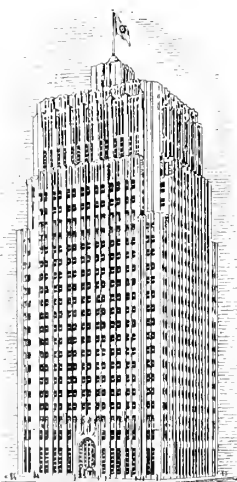
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JAMES E. POWER

(Continued from Page 24)

a net work of contract air mail lines which are covering the entire country.

Within a few months the United States Continental Air Mail Service will pass from government ownership into private hands to be operated under contract to the Post Office Department for carrying the mail. The Post Office Department has pioneered the way and has demonstrated that schedules can be maintained under proper conditions night and day on an air mail route. In demonstrating the success of the air mail service, the Post Office Department has shown that it can run its schedules 98.96 per cent in summer and 90.60 per cent efficient in winter, despite the storms and freezing temperatures.

In the year 1926 the Air Mail Service flew 2,256,137 miles, which was 94 per cent of the total mileage called for by its schedule. It carried 14,145,640 pieces of mail. In the same year there were but two fatal accidents in the more than two million miles flown, a factor of safety that is better than railroad travel. There is no better service in the world than the United States Transcontinental Air Mail Service.

What the future holds in the way of transportation for mail no one can predict, but it is certain that under the inspiration of the slogan of the mail service "The Mail Must Go", the Post Office Department of the United States will, as heretofore, seek for the best and fastest and adopt it for the carrying of the mail.

Con Deasy, in speaking of a committee of inquiry says it is like a cannon because it makes a report.

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* * *

That Phil Kennedy is always will-
ing to assist and is the manager of
the Bank of Italy branch at 24th and
Bryant.

* * *

That there is no better worker
than Tommy Hawkins.

* * *

That Joe Moreno is always on the
firing line.

* * *

That Martin Tierney is active in
the Board of Works for all of our
affairs.

* * *

That Rev. P. E. Mulligan never
misses the doings.

* * *

That Col. Tobin is back in San
Francisco after spending some time
in the East and he says this is God's
country and San Francisco is the
greatest city in the world.

* * *

That Jack Rafferty gets around
once in a while. He should come
more often.

* * *

That Joe Huff of the Keystone
Hotel is one of the old South of
Market Boys who still plays the ac-
cordeon.

* * *

That Dan Sheehan is now con-
nected with Bergers, the clothiers.

* * *

That Dan Casey has affiliated him-
self with Pelicani Rossi and when-
ever Dan makes a speech he "says
it with flowers".

* * *

That Jerry O'Leary is the leading
salesman for Al Katchinski.

* * *

That Capt. Jack Moreno says he is
a navigator, not a pilot.

* * *

That John Cobb, of the Southern
Hotel, is always willing to assist.

* * *

That Dan Collins, of the Police
Department usually attends the meet-
ings.

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SAN FRANCISCO**THE BALL COMMITTEE**

By Leon E. Munier

'Twas home, the district known as South
 Where a pal was never in doubt;
 So for old time's sake, we'll be met
 At our celebration "lest we forget",
 Ralph Pincus programmes the festivity
 Replete with South of Market activity;
 James Smith, Chairman of the affair
 Has a committee that's all there.
 Know Al Katchinski, of shoe fame?
 Publicity is his middle name.
 The next on the list works for fun,
 Leave the hall to big Tim Reardon;
 Ray Schiller will be playing a harp
 If printers don't keep their pencils sharp;
 Frank McStocker will act as host
 Guests will be persons like Jim Post;
 Joe Moreno says: "Just give 'em the air,
 I'm not yielding to any concessionaire."
 Gene Mulligan knows what co-operation infers
 As success is certain when it occurs;
 Bill Eagan will work for the show
 By making use of the radio.
 A few words—orations will be taboo,
 Edict of Hugo Ernst—there'll be much ado.
 Each man will have a decoration,
 See Tom Hawkins on this occasion;
 Guests will be received with grace,
 Judge Graham—always in good taste;
 Tone in Dr. Toner—music galore,
 Dance and dance until you are sore;
 Tom Garrity, our Prexy—very well known,
 Will direct the dancing—you'll be shown;
 And last but not least "Twill not be a sin
 For Lent will be over," says John Francis Quinn

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JOSEPH HUFF, Resident Manager

MEMORIES—ROXBURGH

(Continued from Page 19)

treasurer of the Alcatraz Theatre before the fire; he went to New York City and became a music publisher; he became very popular back there and was elected United States Senator from New York State. You might have noticed in the "Daily News" a few weeks ago where he was mixed up in that battle that took place in the Senate. Thus do the South of Market boys forge to the front. Dave Warfield also lived on Sixth street next to Sol Bloom.

Meiggs wharf, with Abe Warner's place at the foot of it, was the center of quite a little amusement district in the very early days of the city. Warner's was a quaint conglomerate of cheer and cobwebs, of monkeys, bears and hot rum punches. Inside, the place boasted two rooms on the ground floor, one the saloon, with the bar at one end, and the little stove at the side, with the old copper tea kettle simmering in readiness for the punches.

A great white cockatoo hung on a ring in the center and howled at the visitor, "I'll have rum and gum. What'll you have?" That was his whole vocabulary, save a certain amount of unprintable profanity.

Abe Warner presided over the liquids in a high silk hat and frock coat, and the place was hung with paintings and curios from the 7 seas and all of the lands around the seas, but he would never have the place cleaned or dusted, and the spiders soon wove deep hangings of cobwebs that hung from the ceilings in great gray festoons.

Next the saloon was a "sitting room" not the conventional back room of the saloon at that time but an open place, somewhat frequented by ladies, who dropped in for a bowl of the fish chowder that was one of the attractions of the place. Outside were the cages of the monkeys and the bears, and one old bear, a grizzly, tethered only by a chain. He had been brought down from the mountains by a company of soldiers, but the commander of the fort wouldn't allow them to keep the bear at the Presidio and the boys gave him to Warner.

After reading the following article which appeared in the "Bulletin" of Saturday evening, November 8th, 1924, I wish to add my impressions to the same:

In the early Seventies, North

Beach—or I should say Warner's—was one spot where the boys and girls of by-gone days loved to go on Sundays to see the monkeys, and how we loved to feed them peanuts and watch their antics, the old as well as the young. Old Pop Warner—I can still see him as he stood behind the bar with his plug hat on, serving liquors to his patrons from bottles covered with cobwebs taken from shelves behind the bar that were also covered with cobwebs. How well do I remember going into Warner's a few years before the fire of 1906 and seeing a huge cobweb hanging from the ceiling to within a few inches of the floor, for it was a massive one and appeared more like a dirty grey blanket than a cobweb. This place became world-famed on account of its accumulation of cobwebs as well as the good liquor that Pop Warner dispensed. Sunday was his big day, for then it was that all the boys and girls from South of Market took the Third or Fourth street car bound for Meiggs Wharf and Warner's Cobweb Palace.

The story that was told why Pop Warner would not disturb the cobwebs is this: Warner, after being a few years in the place, noted that the place was getting dirty and filled with cobwebs, asked the landlord to have it cleaned and white-washed inside. The landlord refused and told Warner to do it himself if he wanted. Warner, being just as stubborn as the landlord, said: "I'll be damned if I will", so the cobwebs continued to grow until the place became famous as the Cobweb Palace.

I should have said that we could not reach North Beach as quickly then as we can today, there being but two horsecar lines, one known as the North Beach and South Park, or what was commonly called the Third street line, which ran from South Park to North Beach. This line ran from South Park or Third and Brannan, up Third to Market, down Market to Montgomery, over Montgomery to Jackson, Jackson to Powell, to Meiggs' Wharf; returning over Powell to Washington, to Montgomery, and back over Montgomery to Market, to Third. The other line was known as the Folsom street line, which came up Fourth, crossing Market to Stockton, up Stockton to Geary, (Continued on Page 33)

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Bet. 22nd and 23rd Sts., San Francisco

MEMORIES—PATERSON

(Continued from Page 25)

the night watchman of the Post Office, lived at 110 Eleventh street. Richard L. Davies was a miner and dwelt at 942 Howard street.

James Cutting was a cook and lived at 634 Minna street. George Cusick was a teamster and lived at 967 Harrison street. Ole Erickson was a seaman and lived at 510 Howard street. A laborer by the name of Robert Dunlap lived at 354 Third street. Charles E. Durning was a switchman and lived at 728 Brannan street. Octavin Danglade, who was a partner with John Serres in the French Liquor Store, located at 36 Fourth street, lived at 302 Jessie street. William Daly of Dunbar and Daly, lived at 352 Clementina street. Jeremiah Daly was a laborer and lived at 39 Moss street. John Daly, the oiler, lived at 272 Dore street. Tommy Bowbeer, the butcher, lived at 507 Sixth street. George Boulanger, the barkeeper, lived at 641 Stevenson street. Otto Anderson was a rope maker, and lived at 515 Howard street.

Remember when George Dallas ran the grocery store at 1105 Folsom street and lived at 1062 Folsom street. Patrick Coughlin was a laborer and dwelt at 122 Townsend street. Conrad Mattson was a carpenter and lived at 647 Stevenson street. Charlie Mathews, the painter, lived at 56 Tehama street. Mathew McBride was a machinist and lived at 38 Ringgold street. Tom McBride used to work with the Southern Pacific Company and lived at 540 Bryant street. Henry Tipping was a cook and lived at 221 Minna street. Howard Tobin, the marine engineer, lived at 526 Howard street. Clemens E. Thomas was a millwright and dwelt at 280 Natoma street.

Perhaps you remember Griffith Thomas, the shoemaker, when he lived at 748½ Minna street; and Tommy Thompson, the fireman, who lived at 228 Brannan street. There were two Staff Brothers who used to work at cement construction. They lived at 748 Howard street. One was called Edward and the other was Victor. Frank Stahl was a cabinet maker and dwelt at 730 Natoma street. The engineer with Sanborn, Vail & Co., was Richard S. Stall, and he lived at 659 Minna St. David Wilson used to be the electrician with the Grand Opera House and lived at 150 Silver street. Miss

(Continued on Page 33)

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MEMORIES—ROXBURGH

(Continued from Page 31)

Geary to Kearny, over Kearny to Pacific, to Stockton, to Francisco returning back over Stockton to Broadway, to Kearny, and back to Fourth and Townsend. So those who lived North of Market had to take one of these lines to reach Warner's, the fare being 6¼ cents or four tickets for 25 cents.

When it came to transferring from Third or Fourth street car to the Howard or Folsom street car and we arrived at the corner of Howard or Folsom, we then made a mad rush for our particular car, there being nothing in our possession to show that we had paid our fare on the other car, but in those days we were honest and we never were questioned (how times have changed).

What I have written regarding the cars on which we reached Warner's may not appear as having any connection with the article, but I had to mention it just to show my young readers how we used to travel in the days gone by.

Now, before I close my remarks, I wish to say that the car tickets of which I spoke were printed on a strip of cardboard about a half inch wide and 1¼ inches long, of four tickets which were chopped off by the conductor, who had a small box-like affair containing a knife which clipped off the required number of tickets which dropped into the box. Now and then we would have one ticket left which we used to appease our youthful appetite for pie, these tickets being accepted as ten cents in all stores.

MEMORIES—PATERSON

(Continued from Page 32)

Levina Trotter kept a drink emporium at 535 Howard street; Louis Wallace, the machinist, lived at 45 Ritch street.

Gosh, when you think of the old pals and the people who lived in those beloved days, it makes you sad and you long for comrades such as they were, filled with the "milk of human kindness," but there are not many to be found. These days are entirely different and the people too busy to give a thought to you even for a single moment. There is no fraternal feeling anymore—only in one organization and that is the South of Market Boys, Inc. No wonder it flourishes.

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Reasonable Prices

3091 - 16th St. Market 5725

STREETS, AVENUES, ETC.

(Continued from Page 11)

HAMPTON PLACE: South side of Folsom street, between Second and Third streets. Here was located the first Rincon Public School in 1856. It was removed to another site in the immediate vicinity, where a new building was constructed for it. John Swett, was the first principal.

MOSS: Named for J. Mora Moss, first President of the San Francisco Gas Company. The Gas Company was located South of Market from its organization to 1906. The ovens on Howard between Fremont and Beale streets; the filtering plant southwest corner of Howard and Fremont, and the office and yards at northeast corner of First and Howard streets, opposite the Shot Tower of the Selby Lead and Smelting Co.

FREELON: Named for Judge T. W. Freelon, an early day jurist of San Francisco, who presided over the 12th District Court.

I submitted this article to the Old Timer, who looked it over, and without making any criticism about it, he said: "Why you have left out two very important alleys in your article." I asked: "What alleys do you refer to?" He replied, "Ghost Alley and Corned Beef and Cabbage Alley." "I have never heard of them," I said, and after looking at me with surprise, gave me the following:

GHOST ALLEY: A narrow alley off the south side of Howard street between Steuart and Spear streets.

CORNE BEEF & CABBAGE ALLEY: A narrow alley just above Ghost Alley. The Brannan family lived at the end of the alley, which was used as a storage place by the ship chandlers and riggers to store their cast off ropes, cables, old anchors and chains.

Then in a reminiscent manner he said: "Johnny Brannan, Bill, the Butcher, who lived on the opposite side of Howard street, Larry Conlaugh, who lived in Ghost Alley, and myself, spent many a pleasant evening in Daly's Grocery and Saloon on the corner of Ghost Alley and Howard, drink ink John Wieland's Philadelphia brew, and singing "The Bells of Shandon". As he was walking away, he said with much emotion and a sigh in his voice, "Them were the happy days around Tar Flat and we will never see the likes of them again."

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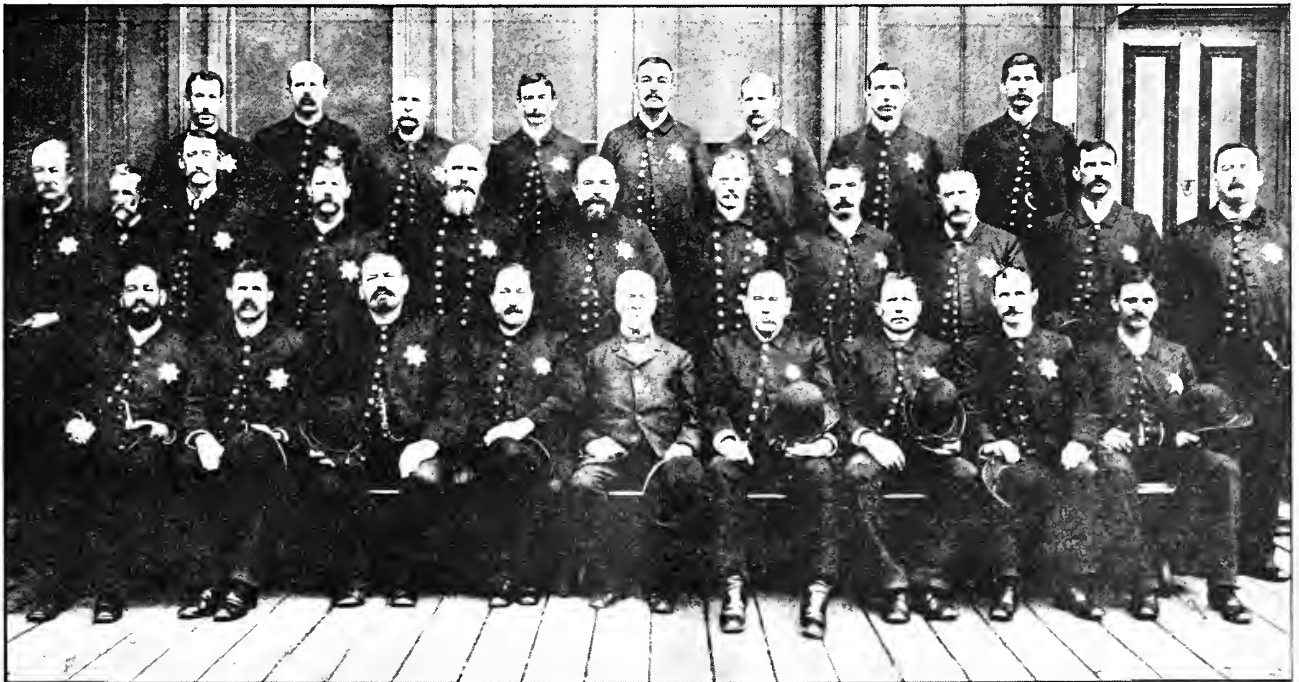
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SOUTH OF MARKET JOURNAL

MAY, 1927



Vol. 2, No. 10



MEMBERS SOUTHERN POLICE DISTRICT—CAPT. JOHN SHORT COMMANDING, 38 YEARS AGO
This picture was taken in front of the Southern Police Station, Folsom and Miller Place, bet. 4th and 5th Sts., in 1899.

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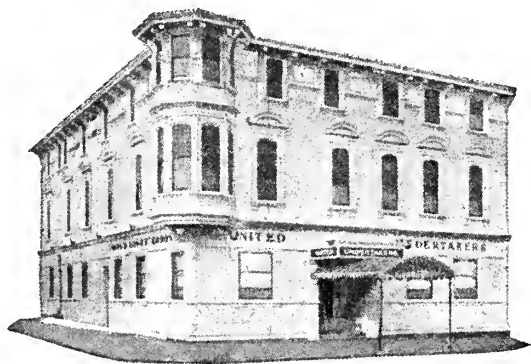
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South of Market Journal

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 Thos. W. Hickey

*Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
 Who never to himself hath said,
 This is my own, my native land.*

—Scott

Vol. II.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA, MAY, 1927

No. 10.

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Well, brother, the ball was a tremendous success, and we want to thank YOU, the members of YOUR family, and YOUR many friends, for they all helped "PUT THE BALL OVER".

A check of all tickets taken in at the door shows a total of 9,774. 2,965 tickets were sold at the box office, 6,255 used by members, and the balance was made up of entertainers and others connected with the production of the show, those employed at the various concessions, press representatives, and those invited through the Invitation Committee.

It is impossible for your President to single out any particular individual of the general committee for the reason that they all helped. Every man, from the General Chairman down, did his part and graciously performed the duty assigned him, with the result that success crowned their efforts.

A complete report up to date will be submitted at our next meeting, Thursday, May 26th, and no doubt you will be glad to learn that a substantial sum will be added to our treasury through the efforts of our members, as well as a kind and generous public.

Five tickets were mailed to each member, and to those who have not yet accounted for theirs we would ask that you do so at once.



THOS. P. GARRITY
President
 South of Market Boys

Send your check, money order, or call in person at the Committee Headquarters, 150 Golden Gate Avenue, as the Committee has a complete check on all tickets used, and each member is expected to

either return the tickets sent him, or the equivalent in cash, at the earliest possible moment.

"LEST WE FORGET — 21 YEARS AFTER" will go down in history as one of the most successful affairs ever held in San Francisco. And again, brother, we thank you.

Our next meeting will be held in Santa Maria Hall, Knights of Columbus Building, 150 Golden Gate avenue, Thursday, May 26th. After a short business session the usual good entertainment will be provided and your presence is requested.

The music of life would be mute if the chords of memory were snapped asunder.

For everything looms pleasant through the softening haze of time.

COMING EVENTS

**Regular
 Monthly
 Meeting
 Thursday
 May 26
 1927**

The next regular monthly meeting will be held on Thursday, May 26, promptly at 8 o'clock, in Santa Maria Hall, Knights of Columbus Building, 150 Golden Gate Ave.

ENTERTAINMENT

El Rincon

The Story of Rincon Point, a South of Market Landmark of Other Days

By ALBERT P. WHEELAN

I.

A precipitous peninsula, jutting boldly into the Bay of San Francisco, covered with gnarled oaks and thick underbrush, visible from the little town of Yerba Buena, was called—by the early settlers—Rincon Point. It was the southerly boundary of Yerba Buena cove. Its Spanish name was El Rincon, meaning a corner. Immense sand dunes, constantly shifting with every wind, and other natural barriers, made it almost inaccessible to the people living in Yerba Buena. In order to reach the point, the pedestrian had to climb steep sand hills for a great distance, and then walk along the beach the balance of the way. If it happened the tide was in, the traveler had to wade to his waist in water, in passing from the city to the point.

There arrived in San Francisco, November 25th, 1849, Dr. John H. Gihon, a pioneer physician. The next day, he scaled the rocky point and set up an india rubber tent as his habitation, where he lived for a short time. To him falls the honor of being the first settler upon Rincon Point.

II.

Brigadier-General Stephen Watts Kearny, Military Governor of the Territory of California, by an executive order, given at the territorial capital—Monterey—March 10th, 1847, "granted, released and conveyed to the town of San Francisco, the people or the corporate authorities thereof", all the right, title and interest of the government of the United States, in and to all beach and water lots on the east front of the town of San Francisco, between Fort Montgomery and Rincon Point, subject to certain conditions contained in said order. This was called Kearny's Grant.

Believing in the ultimate greatness of San Francisco with an almost prophetic vision, Colonel Richard B. Mason, the successor of General Kearny, as Military Governor of California, communicated with the commander of the San Francisco Presidio, Major James A. Hardie, notifying and directing him to make suitable selections of lots, under the au-



ALBERT P. WHEELAN

thority of the Kearny Grant, "best suitable for wharves, both for army and navy purposes with enough for all the buildings that it might become necessary to erect hereafter."

Upon receipt of this communication, Major Hardie, on July 18, 1847, notified Hon. John W. Geary, Alcalde of the Town of San Francisco, advising him that in accordance with the order of the Military Governor, he had selected for governmental uses and purposes, among other parcels of land, "All that portion of Rincon Point not divided off into lots, and marked "GOVERNMENT RESERVE", upon a map entitled "Map of the Beach and Water Lots of San Francisco, A. D. 1847", on file in the Alcade's office of San Francisco, and described the property so selected by him at Rincon Point as "All that portion of Rincon Point lying east of Beale street, and south of Folsom street, and bounded by the tide waters of the Bay of San Francisco."

Rincon Point then became the property of the government of the United States, and was actually a Government Reserve to be used for the benefit of the people.

General Bennett Riley, Military Governor of the Territory of California, and who succeeded Col. Mason in that office, advised Cap-

tain E. D. Keyes, commanding the Presidio of San Francisco, in an order from Monterey, dated November 16th, 1849, to lease the unused Government Reserves to reliable people, citizens of the United States and residents of San Francisco. He gave the Captain permission to lease Rincon Point either to Messrs. Wright & Co., or De Witt & Harrison, or to Mr. Theo. Shillaber, and advised the Captain further that the annual rentals from the Rincon Point property should aggregate between four and five hundred dollars.

Accordingly, Rincon Point was, November 28th, 1849, two days after Dr. Gihon had erected his tent on the Point, leased by Captain Keyes to Mr. Theo. Shillaber for the period of ten years, subject to certain special provisions as to the termination of the lease by the government.

There were many claimants who contended that they held the only valid titles to the Rincon Point property adverse to that held by the Government, and in order to clear the title to the property, the Common Council of the city of San Francisco, by a municipal ordinance, empowered the Mayor of the city to give the Government a quit claim deed to the Rincon Point land. So, in pursuance of the power and authority vested in Hon. C. J. Brenham as Mayor of the City of San Francisco, on December 11th, 1852, he delivered to the representatives of the Federal government a quit claim deed conveying to the Federal government all of the right, title and interest of the city of San Francisco, in and to, six fifty vara lots of land, bounded and described as follows: "On the East by Spear street, on the South by Harrison street, on the West by Front (now Main) street, and on the North by the beach, the whole comprehended within an area of one hundred varas by one hundred and fifty varas."

III.

In October, 1849, one Thomas White, an Australian, settled upon a tract of land east of Beale street, where he built a house and lived with his family until the fall of 1851. He claimed that he had

erected a fence running north along the easterly line of Beale street across Rincon Point, from shore to shore, and claimed title to all of the land lying east of the fence. Later during litigation involving the title to this land, this claim of White's was denied by the government's witnesses. White further claimed that his house was within the enclosure, and that many people resided upon the enclosed premises, and were his tenants.

In May, 1850, White had a tract of land embracing Rincon Point surveyed, containing twenty-five acres and filed his claim upon said land under the preemption laws of the United States, duly recording his claim in the County Recorder's office.

When Mr. Theo. Shillaber, the lessee of the government reserve at Rincon Point, appeared upon the land, he found it in the possession of Thomas White and his band of squatters, all of whom refused to vacate the premises when he demanded they do so. Mr. Shillaber complained to Captain E. D. Keyes, commanding the troops at the Presidio of San Francisco, requesting that he be placed in possession of the land, by armed force, if necessary, and that the squatters be removed from the property. Shillaber's appeal for help was immediately responded to by the Captain. He personally called on the squatters and demanded possession of the land in the name of the Federal government, and that the squatters move themselves and their effects from the property. His verbal demands remaining unheeded, and the Captain being a man of action, proceeded to gain possession of the land for the government's tenant, Mr. Shillaber.

The Captain will tell you the story in his own words: "Being in charge of the Government Reserves in San Francisco, I was directed by General Riley, then Military Governor of the Territory, to lease them. Accordingly I did lease the Rincon Point Reserve to the late Theodore Shillaber, with a promise to remove the squatters, whose tents covered the whole of it. I visited the Point several times and notified the occupants that they must leave or I should, on a certain day, remove them by force. My verbal instructions were unheeded, and on the morning of February 1st, 1850, I

issued ball and cartridges to my entire disposable force of about fifty men and two officers, Lieutenants Landrum and Gibson, and took up my line of march for Rincon Point, four miles distant from the Presidio. As we wound over the sand hills, it was observed that the sky was perfectly clear, and that the sun shone with unusual brightness. It was one of those charming days which surprises the stranger who visits our shores in the clear intervals of the rainy season. I directed the soldiers to be silent, and to pay no attention to anything but the orders of their officers. Arrived at the border of the reserve, I halted my men, and passing across the line, called upon all the squatters to vacate. They crowded about me, and all, with one single exception, submitted. The exception was a "Sydney Duck", as he was called, whose name was White. He refused to go, and dared me to touch his property, which was somewhat extensive, as he kept a hardware store in one tent, and lived in irregular combination in another adjoining. I wasted no words upon the Sydney Duck, but marched my soldiers close to the premises, ordered six robust fellows to stack their arms and carry beyond the line and deposit with care, the tents and all they contained. It was done with despatch, and saving my orders, which were few, not a word was uttered by any man in my command. As soon as the ground was cleared, I directed the workers to take their arms and resume their places in the ranks. Then I gathered the full force of my lungs, and in a voice which a man told me 'could have been heard two miles off', I shouted, 'Shoulder Arms!—By the right flank, right face—Forward March!' The ranks were closed, and we moved away in silence along what is now First street, leaving a crowd of not less than seven thousand men, who had assembled to witness our achievement. There was a man in the multitude who had been in the 'battle of San Pascual', and he afterwards said to me, 'That battle was nothing to the clearing out of the squatters.'

"I was in full dress uniform, and marching in front of my men, when I arrived at the junction of Market and Montgomery streets, where I was met by an Alguazil (Sheriff), who served upon me a summons to appear without de-

lay before Judge Almon of the Court of First Instance.

"I went direct to that court, where Mr. Calhoun Benham, on the part of the Sydney Duck, opened the case in a fiery discourse upon my armed encroachment upon civil rights. He deprecated the exercise of military tyranny and usurpation in a strain of eloquence which touched the sublime. Mr. Peachy assumed the defense, and explained the circumstances and orders under which I had acted, whereupon the Judge released me, and I returned to my post."

Thus ended the bloodless Battle of Rincon Point, fought between the United States Army and the Squatters.

However, as an aftermath of the battle of Rincon Point, Thomas White and his wife, the evicted squatters, brought an action for six thousand dollars damages against Captain Keyes. The squatters complained that their goods and chattels had been allowed to be exposed for two minutes or more to the elements, in the form of a terrific downpour of rain, and that the goods had been ruined. This contention was shown to be false, as the day upon which the eviction occurred was an unusually beautiful one, and Judge Levi Parsons of the State District Court, advised the jury to find a verdict in favor of the defendant.

While White was in possession of the Rincon Point property, he transferred some of his interests in the land to various parties, and after the United States Marine Hospital was erected upon the site by the Federal government, considerable litigation ensued against the Federal government over the title to the property. However, in 1862, the State Supreme Court swept aside all of the conflicting claims adverse to the interest of the Federal government, and the title of the United States of America was perfected and the adverse claimants were forever barred from again asserting any claim to the property.

IV.

Every old resident of Tar Flat can recall the large, red brick building at the northeast corner of Harrison and Main streets, with its four large iron balconies facing the south along Harrison street. This was the United States Marine Hospital, and the site was what was once known as Rincon Point. The cornerstone of the building was laid April 7th, 1853, with ap-

propriate ceremony. The building was 182 feet long and 96 feet in width, and was four stories in height. It could accommodate five hundred patients, and, if necessary, seven hundred might be cared for in the spacious building. The cost was two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. It was built by the Federal government, and was supported by a tax upon American shipping, and a tax of twenty cents per month deducted from the wages of American seamen. It was used exclusively to care for sick and destitute seamen.

V.

The United States Marine Hospital building at Rincon Point was abandoned by the Federal government in 1868, and the hospital was moved to Mountain Lake, in the Presidio of San Francisco. The Federal government deeded the property to the City and County of San Francisco, and the Board of Supervisors leased the building and grounds to the Ladies' Seaman's Friend Society of the Port of San Francisco at a nominal rental of one dollar per year. This society called the building "The Sailor's Home", where sailors were cared for while they lived ashore.

It was the custom for many years for the Board of Supervisors to make an appropriation for the Sailor's Home every fiscal year. The members of the society depended upon the Supervisors of the 7th Ward, where Rincon Point was situated, to act as their spokesman in the matter of the annual appropriation. In order to be sure to have a good representative on the Board to care for their interests, they usually endorsed all of the candidates for the office of Supervisor of the 7th Ward. The ladies conducting the society certainly understood the game of politics, even if they did not have a vote. They always won the position for their candidate.

In recalling to the memory of the South of Market Boys, the old landmark—in fact the most conspicuous structure on the whole Bay shore of San Francisco before 1906—it would be a grievous mistake not to pay some slight tribute to Mrs. Rebecca Lambert, the founder of the Ladies' Seaman's Friend Society of the Port of San Francisco. This wonderful woman worked consistently, day after day, from 1852 to 1886, for the sailors, or "her boys", as she called them. She was the widow

of a sea captain who died in 1852. She had accompanied her husband on long voyages, and had learned to appreciate the good traits of the American sailor, and to sympathize with his troubles and ill-treatment and injustice he was constantly subjected to. She had observed him ill-treated and cheated by the crimps, land-sharks, runners and shanghai men in all the ports of the world. So she devoted her whole life to those who go down to the sea in ships. She personally endeavored to have Congress legislate in behalf of the sailor, to improve his condition, and to guard his rights. She gave not only her life, but a large fortune to the cause in which she was interested.

She obtained a plot of ground in the old City Cemetery, now the site of the Lincoln Park Golf Links, where the friendless sailor was buried, within the sound of the booming surf, and strange to relate, this noble woman lies buried in an undisturbed grave in the same place, her grave and monument still intact, but her name and fame almost forgotten by the present residents of San Francisco.

A movement has lately been fostered by some public spirited citizens of the community, to erect a memorial to Rebecca Lambert. The site of this memorial should be in the Civic Center, and would be but a slight tribute to the memory of the noble woman who gave a lifetime of devotion and a large private fortune to make the lives of the sailormen of the Seven Seas, who sailed in and out of the Port of San Francisco, brighter and better.

"She was a Captain's wife who sailed the seas

Until the Captain died; and then she gave

Her fortune, and every day and hour to save

"Her boys" from "land-sharks" and the stern decrees

Of law that bound them down and turned the keys

Of prison on them at the will of every knave

That ruled the water front. As brave

As any lioness, with every breeze

That brought "her boys" to San Francisco-town

She stood and fought at bay for them. All unforget

The Sailor's Home on Rincon Hill—the crown

Of all her work—yet greater still, God-wot

The Sailor's graveyard by the shore so brown,

Another home where the salt, salt wavelets lave,

And here she lies within her grave Amidst them all until the Day of Great Renown

Oh! Sailor-boys—a violet to mark the spot!"

Settle for your Ball Tickets at once.

THE SOUTH OF MARKET PROGRAM

By Charles Caldwell Dobie

(Reprinted by permission from the S. F. Bulletin)

Somebody sent me a program of the entertainment the South of Market boys held recently in The Auditorium. Only they spelled it "programme" as they should in order to preserve the flavor of the past. It was a light pink program, another touch from the days gone by. On the front page was a cut showing the old Morosco's Theatre, and a picture of the original Walter Morosco with as neat a pair of moustaches as ever graced a lion tamer. This old Morosco's was on Howard street. I didn't know it in those days. But later, when it moved up to the Grand Opera House on Mission street, I used to sit in the gallery and thrill to "Bertha, the Sewing Machine Girl", or "The Silver King", or "Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model". The greatest thrill that any play could give us then was a railroad or sawmill scene. Villains had very forthright methods of doing away with their enemies in the '90s. Heroines were invariably tied to a railroad track in the direct path of the thundering engine throwing off lights from a Roman candle. And heroes were allowed to be shoved toward the circular saws humming so merrily in the painted logging camps. Window weights and picture wire were unknown.

But the cut of old Morosco's wasn't the only melancholy thing about the program. There were the cards of many firms that have passed completely from the picture. Here is J. J. O'Brien & Co., for instance, at Market and Jones streets. That seemed a long way out, once. And it was known to

be the windiest corner in town. And Hughes & Foley's Bakery, at Jessie and Fourth. Only, when I knew Hughes & Foley's Bakery it was up on the Polk street that Frank Norris made famous. Great fat doughnuts and wine cakes were the specialties of Hughes & Foley. And hot muffins every Sunday, as the advertisement on the South of Market Boys' program attests. And C. Curtin, who had a dry goods store up in the vicinity of the Windsor Hotel. And a neat-looking cut showing the Philadelphia Brewery at Second and Folsom. Breweries! How bound up breweries were with my youth. The indescribable smell of hops and malt that emanated from them. There was a brewery opposite the Redding Primary School, and every day at the noon hour, just as we raced homeward, the air was sweet with this hot moist smell. The noon hour and freedom is always associated with the odors from a brewery. And here is an "ad" for the Pioneer Carpet Works, assuring the public of its humane treatment of carpets. For if we can believe our eyes, the Pioneer carpet beating machines only "beat carpets on the back".

And here is the Golden Rule Bazaar that fathered the present Emporium. And O'Connor & Kelleher, on Fourth street, where a 50-cent tie was given away with every purchase. And John Maloney's "Cuckoo's Nest", on Brannan street, where one could get rooms and board. And "The Whale", a thirst emporium at Third and Jessie, named so because of the whale of a schooner of beer that could be purchased for 5 cents. The Pacific Athletic Club announced a 15-round fight between Jack Stelzner and Aleck Greggains at Woodward's Pavilion. The proprietors of said club being no less personages than Dr. C. C. O'Donnell and Pringle Brothers. Dr. C. C. O'Donnell! He knew the value of publicity. And even if he never got to be mayor of the city, his perennial campaigns made him the most talked of man in San Francisco. And last, but not least, comes a card that merely reads: "Cafe Royal, Fourth and Market streets". If this has any significance to you, gentle reader, no more need be said.

Settle for your Ball Tickets at once.

MOTHER'S DAY

Sunday, May 8th, being Mother's Day, members of your Board of Directors paid a visit to Mrs. Bonfils (Annie Laurie) and spent a pleasant hour with this wonderful lady.

Mrs. Bonfils, as you know, is the mother of the South of Market Boys' organization, and it was fitting that your representatives visit her on this occasion.

The following letter has been received from Annie Laurie:
Dear South of Market Boys:

The house was lonely a little while ago, and now it's full of roses. What a glorious tree of them!

I can't even try to thank you—I can only say "God bless you— and bring pride and joy to the hearts of everyone of your real mothers.

Proudly and affectionately yours,
(Signed) ANNIE LAURIE.

UNITED STATES SENATE

Washington, D. C.

April 12, 1927.

Dear Bro. Quinn:

I beg to enclose my check in your favor for \$5.00 for tickets (5) to our forthcoming Ball on April 23rd. I hope my engagements will permit me to join in our "21 Years After" merriment. How swiftly the years fly away!

With kindest regards, I am,

Sincerely yours,

SAMUEL M. SHORTRIDGE,
Menlo Park.

Mr. John F. Quinn,
150 Golden Gate Ave.,
San Francisco.

April 25, 1927.

Mr. John F. Quinn,
South of Market Boys,
853 Howard Street,
San Francisco, California.

Dear Sirs:—

I appreciate your kindness in asking me to your big party on April 23, and if I had been anywhere near San Francisco, I would have attended. During an all too brief visit to San Francisco a few weeks ago, my old friend Judge Thomas Graham told me of the plan for the reunion, and I wish I might have remained over for it. I attended Lincoln School, 1181-87, and hold many fine memories of the town lying South of the Slot.

Very truly yours,

MARTIN EGAN.

SONNET

Everything living, on water relies.
It travels around as though it
had eyes.
Before it mates with the general
supply,
In separate drops it falls from the
sky.
The Maker planned his work so
well,
That each drop of rain is provided
a cell,
Carefully housed like a new born
bud,
To prevent it from rushing down
in a flood.
Drawn from the ocean, it forms
into rain,
Then comes back to serve man-
kind again.
It stops now and then to smile in
the sun,
Blessed are raindrops, we love
every one,
So beautiful in their virgin state,
A wonder of wonders to contem-
plate.

T. C. GALLAGHER.

Tim Crimmins worked 49 years
on the Street Railroad, and lived
South of Market.

Was the first man to run an elec-
tric car on the San Bruno Road.

He is 75 years old and still
working—oiling tracks along San
Bruno Road, on the No. 25 car
line.

Also drove horses on the Folsom
Street line and Third Street, and
is a South of Market Boy.

Sacramento, Calif.,

April 27, 1927.

Mr. Thos. Garrity,
San Francisco.
Friend Tom:—

I am sending to you one ticket
that I purchased for the S. O. M.
Ball. You may do what you will
with it. I am certainly elated
over the ball; in my opinion it
could not be beaten, a credit to
the name, a real old treat, shaking
hands with dear old friends after
twenty years. A true reminder
of the good old days spent in this
section, where I first saw the light
of day—and where I was rocked
to sleep with lullabys from lips
that have now changed to dust.
Let us hope that the great big
moon of good luck and prosperity
will always continue to shine over
us, and that our little friendship
will always stand perpetual.

Yours,

JAS. L. LYNN,

Sacramento, Calif.

Jazz Originated South of Market

By EDGAR T. GLEESON

When Henry Osborne Osgood credited Art Hickman with the first modern jazz orchestration, in an article "The Anatomy of Jazz", published in a recent edition of *The American Mercury*, he was only paying a deserved tribute to a man who got his start in the show business South of Market. Before Art ever dreamed of syncopating popular melodies for the tripping feet of a nation, he was a member of a song and dance team with his sister, Pearl.

The Hickmans were not born South of Market; never lived there. They grew up in Oakland, but when the moving picture-vau-deville show combination came into vogue they saw an opportunity to break into San Francisco and grasped it.

Pearl Hickman and Art were only kids at the time, but both aspired to fame and fortune as dancers. The picture houses, or cinematographs, as they were then known, had modest programs. They ran continuous shows, a film or two and an illustrated song. A handsome balladist usually obliged with "Down Where the Cotton Blossoms Grow", or "When the Harvest Days Are Over, Jessie Dear". Bright colored slides of waving fields of cotton with a lemon-meringue, or ultramarine sky, were flashed on the screen to illustrate the verses.

The Hickmans were a welcome departure. They offered a neat dancing act. Pearl Hickman says their first engagement was at the Unique Theatre, run by Sid Granman and his father on Market below Sixth. This was in the nature of a professional trial. They danced sixty times a day and received \$20 a week.

When the Graumans opened the Lyceum Theatre in the old Odd Fellows building at Market and Seventh streets, the Hickman act was elaborated. Art never realized his vocal powers until that moment. He ceased being merely a youthful hooper and became a song and dance man. The Hickmans played several engagements at the Lyceum and then went on to more popular conquests at church bazaars and St. Patrick's day entertainments. None of the

South of Market patrons suspected that some day Art Hickman would pioneer a new dance movement, or go forth into the world with a baton at the head of his own dance orchestra. Pearl is still true to her early art as an exponent of the dance.

The history of Art Hickman's success is also the history of jazz. The story has never been told in full, but the word jazz made its entrance into current speech at the same time that Hickman rose to be an orchestra leader.

In *The Mercury* article, the author said:

"If the Pacific Coast is looking for something to balance the fame of that ornament of the Atlantic Coast, Faneuil Hall, Cradle of Liberty, it might christen the St. Francis Hotel the Cradle of Jazz, for the first complete modern jazz combination I have been able to locate played there in 1914. Art Hickman, who came East later and did much to arouse popular interest in the kind of music already so well known on the Coast, was its leader. The combination was two saxophones, cornet, trombone, violin, banjo, piano and drums. For probably the first time, the limelight was focused on the drummer, since Hickman was neither violinist or pianist, like the usual leader, but a master of the drums and traps."

The trip East to which Osgood refers was one Hickman made with his orchestra to the Ziegfeld follies. On their opening night, they played one popular piece over and over again for 35 minutes before the crowd would let them go.

The true explanation of Hickman's connection with jazz is as follows:

After a brief experience in the show business, he became manager of the Chutes Theatre when Sophie Tucker was packing 'em in with her Southern sonatas. He had a pretty good grounding in syncopation, or ragtime.

It was while he was enjoying a vacation at Boyes Springs, Sonoma County in the spring of 1914, that the idea of jazz was born. The writer of these lines, in company with Harry B. Smith, sport-

ing editor of *The Chronicle*, the late William "Spike" Slattery, sporting editor of *The Call*, Al C. Joy, former sporting editor of *The Examiner*, and Chester H. Smith, former sport writer of *The Post-Globe*, accompanied the San Francisco ball team on its annual training pilgrimage.

Art Hickman, always a hail-fellow well-met, joined the party on its explorations about the countryside. One night, returning from a jaunt to Jack London's home at Glen Ellen, where the author was then at work on his story "John Barleycorn", it was proposed that Hickman get an orchestra together.

That week, Boyes Springs staged a Wednesday night dance. Art held forth with three or four members, far into the night.

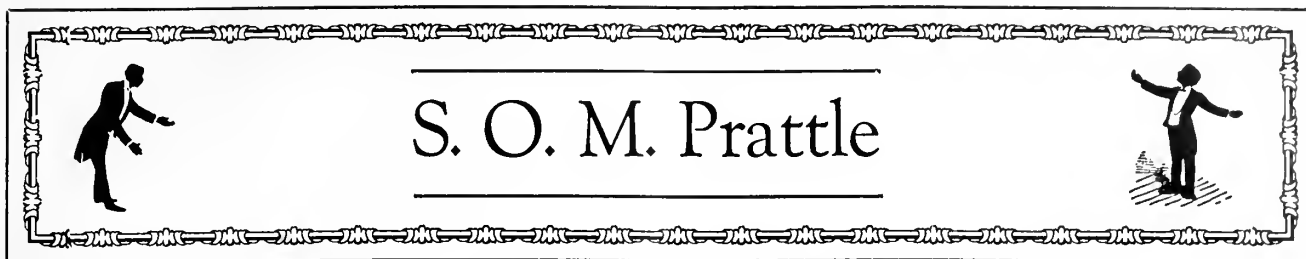
It is a coincidence that the first use of the word jazz was made at the same time. Over the dinner table "Spike" Slattery, who was a great collector of slang phrases, mentioned casually the training season put a lot of pep and jazz into things. "Spike" explained it was a word current among negro crap shooters. My next story about the Seals carried the word jazz. They were said to be very "jazzy", all "jazzed up" from the spring water and the workouts in the Valley of the Moon, and rarin' to go. Jazz crept into the stories and headings frequently after that.

In a week-end crowd that dropped in upon Boyes, were James Woods, now proprietor of the Los Angeles Biltmore, and former Police Judge John J. Sullivan. They heard the Hickman orchestra, the Hickman syncopation.

"That's what we ought to have at the St. Francis," said Woods.

Art was induced to come to San Francisco, assemble an orchestra, and provide the fox-trots and dreamy waltzes in the Rose Room.

There have been many printed versions of the discovery of jazz South of the Mason-Dixon Line, but jazz, as we know it, really came from South of Market. The person who introduced it was Hickman, who first appeared before professional audiences South of Market at the Lyceum theatre.



We regret to learn of the illness of Chief Dan O'Brien, one of our active members, and trust he will soon regain his health and be his old self again—a real South of Market Boy.

Acting Chief of Police William Quinn is an active member of our organization. He is on our Board of Directors, is active on the Employment Committee and rarely misses a meeting.

She hangs out in our alley, but Oh! What she hangs out.

Many a girl that has been all run down winds up in some other fellow's arms.

It is usually not so much the greatness of our problems as the littleness of our spirit which makes us complain,

The observer likens many of our debaters unto the pin-head 'cause they are seldom able to see the point.

Phil Kennedy infers that Adam's wife was called Eve because man's happiness was drawing to a close.

Geo. McNulty holds that the way of the transgressor is a heck of a lot of fun.

Our worthy prexy believes the best way to raise children is to buy an airship.

Emmet Hayden says the note to good manners is B natural.

Genial Tom Healy, seriously pondering over existing conditions, inclines to the belief that flaming youth sometimes cooks its own goose.

Now Ed Quillinan, whom some unkind soul hath hinted was noisy, and who hath many conferences with peppy femininity, maintains, though he says it sounds paradoxical, that no woman can hold her own in a battle of tongues.

Controversial Dan O'Neil ventures forth this statement that President Coolidge's naval armament lim-

itation program is now hitting on only three cylinders. Isn't he observant?

Dan Sheehan agreeth not with Secretary Hoover when he announces that we have recovered from the war. True, he is willing to agree with him to the extent that the five-cent cigar is back, but querieth with him as to what hath become of the free-lunch counter? Canst thou, fair sir, uncover its whereabouts?

Percy Goldstein, being electric, hath reasoneth to himself that the various factions in China ought to be able to iron out their difficulties.

With reference to the saxophone band taken to China by the Royal Marines, that dashing militarist, John Heffernan, contends that it will only be used for defensive purposes.

According to T. Trodden, there is this consolation about China. Anything that happens in there nowadays is bound to be an improvement.

A certain dentist is suspected of having beaten his wife to death with an iron bar, whereupon friend Dr. Gonzalez concludes that he must have won her confidence by assuring her that it wouldn't hurt a bit.

Judging by the exceptionally low birth-rate in England and Wales, it would appear, saith Stanley Cook, our philosopher, that many people are putting off being born until things in this country have settled down a bit.

Jim Silvey, who recently made a trip abroad, is reported as explaining that the House of Commons, that wonderful structure that holds such an exalted position in the annals of Sam Stern's country, is ventilated by a system that makes it practically germ-proof. Notwithstanding, says Al. Samuels, some funny things blow in when they leave the door open.

The recent veto of the farm-relief bill may increase the President's popularity among the city folks; but

Bob Rauer has a nervous feeling, however, that it will not put him first in the hearts of the countrymen.

According to Gene Mulligan, the legalite, absence makes the heart grow fonder and we have our moments of depression, as we study certain of the laws and court decisions, when we feel that perhaps that's why we Americans love liberty and justice so.

Matt Brady thinks that thirty is a nice age for a woman. It is, says Frank McStocker, if she happens to be forty.

According to Bill McCabe, if all the persons who understand the Nicaraguan situation were laid end to end, he would feel awfully conspicuous.

Settle for your Ball Tickets at once.

Our worthy President advises the right angle to approach a difficult proposition is the try-angle.

It is said an American missionary saved himself from cannibals by dancing the Charleston. According to Martin Tierney, the natives probably figured that any man who took that much exercise would be too tough to eat.

Mayor Jas. Rolph blew into the last meeting, and by golly, you know he stayed until the end.

Tom Gosland brought his usual smile to the last meeting.

Chas. Kendrick brought his straw with him. He believes in being seansonable.

There is nothing but wind in taffy, but it is a mighty soothing wind to the most of us, says Bill Bonsor.

"Just one more glass, boys, and then we'll all go home," said Jerry O'Leary, the officiating dishwasher at the recent Carnival of Eats staged by the S. O. M. Boys, Inc., as he laid down the soap.



GEO. W. PATERSON

There are friends we meet as we journey along,
Who, like ships that pass in the night,
We meet one day and they drift away
Silently out of sight.

There are other friends whom we chance to meet
Who prove loyal and staunch and true,
Whom we leave with a sigh when we say good-bye,
Just such a friend are you.

Now dear friends, launch your bark on the river of memory and let us glide once again over the rippling waters of the stream and set out on our pleasure excursion to discover new things that flourished in the long ago. The first name that suggests itself out of the far off haze that seems to enshroud our minds is that of Daniel Fairfield, who was a rigger of some fame in his day, and had his abode at 207 Main street. Then let us proceed upon our path to where No. 754 Folsom street stood, and we recollect Anthony Kidd, who earned his bread by close attention to the very honorable occupation of clock repairer. A name you could conjure with a great deal during the period we refer to in the present article, was that of William Fairgrieve, who then was the foreman of the sorting room at the Mission Woolen Mills, and who dwelt at that period at 953 Harrison street.

George W. Kidd was a sturdy teamster, and he labored with J. Morton & Co., and lived at 19 Langdon street. Cornelius P. Kennedy of the firm of O'Neill, Kennedy and Stewart, was a popular individual as far as the dry goods business of those days was concerned, and he domiciled at 536 Minna street. A very well known person was Billy Lehrke, who lived at Fifth and Natoma streets. At the restaurant connected with

the famous old Woodward's Garden, labored another Lehrke, whose first name was Christian, and he dwelt on the west side of Mission street, between 13th and 14th streets.

A man who stood well in his profession as an architect and builder, was August V. Leighton, who had his office at 531 California street, Room 10, and who lived at 838 Mission street. At the same place where lived C. P. Kennedy, viz., 536 Minna street, there dwelt a cooper by the name of Isaiah Leighton. Thomas Leiry pursued the occupation of bricklayer, and he lived at 606 Fourth street. C. S. Kennedy was a salesman of some wonderful ability, and was connected with another popular dry goods firm, known as Kennedy and Brennan, and he also lived at 536 Minna street.

There were many molders in this good old city of ours in the late seventies, and one who was as well known as any, perhaps, was Robert Leischman. He lived at 124 Folsom street. A barkeeper, who had a host of friends when he worked for John W. Titcomb, was "Billie" D. Madegan, and he lived at 208 Second street. Jack Lennon was a shoemaker, and he dwelt at 35 Tehama street. At the time we are writing about, there was a compositor named John Leo, who worked with David Kerr when he had his printing establishment on the north side of Market street, just around the corner from Montgomery street—right on the very site occupied by the Crocker Building at the present time. He lived in those days at 73 Natoma street, and subsequently went into the printing business on his own account at the corner of Sixth and Market streets.

At the Union Iron Works, there labored a boiler maker by the name of Frank Maguire, and he lived at 144 Natoma street. Harry C. Maguire was the bookkeeper for Spruance, Stanley & Co., and dwelt at 719 Harrison street. There were two laborers by the name of Daniel Leonard. One

lived at 18½ Folsom avenue, and the other at 21 Harrison avenue. Jacob Lesser, the well known shoe dealer, lived at 452½ Tehama street, and Edward L. Macy, the carpenter, dwelt at 164 Jessie street.

A longshoreman by the name of Carl Lessinsky lived on Eighth street, between Bryant and Brannan streets. "Jimmy" Madden, the popular plasterer, lived at 258 Eighth street. About that time, T. and D. Lundy did a landoffice business in jewelry. Their establishment was then located at 7 and 9 Third street. "Billie" Maher, the cigar dealer, resided at 154 Natoma street. Martin Maher, of Martin and Mannion, was located at 224 Third street, and a rigger by the name of John Mahoney, lived at 538 Howard street.

With the well known ship building company run by Messrs. Middleman and Boole, there was employed a ship carpenter by the name of P. Mahoney, and he lived on Pier 19, Steuart street. One of the journalists on the Evening Post in those days was Cornelius A. Mahoney. He lived at 320 Jessie street. Another carpenter was Francis H. Hill, and he dwelt at 547 Mission street. William M. Hinton, Jr., worked as a printer on the Evening Post, and lived at 647 Folsom street.

Charles Meyers ran a grocery and liquor store at the northeast corner of Folsom and Beale streets. John T. Mahoney was occupied as a barber, and lived at 710 Natoma street. Daniel Mahoney was a shoemaker, and lived at 535 Stevenson street. A painter by the name of Maloney, whose first name was "Joe", lived at 521 Minna street. Peter McIntyre at that time followed the occupation of carpenter, and was employed at the planing mills of D. A. MacDonald, located on Spear street. He lived at 348 Fourth street. He afterwards took part in several celebrated walking matches that were promoted by D. R. McNeil at the old Mechanics' Institute Building, then lo-

(Continued on Page 14)

Memories

By GEORGE W. PATERSON

the Past

By JAMES H. ROXBURGH

TRY TO BE PLEASANT

Written by a Young Niece of
Joe Anthony

It doesn't cost much to be pleasant,
It is just a kind word or a smile
That helps to brighten life's pathway,
That helps to make living worth
while,
As the sun melts the clouds of the
morning,
To shine out a glorious day,
A smile or a word of encouragement
Chases life's sorrows away.

It doesn't cost much to be pleasant—
It is just a kind word here and
there
That helps to lighten life's burdens
When the heart's on the verge of
despair,
Like a flower that blooms in God's
sunshine,
We are here but a very short
while;
Let us treat those about us with
kindness,
"Try being pleasant, and smile."

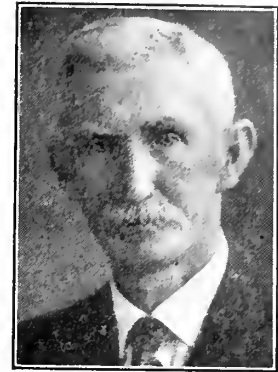
It has been called to my attention that I had forgotten to mention the names of two young ladies who used to sing at the Y. M. C. A. on Sutter street, where Goldberg, Bowen's store is now, at Dash-away Hall on Post street, where O'Connor-Moffatt's store is, and at the Father Matthew T. A. B. Society, which was on Howard street, between Fourth and Fifth, in Irish-American Hall. First there was Molly B. Bjorkman, who used to sing the following songs: "Will You Love Me When I Am Old", "Kathleen Mavourneen", "Under the Daisies" and "The Day When You'll Forget Me". This girl was born on Moss street, and passed away a few years ago. The other young lady was Mame Hallahan, who lived at Tenth and Folsom. Miss Hallahan's favorite songs were: "Kathleen Mavourneen" and "Come Back to Erin". She came from a musical family; her brother John sang tenor with the Balfian Quartette; Eugene and sisters Nellie and Maggie were also fine singers. There were seven children in the

family, John, Eugene, Tom, Mame, Nellie, Lillie and Maggie all of whom have passed to the great beyond some years ago.

In looking over my souvenir dance programs of the days when Union Hall was in its glory, and when the program issued by the various clubs were very expensive, taking that of the Excelsior Club's Second Anniversary Invitation Party of Friday evening, September 21st, 1883. First there was the invitation which was in the form of a triplicate panel which had embossed on one side panel, "Compliments of", and on the other, "Excelsior Club"; when open, on the left hand panel was a card with an oval cut-out and beneath it was the club monogram, E. C., printed on red silk; on the right hand panel was the figure of Excelsior printed on red silk. In the center was a card cut-out, beneath which was a sachet pad over which was the invitation, printed on white silk in blue ink, reading as follows:

The Excelsior Club
Desires your presence at their
Second Anniversary
Souvenir Party
At Union Hall
Friday Evening, Sept. 21st, 1883.

The programs were of two kinds, one for the ladies, which was in the form of a satchel with a heavy silk cord; from the satchel was suspended at the front, a small panel of white silk with the club monogram printed in blue thereon; the balance of the program was covered with light blue chenille, and edged with chenille fringe and blue silk tassels; in the center of the front was worked a white dove; across the back was a light blue silk ribbon with the word Excelsior. The gent's program was of the same form as those of today, except that it was covered with cream colored silk, the front being of shirred silk, in the center of which was a frame of light blue chenille covering the club monogram, E. C., which was printed on red silk; to this was attached a heavy silk cord and tassel. The total cost of the invi-



JAMES H. ROXBURGH

tations and the two programs was said to be \$1.50, but then the boys were vieing with other clubs, and did not want to be outdone. Now glance over the names of the officers and committeemen, and see how many you know. President E. Duffy, Vice-President, W. M. Page, Recording Secretary D. J. Gordon, Treasurer M. J. Carroll, Corresponding Secretary M. Scanlon, Financial Secretary G. D. Melletz, Marshal C. J. Kelley. Committee of Arrangements, H. Kalthoff, Chairman, A. J. Reavey, J. Lynch, S. M. Hughes, T. Donnelly; Reception Committee: G. H. Robinson, chairman, D. R. Conniff, L. Olennd, H. J. Wynne, C. Steen, D. Lynch, E. K. Varney, T. Lynch, J. Quigg, W. Toner, W. P. O'Brien, F. Berge, G. Molloy, J. H. Dunnigan, J. E. Craig, J. Bryson, W. Conroy, W. T. Ridgeway, A. Banker, J. Quinlivan, F. Corbet, J. Lenihan, L. Hagenkamp and J. Strother.

Floor Director, D. J. Gordon. Floor Committee, T. Treacy, Chairman, A. Trainor, J. J. Stafford, G. W. Graney, W. Shanley, J. T. Lucy, T. Mack, T. McCarthy, G. Lindauer, C. Arthur, E. C. Campion, C. Bogan, A. P. Cosgrove, A. Brown, J. T. Pollock, D. Black, F. Hall, W. J. McCreery, C. Dougherty, C. Tichner, F. Dorety.

The dances at this party went like this: 1st, March and Lancers; 2nd, Waltz; 3rd, Polka; 4th, Quadrille; 5th, Schottische "Moonlight"; 6th, Mazurka; 7th, Lancers; 8th, Waltz; 9th, Polka; 10th, Quadrille Storm; 11th, Schottische; Intermission; 12th, Waltz; 13th, Quadrille; 14th, Polka; 15th, Schottische; 16th, Lancers. Bon Bon; 17th, Waltz; 18th, Mazurka; 19th, Quadrille; 20th, Schottische; 21st, Waltz; 22nd, Medley. At intermission, we generally went out to get something to eat and

(Continued on Page 13)

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HUGO ERNST

VOL. II.

MAY, 1927

No. 10.

"PUT THE BALL OVER"

Our slogan, adopted some months ago, "PUT THE BALL OVER", was taken up by our membership—and what a success it turned out to be! Every detail was handled in masterly fashion. The committee worked hard and zealously for months. Meeting weekly, they kept in touch with each other and all matters pertaining to the success of the affair, even to the smallest detail, were discussed, with the result that the committee acted as one, which accounts for the successful affair.

Much credit is due the various committeemen for their wonderful work and it is a hard matter to single out individuals from the large number of workers, for each did his bit. The General Chairman, the general committee, the chairmen of the various committees, and the committeemen themselves, all worked and all are entitled to the credit.

Therefore, we say—THANK YOU ONE AND ALL.

No doubt you spent an enjoyable evening
at the Auditorium, Saturday evening,
April 23rd.

Now that "The Ball Is Over" kindly make
RETURNS FOR TICKETS sent you to
150 Golden Gate Avenue AT ONCE.

WARNING!

We desire to inform the members that frequently men are proposed in our organization who are not really qualified, and there has been some complaint in reference to applicants.

The Board of Directors intend to give careful attention to this matter and ask the co-operation of our members when approaching an applicant to be sure that he is eligible, namely, that he lived South of Market street prior to the fire of April 18, 1906.

By South of Market we mean, Market Street on the North, 13th street on the West, and Channel street on the South to the Embarcadero. So please co-operate with your membership committee in this matter.

Settle for Your Ball Tickets at Once

TEHAMA STREET BOY ENTERS BUSINESS

Mr. Stephen J. Roche, of 564 Precita avenue, for a number of years connected with the Board of Public Works, has joined the firm of Wm. O'Shaughnessy & Co., Funeral Directors, 741 to 749 Valencia street, which firm will hereafter be known as "O'Shaughnessy & Roche."

Mr. Roche was born at 1135 Folsom street, and before the fire, resided at 728 Tehama street between 8th and 9th streets. He is a son of the late John S. Roche, a very popular and widely known police officer who served "South-of-the-slot" in the good old years prior to the 'quake in 1906. He has been a member of the South of Market Club since its inception and the South of Market Journal wishes him every success in his new field.

JIM DUFFY—A SOUTH OF MARKET BOY

General Passenger Agent of Santa Fe Railroad shows his interest in old program.

Los Angeles, Cal.,
May 12, 1927.

Mr. John F. Quinn,
853 Howard Street,
San Francisco, Cal.

My dear John:

Please accept my thanks for the copy of Morosco's Program of Monday evening, August 26th, 1889. It is certainly a very interesting document.

Yours very truly,

J. B. DUFFY.

Steve Roche, Member of S. O. M. Boys
Wm. O'Shaughnessy

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741-749 VALENCIA ST.
Bet. 18th and 19th San Francisco

MEMORIES—ROXBURGH

(Continued from Page 11)

then returned to the hall to finish the dance, the medley would be played about 5 o'clock in the morning; then we would hurry home with our girl; there were no street cars or taxis in those days. The reason for our hurry was that we had to be to work at 7 o'clock in the morning. But then, those were the happy days of youth. I suppose you noticed that there were 22 dances on the program, and to be a good sport you stayed for them all.

* * *

Through the kindness of an old-timer, I am handing you a few more names of the residents of Zoe street, and trust that they will call to mind someone whom you used to know in other days.

In perusing the April number of the Journal, passed on to me by one of the members of the S. O. M. Boys, I took great pleasure in reading of the folks who lived around Zoe street. So let me describe as near as I can, the houses and people who lived there around the year 1887.

First came the old Doctor lady's house, facing Bryant street. She was a white haired old soul, who lived alone with her two white poodle dogs. She was called the doctor lady because her husband was a doctor and preceded her across the great divide. Next on the East side of Zoe street, lived the Lawleys; in the rear of them lived some Germans, name unknown; next came the Harrisons, Billy and Maggie. Billy was a detective on the police force until a few years ago, when he, the last member of his family, passed away. He married Andy Reavey's widow. There were two families who lived in Harrison's rear house, the Katings and Hacketts. Then came the McGarrigals, Jim, Ed and Fanny. Jim was a member of the Rosedale Club. Every member of that family have passed away years ago. In their house lived the Dempseys and the Brandons; in the rear lived a family by the name of White. He was a hack driver. Also a German baker whose name I cannot recall. Next came the Featherstones, who had a large tenement house, where the Casey's kept a grocery store. Some of the folks living there were the McCormicks, John, Billy and Nellie, the O'Connors, Lily, Maud and their brother.

(Continued on Page 17)

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MEMORIES—PATERSON

(Continued from Page 10)

cated on the corner of Eighth and Mission streets. It was in one of them that he ran his famous five hundredth mile at the end of a six day's tramp at the remarkable time of 5:25 minutes and captured the trophy. He was the hero of many an athletic contest and a particular favorite competitor at the Scottish gatherings held annually at Badger's and Shell Mound Parks. In later years, he was severely burned in a fire that occurred in Central Park, then located at the corner of Eighth and

Market streets, and subsequently had charge of the original Park Stadium, which position he held at the time of his death.

Donald McIsaac, the Captain of the Brig "Nautilus", was quite a character in those good old days and when in town, dwelt at 14 Moss street. Patriek McKague was another carpenter that ent quite a sway. He lived at 444 Minna street. Thomas McGlew was an assayer and lived at 143 Silver street. The cosy little grocery and liquor store located at 252 Eighth street, was run by a canny Scot, Murdock McGregor, who used to go about, entertaining and playing on the hurdy-gurdy. He had an immense flowing moustache, and always wore an enlarged Tam o' Shanter bonnet.

Murdoek McIvor, who worked as a longshoreman, was another celebrated Scotchman of his day. He was a member of all the different Scottish Societies, and was a famous Quoit Player, and participated at the various gatherings of the clubs. He lived at 613 Second street. Charlie McLaughlin was a tailor who held forth at 787 Folsom street, and lived at 333 Tehama street. Another well known plumber, who was the object of considerable notoriety among his fellow craftsmen, was Robert, or "Bob" McLaughlin. He lived at 141 Shipley street. Barney McManus was employed as a laborer at the famous Fashion Stables, and lived at 703 Natoma street.

Hugh McNulty was the celebrated coachman of Henry Miller, and he lived at 34 Essex street. There was a stevedore by the name of A. McNeill, who used to be well thought of in those days, and he domiciled at 63 Natoma street. With the popular saddlery concern of Johnson & Co., there was a party known as Michael McFigue, a harnessmaker of no mean ability, and he lived at 344 Seventh street. Alex MeVicker was a seaman, and was connected with the Oregon S. S. Co.'s steamer "Ajax", and when in town, always lived at 44 Minna street. A thriving establishment, doing business in carriage and wagon supplies, was the importing jobbers known as Jas. Meeker and Co. at 117-19 Market street.

If you ever dined at Westerfeld and Page's place, you most certainly met Andrew Meyer, one of the waiters. He lived at 275 Ste-

venson street. There was a policeman, whose name was Albert S. Miller, and he domiciled at 1180 Harrison street. Another well known individual was the plumber, John Hinkley, who lived at 311 Jessie street. A tanner by the name of Ferdinand Hineelot made his home at 116 Ninth street.

In those good old days, John Hintze ran a grocery and liquor store on the northeast corner of Second and Clementina streets. A popular laborer of the same time was a party by the name of Otto Hintz, and he dwelt at 222½ Ritch street. Now we come to Henry H. Hodell, who used to work as a patternmaker with W. T. Garratt & Co., and he lived at 15 Tehama street.

Perhaps you recollect the good old soul, James McBride, who worked as a metal roofer with the old time firm of Conlin and Roberts when they were on Mission street in the neighborhood of old St. Patriek's Church. He lived at 716 Tehama street with his mother and two sisters.

And now, by way of diversion, I am going to try and bring back to your memory a number of popular saloons and liquor stores that thrived in the days of long ago, and many of which you visited, no doubt, in your day. The first one that comes to my mind is that which was run by "Johnny" Allen, a tall, handsome looking individual. It was located on the northeast corner of Folsom and Rausch streets. Then there was the one run by Wm. Asmussen, and which was located at the northwest corner of Bryant and Eighth streets. "Billie" Barnes used to run the one that was located at 131 Ninth street. Then there was "Eddie" Barry, that held forth on the northwest corner of Eighth and Heron streets. "Pat" Barry was the jolly proprietor of the liquor store that was located on the northwest corner of Natoma and Mary streets. Then there was Battles and Gilleran, the popular lads that ran the saloon at 241 Fourth street. A. F. Bernard was located at the northeast corner of Howard and Fifth streets and did quite a "rushing" business.

Now let us take a run over to Folsom street, at the southwest corner of Main, and lo! and behold! we come across J. Bennee. J. C. Bernstein had his place at 957 Market street; and "Paddy"

(Continued on Page 16)

Memories

JOHN (BOB) ROBERTS, *Oldest Shipcaulker in San Francisco*

Some time ago, I happened to ask a certain native son (whose name I will not mention) where Mooneysville was. And strange to say, that native son, who was born and raised and lived in San Francisco all his life, had not even heard of it.

I will tell you how Mooneysville was built and destroyed in a very short time. Some time in the early seventies, I cannot recall the exact date, as it is pretty hard for me to remember back that far, gold was discovered in the sand just below the Cliff House. As soon as the news leaked out and was circulated around San Francisco, everybody made one wild dash for that spot where the gold was discovered, from the city. A town was built over-night. The main parts of the town were as follows: The Whirl Wind Dance Hall, Do Drop In Saloon, Hungry Man's Restaurant, a barber shop, a fortune teller, and a gambling hall. You can bet that it was one wild, wooly, rip-roaring, hair-raising, Hell-bent-for-election, place. Con Mooney was elected Mayor of the camp, and that is how that place received its name, Mooneysville. Old Father Neptune was highly offended at the sight of this wild and wooly camp. Therefore he started a cleanup campaign with his mountainous waves; so one night he raided the joint, and by morning—well—there wasn't any more Mooneysville.

In my previous article, I explained that Ben Halliday's dock was at the foot of Folsom street; the head stevedore or bull driver, as they called him, was no other than my old friend, Dennis Kearney. He was called the Chinese-Must-Go-Kearney.

At that time Billy Emerson was playing at the Alhambra Theatre, and he sang a song like this: "Dennis Kearney, the great agitator, is digging gold on the ocean beach." That song was all the rage for a long time.

From there Kearney went to the sand lots and begged and pleaded with the people to have Congress pass a law to keep out the Chinese, and by his efforts a bill was passed which cut the emi-

gration of Chinese from 75,000 to about 20,000, so his agitation did some good.

Now, going back to Folsom street; at the north end of the dock was a salt factory, just back of the police station that stood on Steuart street. The salt factory was run with about 50 tables, 8 by 16 feet long, with raised boards all around; this was made of heavy wood. These were filled with water from the bay every day until the tables were full of salt; then, after removing the salt, they would refill the tables, and that is how we got our salt in those days.

About this time they began to destroy Rincon Hill by cutting Second street through. They took the rock from the cut and started to build East street. They started from the salt works, passed Howard and Mission streets to LaRue wharf. LaRue wharf was near Mission street to the north; it was a small wharf, used for a fire wood yard. They were getting along fine with the fill, and East street was looking good and was about three feet above high tide, but again Father Neptune got his back up, and one morning found he had taken mud and all and washed it out in the Bay. It was a case of try again; so now we have as fine a roadway as any I have seen.

In early days, we only had 50 policemen; they wore gray uniforms. The only one alive today is Tom Dillon, who lives at Diamond and 17th. He must be over 90 years old now. Captain Kensill had charge of the harbor police; he weighed about 400 pounds, all solid flesh, and he could run like a deer; he carried a small steel cane. One day I was too slow getting away, so I got a whack on the rump. Oh, gee whiz, I can feel it yet.

Say, boys, you know that big oaks grow from small acorns; look at the California Navigation Company, started by Captain Nelson and Captain Anderson, who owned, at that time, only two small vessels, the James MacLure and the Elsie J. Cline. Now the company possesses twenty large vessels, two of them very recently

built at Stockton, at the cost of \$1,000,000 each. Some time in the month of May they will arrive here in San Francisco for inspection, and then will start on their runs to Sacramento, and you must see them some Sunday when you have nothing else to do. Then there was another firm with a like reputation, Goodall & Perkins, who also started with two small boats in the year 1868, and by 1880 they had bought out Ben Holliday and they owned twenty-five steamers that still run the length of the Pacific Coast.

Then take Captain Matson, for instance. He was another who started with two small ships, but he owned two sailing ships, and before he went into the steamship business, he controlled twenty sailing ships. Now he owns one of the biggest steamship companies in San Francisco. So, boys, start young and the world is yours.

Across from Steuart street, on Market, was Coffin & Henry, ship chandlers; then there was a dilapidated coal yard, broken fences, and a passageway to Sacramento street, where now stands the Terminal Hotel. Does' Door and Sash Factory was next, and the old Battery House stood on the corner of Drumm street. Lumm and Allen's ship repairing yard was a hard looking place, I can tell you, and I can still see it as I close my eyes to remember. Across Drumm, at the corner of California street, stood two big lumber sheds, where all kinds of hard wood was stored. I think that this wood was kept for use on the different ships that came into the harbor that needed repairing, as oak, white elm ship's knees, and any part of a ship that would require wood to fix it. Opposite from this place stood the Cooms & Taylor ship yard. This is where one of our old Assistant Fire Chiefs, Johnny Wells, started on the list of wage earners as a ship caulker. John Barry, Timothy O'Conner, Joe Fegan, and many others, started to work at this place and later on these men rose to be very prominent citizens.

* * *

Judge Graham's address at the Ball was a "Veritable Gem".

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MEMORIES—PATERSON

(Continued from Page 14)

Creighton had quite an establishment at the corner of Folsom and Fifth streets. Then there was J. J. Crowley, whose place was located at 237 Minna street. Cusick Crane, you could always find at 1129 Howard street. M. G. Dandrich was the name of the party who ran the liquor store that was located at 214 Fifth street.

Henry Doscher ran a popular emporium at 1130 Folsom street, and "Jack" Donahue held forth at the northwest corner of Bryant street and Bryant avenue. Messrs. Doyle and Cushman used to run the place at 733 Howard street. Then there was "Johnny" Duffy, who was located at 651 Mission street. "Johnny" Dunlap had his place at 827½ Folsom street. There was a party by the name of M. Dunn, who ran the place that was located at 524 Mission street, and "Jack" Murphy was the congenial proprietor of the place located at 31 Ritch street.

McLaughlin and Hensel were the fellows that ran the place located at 331 Sixth street—down between Folsom and Harrison streets. On the corner of Spear and Mission streets, C. H. Meyer ran a place that used to be patronized a great deal by the employees of the old Enterprise Mills, D. A. MacDonald's well known property. Frank Moran, who ran the saloon that was located on the northwest corner of Perry and Fourth streets, was a rather popular fellow in that neighborhood, and as a consequence did quite a flourishing business.

Mrs. Annie Morrissey ran a grocery and liquor store at 210 Fifth street, and from the profits of same, was able to give her sons a first class education. John Mullally had a place at the corner of Harrison and Dora streets, and another party by the name of J. P. Smith had a small place at 262 Eighth street. Patrick J. Tanner had quite a large place at 22 Third street. It was rather a pretentious establishment, and enjoyed a large patronage. M. Cunningham's place was located at 105 Ninth street, while Dempsey and Gilmore's place was at 133 Sixth street.

Davis, Jackson and Cole ran a place at 211 Stevenson street, and "Tom" Douglas held forth at 444 Third street. Driscoll Brothers

had quite a place at 444 Third street.

DO YOU KNOW?

Ralph Pincus gives as a definition of a charity dance, that it is an entertainment at which people with whom it is a charity to dance are given an opportunity of dancing with one another.

* * *

Bill Heggerty says China ought to be a great nation, because every Chinese laundryman in this country has made his mark.

* * *

It is estimated that we have 5,000,000 illiterates in the United States, and, says A. Berkheim, an even larger number of unfortunates who can't read traffic signals.

* * *

Betting is described as a means of getting something for nothing; but Emil Kraut maintains that experience teaches us that it is usually a method of getting nothing for something.

* * *

There are two sides to the prohibition question, says Doctor Toner, and the Democratic Party has both of them.

* * *

Pat Magee says that Fashion is a crook. Now that it has finally sheared the tresses of our beauties, it has decreed that wigs must be worn, and is selling the hair of the girls back to them at fancy prices.

* * *

The dismaying part of it is not what man descended from, says John O'Connell, but what he will descend to.

* * *

According to Bill Aspe, probably the most serious thing that could happen to Mussolini would be "I" trouble.

* * *

It is reported that Mussolini will keep his prestige in the Balkans. Joe Moreno thinks he should have more sense than to keep anything there.

* * *

Tim Riordan says that if the Mississippi continues its wet activities, the solid South won't be quite so solid.

* * *

From the odor of the bit cigars Tommy Hickey smokes, business must be very good.

* * *

When the "Boy" marshal stepped out of the fashion book at our meeting in his new ice cream suit, all knew that "summer drawers on".

MEMORIES—ROXBURGH

(Continued from Page 13)

er, the Collins, Kintergins, McNulty's, Smiths, and old man Kelly. Next came an old couple, the Mulcahys; he was a lamplighter. Then the Haleys, people living in their house long ago forgotten, then a family whose name I think was Morrisseys; next to them came the McCormicks, Jennie, George and Ed. They had several tenants in a row of flats. Then came Parsons, old Capt. Parson, who traveled a good part of the globe; they also had a row of flats; in one lived Mary Hannan, who married John McCarthy, whose folks lived on Welsh street, below Fourth. Then C. B. Rode's residence, (the drayman). He afterwards built a home on Fourth street; in this building Rosenerantz kept his store. There was another two-story house next to Rode's, name forgotten; then came Daly's, on the corner of Zoe street and Brannan, facing A. Lusk & Co.'s cannery; next to the cannery was Lackman & Jacoby's winery, which stopped the big fire that burned old St. Rose's Church and the property between Bryant and Bluxome street, Fourth and Fifth streets. That was some fire. I understand the winery turned 10,000 gallons of claret on the fire; at any rate the fire died out. I guess it had too much bootleg. Then on the corner of the west side of Zoe street, facing Brannan, was a grocery store kept, at times, by different people, the property belonging to the Andrews' estate which ran a fourth of the way down toward Fourth street and into Freelon street. There was a double house at the corner of Freelon and Zoe where lived the Barnes', relatives of Andrews; when they left, the Mihans lived there awhile, and when they moved, the Wests lived there; their father was a drayman for Farnsworth and Ruggles; in the other half lived the Buckleys. On the northwest side was Giblin's grocery store, the property belonging to the McAuliffs; next on Zoe street was a vacant lot, then where McAuliff lived, a family by the name of Glynn lived; their father was a hack driver; next to them, the Olsons. Mike Haley lived in one of the flats owned by his parents. Mike was foreman for years at the Union Iron Works under the Scotts regime. His sister, Mrs. Barradas, lived in the other flat, and at the corner was John Herold's store and resi-

dence; across the street was property owned by Herold; next to him, on Zoe street, was another row of flats, where the Currans, the Calahans and Shields lived; then another two story house, the couple's names being forgotten; then came the Flanigan property, where his daughter lived; she married Cavanaugh, who kept a grocery on Third street near the Gold Dust saloon. Then Flanigan's corner grocery. It sure has brought things back quite vividly to my memory, and then maybe, someone who could remember those I have forgotten. Let me mention others on Welch street. Old Mrs. Kehoe, who lived next to Herold's store; the Reddens or Roddens, two boys and a girl; one belonged to the Fire Department, and I think the other worked for the Pacific Mail Co. or the revenue service. There were the Gills, Broders, Devlins, Reillys, Cashmans, Grants and Hynes, and on Freelon street was Attorney Sul-

livan, who was drowned during a pleasure trip on San Francisco Bay; the Hamptons, the Cressys, Smiths, Castles, O'Briens, the Hanley sisters who used to imitate little Lord Fauntleroy, and their brother, who was nicknamed sissy Hanley because he was more or less effeminate, the Kearneys, old Gleason, who was a lamplighter. On Fourth and Freelon, opposite Gaffney's butcher shop, was a grocery store owned by one Dan Sullivan, whose daughters still cling to the old neighborhood, O'Connor's cigar store, Connelly's liquor store, and others that time will bring back to one's memory. I wonder who remembers Ten's engine on Bryant street and their mascot, a dog that ran ahead of the horses to every fire. Talking about riding on the street cars. We used to take a ride called going around the horn. Us kids would take the Third street cars, transfer to Howard, ride out and

(Continued on Page 18)

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MEMORIES—ROXBURGH

(Continued from Page 17)

get off at Tenth street, give the transfers to some younger kids, and they would keep riding until we were ready to go home, after visiting friends on the street behind the car barn at Tenth and Howard street, we would go home, after having a nice visit and car ride, all for five cents. I think it was after the fire that the railroad discovered that people would go downtown, do their shopping, ride back home on a transfer; it was then they put the time limit on the transfers, so we can't have any more round the horn rides.

I will conclude by saying I enjoy reading the journal; also enjoyed seeing the very large crowd at the Auditorium last Saturday night, and hope there will be many more such crowds, for there are none like the old timers.

PERSONALS

I. E. Selix attended last meeting minus "soup and fish".

Gus Jacobs, barber, banker and investor, recommends "Barbers' Supplies" at 6 cents as a good buy.

It was rumored that J. J. Kane slept all day in the building in order to be on time at the last meeting.

We wondereth why Tommy Hawkins takes such a keen interest in a certain performer in our last show.

The surprise of the evening at the Ball was the large crowd.

According to John Kelly, the wet-and-dry issue in this State at present is flood control.

Last Sunday was Mother's Day. Hope you lads did not forget your best friend, that day.

If science is so wonderful, saith Jim Power, why doesn't it make some effort to cross the rubber plant with a steel plant and grow tires with metal rims?

Tommy Maloney believes in abolition of capital punishment evidently he thinks when they do away with hanging there will be more ropes to smoke.

In the estimation of John Quinn, "Death Valley" is usually that portion of asphalt lying between two curbstones.

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**Annual Outing
and Reunion**

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MARIN COUNTY

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Dancing

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SOUTH OF MARKET JOURNAL

JUNE, 1927



Vol. 2, No. 11

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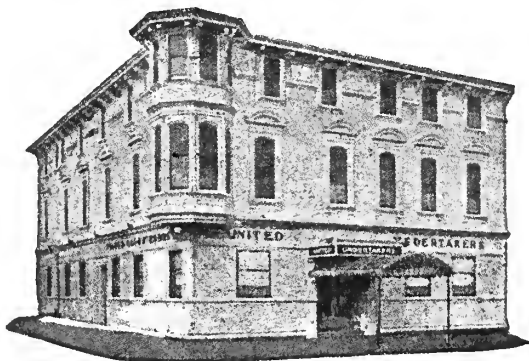
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*Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
 Who never to himself hath said,
 This is my own, my native land.*

—Scott

Old-Time South of Market Druggists

By ALBERT P. WHEELAN

Many old timers will recognize the names and remember the establishments of the old time South of Market druggists, whose names are given in the list below. Every one of them was wiped out by the fire of twenty-one years ago, and it is remarkable how most of them came back. Some continued in the business, while others took up other lines of activity, and many passed to their final reward. The manner in which they recovered is one of the bright chapters in the history of our city, and especially of the spirit exhibited by all former South of Market residents.

The list is compiled from the April, 1927, number of the Pacific Drug Review, published in San Francisco, and Portland, Oregon. This publication was handed to me through the kindness of Mr. Hugh O'Connor, an old time southerner, and now the field representative of the paper.

Realizing that this information was worth preserving for its value in the future, as part of the district's history, it was decided that it be published in our monthly magazine. However, much original data obtained from old timers and other sources has been added to the article, and one or more

names of old timers added to the list.

The names and locations of the old time druggists are as follows:

Julius Arnheim, 8 Steuart street:

The Arnheim family lived on the premises where they conducted their store for many years. It was located upon the present site of the Southern Pacific Building, and immediately in front of their former place of business, occurred the Preparedness Day bomb outrage a few years ago. Their merchandizing was not solely selling drugs and medicines to the habitues of the water front, but they outfitted ships with medicine chests and surgical instruments. They sold a variety of articles:

watches, jewelry, nautical instruments, toys, marbles and stationery. Julius Arnheim had one brother. I do not know what ever became of the family.

Baruch Ashim, 557 Fourth street:

His store was destroyed in the fire, and he immediately resumed business at Third and Townsend streets, where he continued until 1910, when he died at an advanced age.

Jacob Askenasy, 301 Fifth street:

This store was at Fifth and Folsom streets, and after the fire, he reopened for business at Pierce and Turk streets, in the Western Addition, and conducted this store until his death.

(Continued on Page 5)

COMING EVENTS

**REGULAR
MONTHLY
MEETING
THURSDAY
JUNE 30th**

The next regular monthly meeting will be held in the Knights of Columbus Auditorium, 150 Golden Gate Avenue. Meeting called at 8:00 o'clock P. M.

ENTERTAINMENT

A Forgotten South of Market Crime

By ALBERT P. WHEELAN



ALBERT P. WHEELAN

As the result of the alleged failure of the city authorities to properly safeguard the lives and property of the citizens of San Francisco, and of the trials of Berdue, alias Stuart, and of Windred, for assaulting and robbing C. J. Jansen, a merchant, under circumstances of great atrocity, the Vigilance Committee of 1851 was formed for the protection of the community. The Committee executed a number of men and exiled many more to the States, and in June, 1852, disbanded, having accomplished their work.

The orgy of crime was over, and the people resumed their usual habits of life, and the courts and the public authorities resumed their functions, and law and order were re-established.

During the trial of Berdue and Windred, Samuel Brannan made a speech, in which he said, "The law and the courts never yet hung a man in California."

All of these activities aroused the authorities, and they were ready, as all politicians are wont to do, to respond to any demand made upon them by public opinion. They were ready to offer up a victim upon the altar of justice or of public opinion, and the opportunity came their way, in the latter part of 1852.

Happy Valley, with its two

thousand tents, lay peaceably in the foggy moonlight, when in the middle of their slumbers, the inhabitants were aroused by loud cries for help. Lights flashed, the place where the cries emanated from was located, and when the tent occupied by one Jose Rodriguez, a Mexican, and one Jose Forni, or Forner, as he chose to call himself was entered, a ghastly sight met the gaze of the intruders. Lying in a pool of blood was Rodriguez, and standing over him, with a large Spanish dagger, was Jose Forni his partner, who had evidently done him to death. Forni was seized and hurried to jail for safe-keeping. He was charged with murder. The first murder case South of Market. The prison was then in an old store ship named "The Euphemia" anchored off the shore of San Francisco.

It seems the two men, who were friends and companions, were engaged in a game of monte, when a quarrel ensued and during the altercation, it was alleged that Forni stabbed Rodriguez to death.

The authorities claimed that Forni had made two distinct statements or confessions regarding the crime, one at variance with the other. He was tried by a jury, duly convicted in the district court, now called the Superior Court, found guilty of murder of the first degree and sentenced to death. Forni denied he ever made the confessions attributed to him, but evidently the jury did not believe him, and found him guilty.

Forni was a Spaniard. In the eyes of the early day residents of the city, "a greaser". He came of an alien race, and the pioneers were generally prejudiced against the latin races, as represented by the Spaniard and Mexican. So Forni received but little consideration at the hands of his peers.

I believe that had Forni been an American, he would have been acquitted, as the crime charged against him amounted only to manslaughter and not murder, having been committed in a quarrel and in the heat of passion.

Forni was sentenced to death, and the date of the execution fixed

for December 10th, 1852. The authorities, evidently with the idea of proving their worth to the people that they were doing their duty nobly and well, decided that this execution should take place on the summit of Russian Hill, in full view of the city and its populace. Accordingly, a gallows was erected on the summit of Russian Hill, in accordance with the program of those in charge of the grim and ghastly event. They intended to make an example of this greaser, Jose Forni, by making the execution public and make it a lasting lesson to the rest of the "greasers" in San Francisco; they would prove to them that the law of the Americans could not be trifled with.

The people of the city, however, thought otherwise, and protested long and loud against this public execution. They had enough lynchings, hangings and deaths by violence in and about the city to last them a long time, so the authorities were forced to move the gallows one hundred and fifty yards further west, out of the view of the City and its people. They heeded the protest of public opinion.

The fatal day, December 10th, 1852, arrived at last, and Jose Forni, the officers of the law, supported by the military company and firemen as additional protection to them, accompanied by a large concourse of people, marched from the prison ship "Euphemia" to the summit of Russian Hill, and then to the gallows. Forni, accompanied by Rev. Father Accolti, S.J., walked up the steps of the gallows. He declared his innocence, repudiated his alleged confessions, prayed with the good Father, and was launched into eternity in the presence of ten thousand men, women and children, who watched his death agony.

This was the first legal execution in San Francisco, and resulted as punishment for a murder committed South of Market. It would have been a good thing if it had been not only the first, but the last in California.

OLD-TIME DRUGGISTS

(Continued from Page 3)

T. F. Bacon, 303 Sixth street:

Mr. Bacon did not reopen a store after the fire, but continued in the drug business as a clerk in and around the bay district.

Bayly Charles (?), 6th and Howard streets:

An old timer; not in business at the time of the fire. Once a Supervisor of the 9th Ward.

Daniel L. Beckingdale, 322½ Third street:

Did not resume business after the fire. There is no data available about him.

Thomas F. Blake, also known as "Tommy" Blake, 402 Third street:

Mr. Blake is now connected with the Mater Miserecorde Hospital at Sacramento, California, and is a director of the American Registered Pharmacists. He conducted a store at 7th and Adeline streets, Oakland, California, having been connected with various stores around the bay district, after the fire. He disposed of his Oakland store before becoming head of the prescription department in the hospital at Sacramento.

Arthur J. Brannagan, Third and Folsom streets:

This was the pioneer drug store of the South of Market District. It was called The Statuary Drug Store, and was conducted by Dr. Rottanzi, a pioneer Italian physician of early days. Here was the first private hospital in San Francisco. It was a beautifully appointed store with a Roman marble pavement and many statues of noble Grecians and Romans scattered throughout the enclosure. When it was opened for business, the district immediately about it was used for residential purposes by the wealthy pioneers of San Francisco. A great deal of the trade came from Rincon Hill. Dr. Rottanzi was the father of Supervisor A. Rottanzi, who was the author of the city ordinance compelling women to remove their hats at public entertainments, which is still in force. Another son is an officer connected with the San Francisco Police Department. The family were noted for their great hospitality and generous kindness to the poor. They entertained at their home all the noted Italians who visited San Francisco in the early days.

William J. Bryan, 3 New Montgomery street:

All Old Timers remember "Doc." Ryan and his Apothecaries' Hall in the Grand Hotel Bldg., next door to the Grand Hotel Bar. Doc. was not only a druggist, but one of the city's leaders, and a politician of note in the days before the fire. This store, for many years, was one of the landmarks of San Francisco. After the loss of his business in the fire, Doc. did not resume business, and died a few years ago in San Francisco. His son, Jesse D. Bryan, a promising young lawyer of San Francisco, was killed just before the fire, in front of the Palace Hotel, a few feet away from his father's store.

Frank Clarke, 501 Third street:

After the fire he reopened business at 24th and Mission streets, which he continued until death.

W. J. Clayes and Company, 4th and Howard streets:

Re-established as the Dolores Pharmacy, 29th and Dolores streets. W. L. Clayes, now Dr. Clayes, is the owner of the establishment, and now resides at Burlingame, California. He devotes his entire time to the practice of medicine.

John F. Dillon, 396 Fourth street:

"Doc." Dillon, with his Lord Dundreary whiskers. I can see them now in all their luxuriance. Do you remember his picture, whiskers and all, when he was a candidate for Coroner? These whiskers made the election card worth double what others were worth in the school days of many of the old boys. Dr. Dillon was a kindly and charitable man, and was always ready to help the poor without a fee.

Gates Drug Company, 164 New Montgomery street:

"Doc." Gates sold the famous "J. I. C. Liniment, Good for Man or Beast"; and was located in a store on the ground floor of the building occupied by the old California Athletic Club, where many fistie encounters of note happened. Here it was that Peter Jackson fought Joe McAuliffe and defeated him, much to the disgust of old Barney Farley, who trained "My Boy, Joe!" "Doc." Gates was the father of Alice Gates, the famous singer, and of Justin Gates, the well-known Notary Public, who meandered in and about town in a wheel chair. He was originally from Sacramento, but was better known as a San

Franciscan and a South of Market. He is dead.

"Doc." George Donahue, Third street, near Stevenson street:

I almost forgot to include genial "Doc." Donahue in the list. He was a great practical joker, which many of the boys found to their cost. "Doc." was known for his hospitality, especially when one of the gang was tapering off after a night out. His kindness of heart cost him a good deal, and depleted his stock of rye and bourbon to such an extent that he made up his mind to get rid of the bums, as he termed them. He loaded a bottle with alcohol and jalap, and whenever one of his free customers appeared for a shot, he gave him a dose of this mixture, and they never returned. The other day I noticed a vacant store bearing the sign: "Donahue's Drug Store. Wholesale and Retail, etc.", at Market and 16th streets, and I suppose that "Doc." opened up this store after the fire. I have not seen him for years, and have no further knowledge about him, except that George Patterson tells me "Doc." is still alive and has a store at 16th and Market streets, and is a rival of The Owl Drug Co., and that he has changed his former habits and only gives the boys straight stuff.

Grant Drug Company, 38 Third street:

Mr. Grant retired from the drug business after the fire and became a realtor.

Henry Haman, Ninth and Mission streets:

After the fire, engaged in business in various parts of the city, and is now retired, earning the reward of all good workers, a rest.

Emil Happersberger, Sixth and Mission streets:

After being burned out, he gave up the drug business and engaged in the study of industrial chemistry. He now lives in Vallejo, California.

Frederick B. Hulting, Howard and Third streets:

Prior to the opening of this store, Mr. Hulting was the manager of Rottanzi's Statuary Drug Store, Third and Folsom streets. He did not re-enter business, but retired and moved to Berkeley, California, where he died February 25th, 1922.

William T. Hurtzig, 759 Folsom street:

Did not re-establish his business but became manager of the Mis-

(Continued on Page 13)

S. O. M. Boy's Impressions of Europe

By HUGO ERNST

(Continued from April issue)

We formed a small party and went to do the town. Stopped off at the Bock Cigar Factory, one of the biggest in the Island (the trust) and here we saw the manufacture of a cigar from picking the leaves all the way up until they are labeled and pressed into the boxes for the market. From 50 cents a piece Corona-Corona down to the cheapest 5 cent cigar. All piece work. No Unions. Black and white natives and foreigners, men and women, side by each, working, working, and working. A brand-new thing I never saw before even though I have heard of it: A reader. The workers chip in, so much per person per week, and hire a man to read to them the newspapers, so that they may not lose time, and yet keep in contact with the doings of the world. The man sits in the middle of the room on an elevated platform, like the Mujezin in a minaret, and reads the happenings of the world to the workers. After taking in all there was to be seen there, we stopped off at "Sloppy Joe's Bar." Every American stops there, as it is a true replica of the old-time corner saloon, without swinging doors of any kind there.

Out to the tropical brewery and tropical gardens, the latter maintained by the brewery for the use and enjoyment of the people. Here beer is served free of charge at all times to anybody coming there. Charecoal ovens are installed for picnickers, and nice spacious platforms for their dancing. The dance pavillions are open-air affairs, with imitation-trees made out of cement, but made so cleverly that you have to touch them with your fingers to satisfy yourself that they are not genuine trees, but artificial. Wonderful royal palms and tropical flowers in all colors, making a picture of it all so beautiful, as only artist "Nature" can paint them. There you may also see a monument to Volstead—a monkey sitting on a keg of beer with a beer bottle in his hand. After a few refreshing drinks of more than one quarter of one per cent beer, on through

the city to the Cemetery; a Catholic cemetery, the only one in town. Consequently a resting place for all denominations and colors. A wonderful display of marble statuary in the section of the rich and of black and white crosses and slabs in the section for the poor. Black for the older people, and white for the younger ones. There is, for instance, a monument, erected by public subscription at a cost of about \$75,000, to the 27 brave firemen who lost their lives some years ago at an explosion that raised havoc in a busy part of the city, with the names of all the firemen inscribed in the marble, and four allegorical statues in Carrara marble, red and white. Then there is the statue, erected also by public subscription, to the eight university students who were stood up against the wall one morning in 1871 and shot, after a mock trial, by the Spaniards for the alleged desecration of the grave of a Spanish officer, of which crime they had once been acquitted, but re-arrested, tried, found guilty and shot. The piece of the wall, against which they were stood up and shot, with the holes, caused by the bullets that ended their lives, is standing in the middle of the city on a terrace, surrounded by wonderful statuary as a token of gratitude of Cuba to their martyred heroes. A curious thing in connection with the cemetery and burials! The remains are placed in a casket, and then put in a vault where they are kept for three years. After that period they are exhumed, the bones placed in a smaller receptacle and laid under a marble slab and the vault so emptied is kept open for new bodies to be placed in there for an other three years. This is done for lack of space since, as I have mentioned before, this is the only cemetery in the city. It costs \$4.00 for every three years to keep the bones intact. If the tax is not paid by that time, the bones are removed.

Now, while it is true that the deaths are somewhat cramped, it is a pleasure to note that the live ones, particularly the children, are

well taken care of. A multitude of wonderful parks for the comfort and pleasure of the children, a large number of schools—from kindergarten up to universities—a galaxy of hospitals, laboratories, etc., and last, but not least, orphan asylums so equipped that it is unnecessary for any children to be left on doorsteps of strangers in order to provide homes for them if the mothers cannot do so. There is a hole in the wall near the entrance, revolving on a pivot, like a revolving door, with two compartments, with little beds in it and a bell alongside of it. If some mother desires to get rid of her offspring for some reason or other, all she has to do is open that little gate, deposit the infant in the bed, ring the bell, and the child will be taken care of by the State until the age of 18 for boys and 23 for girls. An admirable idea, I think, taking better care of the living than the dead. More important, anyhow.

From the sublime to the ridiculous. From schools and hospitals to the race track; saw good races, with both kinds of betting, Parimutual and old-time bookmakers. Wonderful track, elegant sport. Out in the country to see the fauna and flora. Huge plantations of sugar cane on black soil, pineapples, bananas and mangoes and other fruit on red soil, and tobacco on white soil, all very rich. Usually pineapples are planted between the bananas to add flavor to the bananas. Alleys of royal palms, bamboo, Australian pine, rubber trees and others too numerous to mention, relieving the monotony of eye and mind. The Camel Palm, a species of royal palm, so named for the fact that it absorbs a large quantity of water during the rainy season, in a pouch-like growth, using it like camels in a season of draught, to irrigate itself. Magnificent residential district, Vedado (Prohibited), so named for the fact that all of it used to belong to one party, who put a fence around it with the sign, "Vedado", and that name stuck even after it was built up by magnificent residences.

Manu club houses, golf courses, baseball, handball, tennis and polo courts. Sports galore. Of course, there are yacht clubs, rowing clubs, fishing clubs, etc.; everything that you may expect to find around the water. You can see a lot of half-finished, or finished but abandoned houses, unpleasant reminders of the war speculation. Sugar, during the war, rose to as high as 20 cts. per pound and some of the "patriots" speculated in this commodity, and started to build houses in anticipation of the huge profits they expected to make out of the calamity. The Armistice caught them unawares and they went completely broke, having had to abandon their houses and there they stand as silent warning to unscrupulous speculators in necessities of life. We also visited the soap factory, where the famous Palmolive Soap is made out of seeds of the royal palm.

Out to the Casino at 9 P. M. for a fling at the roulette wheel, but too early, as the games do not start until after 11 P. M., therefore, had no chance for a flirtation with dame fortune. The Casino itself is an elaborately furnished affair with every comfort, good music, a nice dance floor and good eats. Eight roulette wheels, keno room, chuck a luck, but no cards of any kind played in the Casino.

At 10:30 back to the boat, after a final ride through the city. A noticeable feature are the narrow streets, and the windows without panes, but with bars, like in jails. The idea of it is to have air at night, yet take no chances of being robbed, or disturbed. We had quite a feed a-la North Beach for we discovered a genuine Italian restaurant with all Italian dishes—and wine.

The last lap of the journey to New York has commenced, and we arrived in the big town March 24th to take the boat for Europe on the 27th. All in all, the trip through the canal was well worth while even though the excessive heat, which was a pleasing change to the even climate of San Francisco and I am surely glad that I decided on this trip, rather than go overland again.

All the way over we had only one day in which Father Neptune seemed a bit peeved and out of sorts, but even on that one day it was by no means unbearable,

as only a few cases of sea sickness were noted through the absence of passengers at the tables at meal times.

And so the time passed quickly enough, and as it is natural, quite a few new acquaintances were made, some of them quite interesting and instructive, and no end of arguments and debates were indulged in, which are both profitable and instructive. On the seventh morning, the preliminary excitement of approaching destination takes hold on the passengers. Pilots are taken on, the doctor comes aboard ship, and about 11 A. M. we are taken off the ship, having passed doctor's examination and revision of customs and passes, and in barges we are taken to Cherbourg, as the big ships can not go into Cherbourg proper, the docks being too small, and the water-displacement of the boats too large for safety; so we are anchored in mid-ocean, as it were—and taken into small barges for disembarkment. These things over with, we began our "March on Paris".

The first impression gained of Paris were by no means pleasant ones, as we happened to get into Paris on Good Friday, and the town was over-crowded with holiday guests, half of London being on hand to enjoy the beauties of Paris on Easter. We went from hotel to hotel seeking accommodations, but none could be gotten, until finally, after nearly going to Versailles, we struck one place that happened to have a couple of spacious rooms, just suitable for the four of us that came from the boat together, and we immediately took possession of same. Judging by the long ride we had in the taxi before getting located, we thought that we had located somewhere out in the suburbs, but imagine our surprise when the next morning we found ourselves right in the heart of Paris, only a few houses away from the Arc de Triomphe and the Champs Elysees, having been located on Avenue Friedland.

Of course the holiday crowds, the beautiful weather and the Easter spirit, contributed largely to quickly dissipate the first bad impression we got from Paris, and we proceeded to get acquainted with Paris "as is". And some Paris this is! I don't think I need attempt to describe it, even were it possible for me to do so, for those that have seen it, they know

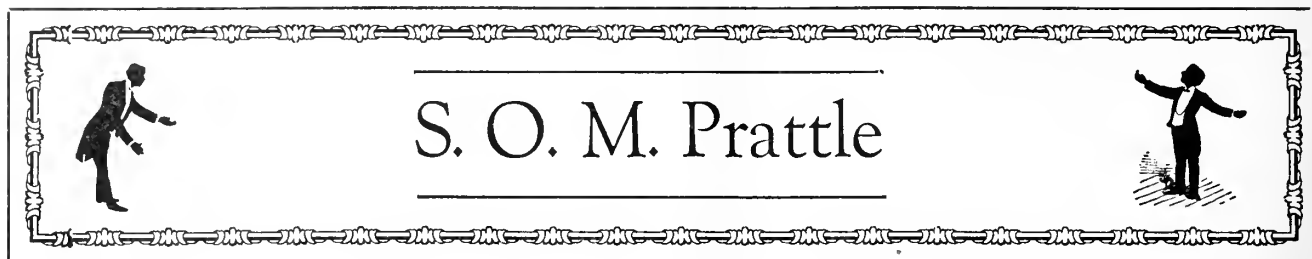
it, and those that have not had the good fortune of seeing it, could only get a very faint idea of it from such a meager description as time and space would permit me to attempt. The Montmartre, with its Moulin Rouge, the Rat Mort, the Rat that is not Mort, and a hundred of other similar places, than Folies Bergere, the life there, the noise, the excitement pleasure, the laissez-faire, is simply beyond description and must be seen and indulged in to even have a slight idea of what it all means, or to compare it with something similar in its line. It is so unique, so magnificent, so refined, free, and yet so decent, and can only be found in Paris, with its beautiful boulevards, arches, churches, memorials, public buildings, and last, but not least—its Eiffel Tower. It is just Paris—that's all!

The holidays extended to and included Easter Monday, and all stores were closed and almost all of Paris on the streets. Took advantage of the holiday and nice weather to go over to the Bois de Boulogne, a wonderful, large park, something on the order of the Central Park in New York, or our own Golden Gate Park, only much larger, where the people of Paris spent their day in frolicking on the green, canoeing on the water, and watching interesting horse races. The many boulevards and the Place de l'Opera, with its magnificent cafes just teeming with people, and the joy and satisfaction on everybody's face. Truly, by looking at that mass of satisfied people, no one would believe that they are just recuperating from the after effects of a disastrous war (speaking from the economical point of view), and that their France is slipping to a disastrous low level. But such is human nature. We are quick to grasp the slightest opportunity to enjoy life, even though the morrow may be disastrous for us. And it is well that it be that way, for otherwise the burden would be too heavy to bear, and we would only too quickly be engulfed into irreparable foolish actions as a means of the least resistance and evil.

On Tuesday visited Parliament and witnessed a very animated session of the Senate—everything in Paris is animated.

The political situation, as you will remember, was at that very much muddled, and the franc com-

(Continued on Page 16)



The United States has 24,000,000 automobiles today and still the girls walk home, says Harry Kelly.

* * *

Says Joe Moreno—If Ford ever wrote his life story, it would be an autobiography.

* * *

Peter Maloney says there may be truth in the assertion that a chimney-sweep is the happiest man alive, as he is sooted practically all the time.

* * *

Johnny Dunleavy says no money talks so loud when it gets started as hush money.

* * *

Says "Jimmie" Smith—Often when a man's broke his near relatives become so very close that they might be called distant acquaintances.

* * *

Dan Casey says love makes a man think almost as much of a girl as he does of himself.

* * *

"Sometimes," says "Tommy" Murphy, "When two people are thinking of the same thing at the same time, it's mental telepathy. Other times it's just plain embarrassment.

* * *

"Jimmie" Aiken says that undertakers are, without doubt, the greatest of all plant specialists.

* * *

"It is evident," says Dan Sheehan, "That the man who originated the saying, 'no man can serve two masters', never had a wife and a daughter."

* * *

Says Dr. Blanck—The fellows who boast of never having "made the same mistake twice" are living with their first wives.

* * *

Tom Garrity says most problems of political circles can be solved by pie.

* * *

"Jim" Dunworth says one of the people with whom the weather never seems to agree is the weather prophet.

* * *

Frank Sweeney says Harry Mulcrevy decorated him the other day with a D. C. M. When asked what that meant he replied—"Don't Come Monday."

Tom Ford remarks that the way the girls dress now-a-days would indicate that most of them don't care a wrap.

* * *

"Jim" Gallagher, when asked how he liked his last job, replied that it was O. K. now for he had several hundred more men working under him than he had last week, and when asked how that came about, said he had been transferred two floors above where he was.

* * *

John F. Quinn says the worst of it is the fish seem to go for a vacation about the same time we do.

* * *

"Billi" Siebert says a summer White House should at least stand out pretty clearly in the Black Hills.

* * *

Al Katchinsky says pedestrians have their rights. Presumably the last rites.

* * *

Dan Leary says the papers print pictures of our modern college students engaged in many different activities, but the odd fact is that we cannot recall ever having seen a photograph of one with a book in his hand.

* * *

Judge Golden says the President heartily supports the "back-to-the-farm" movement, but in some quarters it is suspected that he favors the back-to-the-White-House movement even more.

* * *

Ed. Garrity says the only bright spot some people profess to see in the Mississippi situation is that if the cotton land is flooded the cotton market won't be.

* * *

Harry Gaetzen doesn't want to be mean about it, but he can't help noticing that all the Mississippi water got loose during a Republican Administration.

* * *

John Gaffney says one could never conceive such a thing as a chink in the atmosphere until Chinese were smuggled into this country by airplane across the Mexican border.

Andrew Gallagher contends that it may be, as scientists assert, that earthworms really sing, but the intelligent creatures maintain a heavy silence when one wishes to mobilize a few of them for fishing purposes.

* * *

Joe Huff, speaking of the Mississippi's march to the sea, contends that like the automobile, it has fallen a victim to the detour habit.

* * *

Alex. Greggains maintains that women can keep a secret—in circulation.

* * *

According to Frank Grimes it is man's fate to keep on growing older long after he is old enough.

* * *

James Silvey says if fishing-worms sing they're probably practicing a swan song about now.

* * *

"Jim" Smith maintains that most of the 100 per cent Americans fix that valuation on themselves.

* * *

In the estimation of Barney Judge about the only thing hard to secure under the prohibition law is a conviction.

* * *

Frank Carr says that History might be defined peace as the period in which men toil to meet the expenses of war preceding and succeeding.

* * *

Judge Graham reports that an aerial taxi company has begun business in Detroit. Passengers are hoping that there will be no tips.

* * *

Tom Gavin says a fellow who tries to straddle an issue is like one in the middle of the highway, subject to being hit by both lines of traffic.

* * *

Says Fred Butler—If scientists insist the sun is going to last us another 15,000,000,000 years, what then is the idea of all this daylight saving?

* * *

George Duffy ventures the information that Whiskey won the Kentucky Derby, but only by a shave.

* * *

According to Tommy Hawkins two can drive crazier than one.

Says Bill Borkheim—If it was as easy for the people to raise taxes as it is for the legislature, there would be nothing to it.

* * *

Dan Murphy advises that if you want to have a short winter, have your note come due in the spring.

* * *

George Gilmore says being told things for our own good never does us any.

* * *

Jimmy Hopkins says he likes a man that comes right out and says what he thinks, when he agrees with him.

* * *

According to Jack McManus the clinging type of woman is passing. No doubt she would have stayed longer if there had been anything very solid left to cling to.

* * *

Information for one known as Capt Jack Moreno—Wales should be able to stick on now. They've got his picture on a postage stamp.

* * *

Tim Riordan believes that the Democratic party needs a competent domestic relations court to settle family rows.

* * *

George McLaughlin says the best way to make the people stop violating the law is to make everything legal.

* * *

They say Indiana has a candidate for President named Woolen, but John Kelly says he will not get very far if the voters don't cotton to him.

* * *

According to Hugo Ernst there are only two-problem-pictures in this year's Academy. There is, of course, always the problem of how some of the pictures came to be accepted.

* * *

Mr. Mellon has done so well reducing the national debt, Bill Asby thinks perhaps he could give a few hints to the ladies.

* * *

While Otis Berge believes that the electric chair has something to do with deterring criminals, he thinks the proper place to start is the highchair.

* * *

Frank Brady says that Charlie Lindbergh is one Missourian who didn't have to be shown.

* * *

Bob Fry says that if the Mississippi continues its wet activities the solid South won't be quite so solid.

* * *

They say a student has discovered that two can live on \$2,000.00 a year. Henry Donahue would like to know what two?

The majority of the people who are shouting that Prohibition is a failure have not even tried it, says Mike Doyle. The same can be said of capital punishment.

* * *

Our friend, John Fitzhenry, says all half the world knows about how the other half lives is that it's probably beyond its income.

* * *

Frank Egan says you are crazy if you expect Congress to solve the flood-control-problem. It can't even stop the flood of laws.

* * *

Jack O'Connell contends that Prohibition is like the Golden Rule; its success depends upon everybody using it.

* * *

It is said an American missionary saved himself from cannibals by dancing the Charleston. According to Bill Patch, the natives probably figured that any man who took that much exercise would be too tough to eat.

* * *

Tim Dwyer, thinking to himself, reasoneth thusly—maybe some ingenious corn-borer expert will find a way to get the worms mad at weeds instead of corn.

* * *

Harry Mulcrevy says the time has come when, if a stocking isn't silk all the way up, it might just about as well not be silk at all.

* * *

Joe McCarte says they propose to straighten the Mississippi River now. Funny, is it not? Always thought there was an awful lot of s's in it.

* * *

Frank McConnell, commenting on dieting says when a prominent dietician by some strange chance recommends something you like, she adds that it should be eaten in moderation.

* * *

Harry McGovern claims a ray of sunshine has a right to penetrate anywhere.

* * *

John Heffernan says all things come to the other fellow if you sit down and wait.

* * *

Jerry Noonan contends that the man who says it can't be done is usually interrupted by some one doing it.

* * *

According to Dan O'Brien a friend is some one who knows all about you and loves you just the same.

* * *

Jack O'Leary says the surest way to get somewhere is to know where you are going.

Phil Kennedy says that if she's an electrician's daughter—she sure is a live wire.

* * *

Fred Klevershal says an I. O. U. is another one of those paper waits.

* * *

Emil Kraut says the other evening he met the dumbest girl possible. He was talking about a powder magazine and she thought he was referring to a toilet necessity all the time.

* * *

"That's interesting to know", says Jack Cunningham, "No matter how hard you throw a snowball to the ground it will never bounce."

* * *

Said Tom Maloney's youngest to him when he put him into his rubber panties: "This is a pretty snappy suit, dad."

* * *

Charlie Skell would have thee know that a supreme optimist is a person that insists that a woman can drive a car as well as a man.

* * *

Now that the British woman has the right to vote as soon as she obtains her majority, Henry Volwinkel says they hope to obtain a majority.

* * *

Says our prexy—it's a wrong Jane that has no yearning.

* * *

Byron Slyter, speaking of one of his lady friends, says she is so dumb she thinks marcelled hair is another way of cooking rabbit.

* * *

Jack Slater's advice to those desiring Publicity for it is easy to get. All you have to do is just be so successful you don't need it, and then you'll get it.

* * *

Jack Hanley says it is hard to understand how New York picks out which of her murders she is going dippy over.

* * *

It is said that a Nebraskan has invented a tractor that plows without human aid. This assertion has caused Dan Maher to ejaculate thusly, "Now for a farm that runs without government aid."

* * *

Tom Trodden claims that camouflage patterns are predicted for shirts. But against the average laundry nothing but a concrete dugout would be any good.

* * *

The Christian Science Monitor has an editorial on "Taming Elephants by Kindness." According to Jos. Tuite, "us Democrats haven't had much luck."



GEO. W. PATERSON

As the golden glowing sunlight
Falls o'er meadow and o'er plain
So the glow of golden memories
Falls across my heart again.

There they glisten in a beauty
That with time's flight grows more
clear

Memories in which you mingle
With the friends of yesteryear.

As life wears on and we turn back the leaves of the book of memories, certain names and persons appeal to us more readily than others. We may have nothing in common with them ourselves, but by reason of the fact that we knew them in our youth, or had heard their names so often mentioned in the household that we really feel they are a part of ourselves. So then it is quite natural that we should pause to dwell upon the memory of one who occupied a particular position in our midst, and especially when we enjoy the friendship of any of his progeny.

It so happens that there is enrolled upon the membership of the South of Market Boys, Inc., one by the name of Phil J. Kennedy, who is no other than the son of that well-known and much-revered Philip J. Kennedy, who in the early seventies and early eighties, occupied one of the most exalted positions among the merchants of those days. In 1877, he, in conjunction with John Brennan, ran a dry goods establishment at 116 and 118 Third street. At that time he lived at 933 Howard street. The following year he moved to 26 Franklin street, where he lived until 1880, when he again went back to South of Market and took up his residence at 126 Ninth street—in the same locality whence came so many of our prominent citizens. In 1883, he moved again, and then took up his abode at 1408 Howard street.

In 1884 Philip J. and Cornelius

Kennedy formed a new partnership under the firm name of Philip J. Kennedy & Co., and opened up the very pretentious quarters located at 901-3-5 Market street—at the corner of Fifth street, and under the famous hotel known as the Windsor, and run afterwards by the famous James Gilleran.

Philip J. Kennedy was a man of commanding personality, liked by all who knew him, and a very successful merchant. He was a prince of a fellow to work for and his employees always spoke well of him. He was of a very congenial disposition and had a host of friends. At one time he had in his employ two very popular Germans—John D. Stange and John F. Hink—who afterwards went into the dry goods business on their own account at 36 and 38 Third street, and subsequently opened up another branch at 251 Sixteenth street. Eventually they gave up the dry goods business. John D. Stange then formed a co-partnership with William Jaenicke, and went into the manufactory of ladies' and men's straw hats—first at the corner of Fifth and Mission, and subsequently at 29 Second street. Strange to relate, later on when J. D. Stange retired from that firm, J. F. Hink, his former partner in the dry goods business, succeeded to his interest in the hat firm.

Getting back to the name Kennedy again, we are reminded of another dry goods store conducted by Thomas H. Kennedy and John Durr, that was located at 110 Third street. That Thomas Kennedy dwelt at 112 Ridley street. Another popular firm in the dry goods line was one operated under the caption of O'Neill, Kennedy and Steuart, and was located at 875 Market street. There was employed therein a very popular clerk by the name of Supple, who in after years, ran a store in the town of Vallejo.

Edwin C. Kennedy was an importer of carpets and oil cloths, and he held forth at 729 Market street. In those good old days about which we are writing, there

was a harness-maker who used to work for John O'Kane when he was located on Market street between Third and Fourth streets—he was a Kennedy, too, but his initials were E. H. Then there was another Kennedy that worked with O'Neill, Kennedy and Steuart as a clerk, and his name was John Kennedy. He lived at 536 Minna street.

Another Kennedy that was well-known was another "John", who was for a long time the porter with Rosenthal, Feder & Co., then located at 45 Second street. The C. P. Kennedy connected with O'Neill, Kennedy and Steuart, while active in that firm, lived at 536 Minna street. Thomas O'Neill, who subsequently became a member of the firm of O'Neill, Kennedy and Steuart, was formerly a partner of the firm of Kennedy and Brennan.

Another great character who figured prominently in the dry goods business, was James Dwyer. He got first call always from the people who came from Market street, for the reason that he was located at No. 6 Third street. He was possessed of a very large Roman nose and wore a beard somewhat a la "Donegal". In later years he had a store on Sixteenth street.

From the foregoing, one would be led to believe that the name of Kennedy was synonymous with the dry goods game. There surely was a bunch of them, but they all did their bit to build up the community we now all are so proud to hail from.

In 1874, M. J. Hynes, who subsequently became Public Administrator, was a collector, and lived with his father at 412 Minna street. In 1874, John D. Stange, mentioned before in this article, lived at 7 Ritch street. A rather popular salesman in his day was one known as Henry Thornton. He was connected with the firm of J. W. Burnham & Co., and lived at 47 Stanley Place.

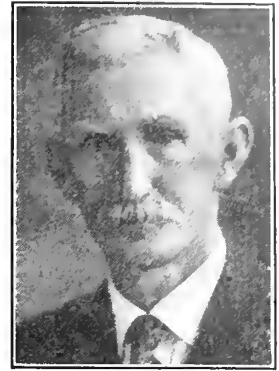
E. W. Thurman was very well known among the printers in ear-

(Continued on Page 14)

Memories

the Past

By JAMES H. ROXBURGH



JAMES H. ROXBURGH

Now let us go along Silver street from Third to Fourth, going down on the north side and coming back to Third street on the south side. First there was the Harts, with one boy and five girls; next was Brooks Lynch; he worked in the Union Iron Works as a boiler maker and was a first class workman. He went to Honolulu to work for the Honolulu Iron Works; next door lived the Walsh's, three boys and two girls; in the lower flat lived Andy Lange of Ten Engine, with one boy and three girls; then the Barrons', Ed and Willie and their two sisters; then a little grocery, kept by Mrs. Kerrigan and Foley, where you got full measure in your tin pail; then came the Stacks, of Stack & Lacombe, the hatters in the old Palace Hotel; there were three boys and four girls; all the boys were athletes, but the best one was John Stack, Jr., who became a horizontal bar artist and traveled all over the world and was engaged to perform in Vienna, Austria, for over ten years. Then came the seven Parkinson boys; then Welsh, the horse-shoer, whose shop was on Harrison street near Fifth; then the St. Johns, John and Willie; after them came Peg Leg Maginnis. On the south side came, first, the Kane Family; then the Tysons, and next Cap Marshall with two daughters; one of them married McCormick, the hatter. Then came the Browns, Andy, John, Tom and Bill. Bill was a catcher for the New York Giants. Then Sheridan, the teamster who used to drive a four-horse truck; he had four girls and one boy; one of the girls married S. E. Whitecomb, a dentist, whose office is on Geary street, and who is a member of the South of Market Boys. Someone said Sheridan was a barber and not a teamster, but it makes no difference which he was; he always kept the coal bucket filled. Then Brown, with three daughters; next, Watson, the teamster; then came Big Jim Wilson, the piano mover, who had three sons; next, the Fowlers; then Collins and his five boys,

George, Bert, Harry, John and Treve. They moved up to Marysville; next the Abrahams, two boys and two girls; then the Sullivans, Willie and his two sisters.

Now let us go down to Perry street, between Third and Fourth. First came Bowman, who drove the first bobtail car on Howard street. He had four daughters and three sons. Then, Brosnan, three girls and two sons; next, Quinn, with five daughters and one son; then the Mullees, Tom and Jim; you remember Jim, who used to pitch for the San Franciscos. The Cusicks, Maggie and her two sisters; then the Dolans, four girls and three boys; John, one of the boys, became a lawyer. Then Pearl, with two boys, Sil and Al.; one of the boys is in the real estate business, and is located in Sausalito. Senator Jack Welsh's father lived here and had his cobbler shop on the corner of First and Jessie; on the corner of Third and Perry was Reigelhurst's butcher shop; next to him was Hochmeister's fruit store; then came the Nicholsons, three girls and two boys; then Scanlon, with one daughter; then Desmond, three girls and three boys; then Spillman, three girls and three boys; then Tom Maloney, two girls and one boy; then the Davis', four girls and four boys. Davis had a tailor shop around on Third street. One of the boys, Alfe, is a Battalion Fire Chief and a member of the South of Market Boys. Then Sullivan, one boy and one girl. The boy, John, became a priest. Then Mollison, who was a chain maker; then the Billings, two boys and two girls. One of the boys, "Coots", was an amateur baseball catcher. Then McGlynn, the policeman; then the Condons, three boys and three girls.

On Third street, between Perry and Harrison, was Twiggs, the stationer; Shannon, the prizefighter; then Coyle, the shoemaker; then Pulverman; then Mabel Fisher, a colored lady, who raised a family of fourteen children; then Mrs. Cook, who ran a grocery

store a few doors below the Gold Dust Exchange; then the Republican political headquarters; then old man Levy and his son Solly; then Brown's Crockery Store. Brown had one son and two daughters; then Case's hardware store. Case had three sons and two daughters; then the McCords, Tom, Bob, and two brothers. Bob used to play shortstop for the Buckeye Baseball Club. Then Glick's Crockery Store. There were five boys and three girls. Harry Glick belongs to the South of Market Boys.

Here are a few more names of boys from around Folsom, Seventh and Eighth street, who belonged to the Garden City Minstrel and Social Club when they gave their Second Anniversary Ball in Union Hall, Saturday evening, November 15th, 1884. The following were the officers: President, Jerome Tyrrell; Vice-President, Jas. Moran; Treasurer, Wm. Dyer; Recording Secretary, Wm. Hannaford; Financial Secretary, John Ruperts; Sergeant-at-arms, John Flaker; Business Manager, J. J. Hourigan; Reception Committee, J. J. Hourigan, Wm. Dwyer, Wm. Hannaford, John Ruperts; Committee of Arrangements, John McManus, Warren Letson, Wm. Isaacs, S. Kaminski; Floor Manager, John Flaker; Floor Committee, Jas. Moran, John Dunphy E. Johnson, Wm. Foley, J. T. Nicholson, Jas. McManus. You will remember Jerome Tyrrell, who was a police officer, and was killed while on duty a few years ago.

Just to show how popular old Union Hall was, here is another dance which followed the one above, this being held on Wednesday evening, November 19th, 1884. San Francisco Alliance No. 1 of St. Patrick's Alliance of California. President, H. Toner; First

(Continued on Page 15)

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JUNE, 1927

No. 11.

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Two months have passed since our wonderful Entertainment and Ball, "Lest We Forget—Twenty-one Years After", which was held in the Civic Auditorium, Saturday, April 23rd, and it is to be regretted that some of the members have not as yet accounted for their tickets. Five tickets were mailed to each Brother and they are expected to account for those tickets, whether or not they were presented at the door, so boys, get busy and make your returns before our next meeting, Thursday, June 30th, as at that time the Committee will submit its final report and the names of those who have not made returns will be turned over to the financial secretary, who will enter upon his books the names of those delinquent members. So we trust the Committee will be able to make a complete report at the next meeting.

Your President will increase the number of the membership committee. These names will be announced at the next meeting, and in the future each candidate for initiation will be interviewed by this committee. This, we feel, will eliminate the possibilities of applicants becoming members when there is some question as to their eligibility, so we ask all the membership to be sure when securing an application that the applicant is qualified before

presenting the card, and further ask that all members co-operate with this membership committee.

The next important event is our Picnic, which will be held at Fairfax Park, Sunday, August 14th. Reserve this date for A DAY IN THE COUNTRY WITH THE SOUTH OF MARKET BOYS. The names of the various committeemen who will handle this outing will be announced at the next meeting, and we feel certain with the co-operation of the membership of our organization, their families and many friends, our next outing will exceed those of the past and that we will have the largest gathering ever held in the West.

There will be games and dancing for old and young, and valuable trophies will be distributed to the winners of the various athletic events. Boats and trains will run every hour and the admission is but fifty cents.

One of the purposes of our organization is to bring our members together so that they will renew old friendships and talk again of the days that are gone, and while it is true that we fill the auditorium, it is utterly impossible for the members to meet their old-time friends in one evening. But this can be accomplished if we will all journey to Fairfax Park on Sunday, August 14th, which is the occasion of our Annual Outing. We will have the whole day to ourselves and we can sit under the spreading trees and enjoy our lunch and meet friends of by-gone days. So, Brother, reserve this day for a real get-together and re-union as well as to enjoy the various athletic features and games which the Committee will provide for young and old. One of the main events of the day will be the old-time dancing in a large, spacious dance pavilion, so we urge one and all to reserve SUNDAY, AUGUST 14th, and in the next issue of our Journal we will give you further details.

IN MEMORIAM

The sympathies of the South of Market Boys are extended to the families of our deceased Brothers:

MALACHI BANNON.

JAMES CREIGHTON.

THOMAS E. KENNEDY.

MICHAEL A. HART.

J. J. CARR.

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

OLD-TIME DRUGGISTS

(Continued from Page 5)

sion Drug Company, 16th and Howard streets, continuing in this capacity until his death two years ago.

Harvey D. Kilbourn, 551 Third street:

Did not resume business, and is now dead.

John J. Mahoney, 1401 Folsom street:

Now located for more than twenty years at 17th and Church streets, where he owns the building in which his store is located.

William E. Mayhew, 186 Fourth street:

Did not again engage in business, and died a few years ago.

Dwight L. McBride, 501 Folsom street:

Now a photographer located at Pasadena, California. This store was on the southwest corner of First and Folsom streets, and was known as Dr. Kearny's drug store. Dr. Peter Kearny was the owner, and the establishment was managed by Bill Kearny, his brother, who is now one of the leading physicians of San Francisco, located in the Flood Building. Dr. Peter Kearny was Supervisor of the 7th Ward. He is still living, at an advanced age, in the Western Addition. He is hale and hearty, and always ready to chat with his old time friends, when he comes down town. He was the leading doctor of the district, and not only cared for the poor of Tar Flat, but the well-to-do on Rincon Hill. Directly opposite this store was the drug store of Dr. Angel. It was located in a three-story frame building, northwest corner of First and Folsom streets, one of the oldest buildings South of Market, and the only one adorned with a cupola. Both these stores were pioneer establishments, dating probably from the later fifties.

Charles L. Morgan, 401 Sixth street:

Departed from San Francisco after the fire, and opened a drug store at Half Moon Bay (formerly Spanishtown), San Mateo County, California, which he still conducts. He is leading member of the Druggists' Association.

E. Petebean, 7th and Folsom streets:

Moved to 9th and Howard streets. He was well known, and a rival of Young's in curing the neighbors.

(Continued on Page 17)

Alfred F. Sullivan

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Luke O'Brien says the coal situation has been settled satisfactorily for everyone except the few people who expect to burn coal.

* * *

Judge Prendergast says it is no wonder love grows cold when you think of the scanty clothes that adorn Cupid.

* * *

Andy Porter says the way to give a girl a surprise party is to place your arms around her, draw her close and start to kiss her. When she says, "Stop, how dare you!" release her un-kissed. Note the surprise on her face.

MEMORIES—PATERSON

(Continued from Page 10)

ly days, and lived at Sixth and Mission streets. Pat Tierney was a boilermaker by trade and had a host of friends. He lived at 13 Clara street. "Billie" Morgan, the machinist, dwelt at 411 Fourth street. Charley Jacobs, a merchant lived at 703 Market street.

Charlie West, the celebrated polisher, then located with Sanborn, Vail & Co., lived at 415½ Natoma street. Charles S. Laumeister, the proprietor of the California Mills—headquarters for ground feed—and who in later years took a leading part in the politics of the city, was located at 45 Fremont Street, and lived at 402 Sixth street. John Albrecht, an attorney-at-law, had his office at 625 Merchant street, and lived at 512 Harrison street. Messrs. Laufer and Baerne were proprietors of the Niagara House, located at 724 Mission street.

Donald Waters, who used to labor for the Aetna Iron Works, lived at 148 Natoma street. John B. Webster, the house painter, dwelt at 721½ Clementina street. J. D. Wheelock, who was bookkeeper for the Florence Sewing Machine Co., lived at 1025 Mission street. W. T. Wisewell, very well known in his day, dwelt at 737 Howard street. Then there was Mrs. R. Wolf, who ran a branch bakery establishment at 113 Seventh street.

How many remember Alfred Yeomans, the naturalist and importer of glass eyes? Few, we'll venture to say. His office and residence was at 336 Sixth street. Another noted character was Antoine Zizak—the restaurant keeper, whose place of business was located at 328 Third street. Miss Sarah Young, the tailoress, lived at 308 Minna street; and Adele Young, the milliner with A. LaBarge, lived at 641 Mission street. "Jimmie" Annis, the carpenter, lived at 1013 Market street; while G. A. Anderson, the policeman, dwelt at 141 Fifth street.

Leopold Altschul, of Altschul, Seiler & Co., who were located at 8 Battery street, lived at 748 Howard street. James Allen, the hostler with F. Powell, lived at 850 Howard street. Then there was the Reverend G. S. Allen, the minister, who domiciled at 132 Sixth street. A. Alonberg, the lumberman, lived at 12 Clara street. Charles W. Adams, a popular guy in his day, lived at 725½ Minna

street. Messrs. Ahrens and Shattuck ran a little grocery store and carried liquors, at the northwest corner of Minna and Second streets. Dr. Aljovin was a physician, and lived at 628½ Jessie street. Daniel Allen—the carpenter, dwelt at 629 Natoma street.

John Easton, the cabinet maker, was located at 261 First street. We will now try to recall to your memory a few of the more prominent establishments that were located in the southern part of the city and who had annual displays at the Meccanics' Fair held yearly at the Meccanics' Pavilion, located then at 8th and Mission streets and corner of Hayes and Larkin streets.

The Pacific Iron Works, run by Ira P. Rankin and A. P. Brayton and located at 1st and Fremont Sts. Golden State and Miner's Iron Works, of which Wales L. Palmer was the president, and I. W. Knox was the secretary, was located at 237-57 First street. The Risdon Iron Works, whose presiding genius was W. H. Taylor and Joseph Moore its superintendent, was located at corner of Beale and Howard street. Don't you remember the large Fly-wheel that was operated on the outside of the foundry on the Howard street side? Why, of course you do. Bet you stopped and looked at it many a time. It used to be one of the sights of the city. Other officers and officials of that old institution were L. R. Mead, Secretary, and Joseph Moore, James D. Walker, Jerome Lincoln, William Alvord, W. H. Taylor, E. V. Joyce and James B. Haggin were Directors.

The Cutting Packing Company—purveyors of canned goods, was another big concern that was located at 17 to 41 Main street, and it did a thriving business. The President of the concern was Sydney M. Smith, and Francis Cutting was the Secretary. The Black Diamond Coal Mining Co., and the Bellingham Bay Coal Co. was located on Spear street at Rincon Wharf. P. B. Cornwall was the President. George B. Knowles, the wholesale lumber dealer, held forth at the southeast corner of Main and Mission streets. Then there was Messrs. Meeker, James & Co., wholesale dealers in wagon and carriage materials. They were located at 117-19 Market street. Warren and McKinnie were architectural and ornamental carvers,

(Continued on Page 15)

MEMORIES—PATERSON

(Continued from Page 14)

and their plant was located in the California Mills at the corner of Spear and Howard streets. The Sacramento Boiler Works, presided over by Messrs. Hall and Keshaw, were located at 47 Fremont street.

D. D. Holland and C. F. Ruppel ran the Beale Street Mill, and it was located at the corner of Beale and Mission streets. William Heney was a wood turner and was located at 109 Mission street. A. M. Jewell, C. A. Hooper, and George W. Hooper, were manufacturers of wooden pump and pipes and were located on Berry street between Third and Fourth streets. Robert Bragg carried steering wheels at 322 Main street. Another fairly large plant was the Fulton Iron Works and Foundry, located at 213 Fremont street and operated under the direction of Messrs. Hineley, Spiers and Hayes. The Aetna Iron Works was run by Messrs. Pendergast and Smith, and was located at 217 Fremont street. The Phoenix Iron Works was another large plant that did a big business in its time. It was owned and operated by Messrs. Johnathan & Kittredge, and was located at 18 and 20 Fremont street.

Smith's Cash Store, Inc., was another large establishment that did a great volume of business at 25 Market street. It originally evolved from a mail order house. The President of the company was Barclay J. Smith, and the Manager was H. A. Smith. Deere Implement Co. was quite a pretentious institution, and did a big business at 530 Market street. Then there was the Compressed Air Machinery Co. that was located at 24 and 26 First street. Harron, Richard and McCone were established at 21-23 Fremont street. The headquarters for Amalgamating Machines was the Krogh Manufacturing Co., located at 519 Market street.

In conclusion we take much pleasure in presenting the following poem, descriptive of the things we did and the pranks we played:

Down in the Old Neighborhood

Down in the Old Neighborhood,
Down in the Old Neighborhood.
Though we were humble, the dollars were few
Still we were happy, what good times we knew.

(Continued on Page 17)

MEMORIES—ROXBURGH

(Continued from Page 11)

Vice-Pres., J. T. Blake; Second Vice-Pres., M. Hannaberry; Recording Secretary, J. J. Lyons; Financial Secretary, P. Bohen; Assistant Financial Secretary, M. Farrell; Corresponding Secretary, E. B. Dwyer; Treasurer, D. Callan; Trustees, T. Donnelly, J. J. Wrin, J. E. Brannan, J. J. Jordan and M. Farrell; Committee of Arrangements: Wm. Mulvin, Chairman, R. Ennis, J. Casey, J. J. Wrin and Thos. Donnelly; Reception Committee: Hugh Toner, J. T. Blake, M. Hannaberry, J. J. Lyons, P. Bohen, J. J. Jordan, E. B. Dwyer, M. Farrell and J. E. Brannan; Floor Manager, Jas. Beegan; Floor Committee: W. W. Gilbride, J. F. O'Donnell, P. J. McGinney, T. Maguire, C. O'Donnell, P. Ryan, J. F. Lyons, P. F. McCarthy, D. J. Shine and W. Gildea. I am presenting these names so the brothers can look them over and see if there are, any whom they may remember, for in those days we knew each other and spent many pleasant evenings at these affairs.

The first marathon dance held in this country was held in Union Hall, and lasted 17½ hours when it was stopped. The dancers would change partners every hour. The contestants were Con Murphy and a man named Stribes. Stribes was declared the winner. The last dance that was given in Union Hall was that given by the Ixion Social Club on December 4th, 1884.

The Old Timer has sent me a few more notes; look them over and see if you ever did any of these things mentioned, or did you go to old Morosco's and watch the various scenes that he has written of, or was it a pie eating contest that attracted you, or were you a contestant in these affairs; but be that as it may, those were the happy days of youth—but then read on:

In reading an article in last month's journal about old Morosco's, and the old program, set my mind to thinking. Where in the world did it come from; from what corner of somebody's attic was it brought? I wonder if there are many who remember the youngsters of that time, who used to gather scrap iron, bottles, rags, and old bones to sell, so they could go to Morosco's on Sunday. There were many who used to have to work in some way or other to get

the ten cents to go, and they were the ones who filled the galleries. How many can remember, Darrell Vinton, James Brophy, John Pearson, the Nannery sisters, Jessie Norton, Tillie Sallinger and sister, Essie and Minnie Tittle, Couchita, Leslie Morosco doing a tight rope stunt, and taking the part of Lawyer Marks in Uncle Tom's Cabin? That was a play seen by most youngsters of those days every time it came to town.

How many can recall the great fire scenes, and especially the war dramas? There was no theatre in San Francisco that could put on a more realistic war scene than Morosco's, especially after they went to the Grand Opera House.

How many can recall Edna Hall, Ashtore Stevens, Joaquin Miller's daughter, and many others who played at the old Grand Opera House? Lucille LaVerne and Coulter Brinker, who played in the Fair Rebel. How many can recall the Musical Comedies when Edith Mason sang her picaninny songs, and how the galleries would applaud her? Do you remember Katherine Kidder, who played at the Baldwin in "Madame San Gene", Theodore Roberts, the big Indian Chief in "The Girl I left Behind Me", Leslie Carter in the "Heart of Maryland", Frank Daniels in "Little Puck", at the California Theatre? Who can recall the actress who played in "Nell Gwynn" at the Majestic Theatre on Market street near Ninth the week before the fire? I could go on and mention more of the plays and playfellows of those days, but they have been mentioned before. There were not so many places of amusement then as there are today, so I am going to ask if any of the boys can recall the promenades on Market street, when they would take their best girl on their arm, and how she would hold on and walk down Market street to Kearny, and over Kearny to Bush, then cross over and come back on the other side of Kearny and back to Market, and out to J. J. O'Brien's, corner Jones and Market. Not once, but three or four times. Our best nights would be Saturday and Sunday, and what a promenade there would be of the boys and girls from South of Market. Don't think that we walked them all night without getting some refreshments; it was then we would drop into Maskey's or Haas' on

(Continued on Page 18)

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**S. O. M. BOY'S IMPRESSIONS
OF EUROPE**

(Continued from Page 7)

menced on its disastrous down march, enmeshing and engulfing in its retreat several prominent politicians, only to bring them to the fore again at a very near future. Nothing was safe at that time, and anything was liable to happen. Just to illustrate the quickness with which the franc receded, will state that a pair of Walkover shoes, purchased before my departure in San Francisco for \$1.00, I could have bought in Paris for three dollars less (the same make and same quality), so much had the franc deteriorated in less than two weeks. And the worst was yet to come. But in spite of all that, in spite of the insecurity of the money, and the accompanying uneasiness, I found no lull in the night life, nor did the economic unsteadiness cause any economic depression, and life in Paris was much cheaper than in America. The cost of living is much smaller there than it is here, but of course, the earnings are correspondingly small, too. Facismo has attempted to gain ground in Paris, but with very indifferent success. Here too, like in Italy, attempts are being made to stifle liberty and progress under the guise of patriotism, but fortunately France has not accepted these doctrines, and the Blue-shirts (in France they wear blue shirts instead of black as in Italy) are of no import at all in political France.

The labor movement in Paris is, like the movements in all large cities, divided in three large groups, the conservatives, the radicals, and the liberals (kind of a middle group of the two extremes) and then they have many other subdivisions (just like everywhere else). The workers are influential in the political world, and at that particular time, Mr. Herriot, a socialist, was the premier. While there, I visited a number of labor leaders and headquarters of unions, and got quite a bit of information on the labor situation which is very interesting and enlightening.

There are still many women employed in Paris in many occupations that they were placed into during the war, like streetcar conductors, letter carriers, etc., occupations prior to the war held exclusively by men. Everybody, or most everybody, that a tourist comes in contact with, expect a

tip, and their hands are out all the time, and it is well for the tourist not to overlook the small formality of "Giving till it hurts" if you want to enjoy your stay in Paris, for they have a subtle way of making it known that you are not very liberal, and in that case you will have to leave a whole lot to your imagination.

The houses in Paris are no more than six stories high, and built quite uniformly. You do not see a large building and a small shack alongside of it, but the houses are built to please the eye. With that object in view, they have also banned the ugly billboards and placards in the streets, and the advertisement in public is done on a more artistic plane than here. A replica of McAllister street is Boulevard ds Magenta, where you can buy anything from a tractor to an old pair of pants.

One eats very cheap in Paris, and in the dining cars the food is both good and reasonable in price. The art of cooking and serving has not been impaired by the war, and is cultivated now, as it always has been. The taxi fares are extremely low, and one can ride almost all day for a couple of dollars. Visited the grave of the unknown soldier, where there are always visitors and mountains of wreathes, placed there in memory of those that gave their lives for their country.

Ed. J. Quillinan, like Leonidas at Thermopylae, says "things have come to a pretty pass."

* * *

According to Mike Claraty, "the bright lights of Broadway may dazzle but it's the moonshine that blinds."

* * *

Dick Cullen says, the constant dripping of water will wear away the largest stone, and the constant dripping of tears on many a man's coat has led to his buying one.

* * *

Gavin McNab wouldst have thee know that one kind of exceptional disposition is the kind that takes exception to everything.

* * *

Pat McGee insists that policemen are like little children because there are so many of them being taken for walks in the park by nurse-maids.

* * *

Jos. Hotter defines an optimist as the guy who gets the filling station man to sprinkle gas on his suit so his girl will think he has just had it cleaned.

MEMORIES—PATERSON

(Continued from Page 15)

Where are the boys and the gals—
 Neighborly neighbors and pals?
 Gee I wish we could all meet
 again,
 Down in the Old Neighborhood.

Let's take a stroll through the old
 fashioned street,
 Hoping and praying some old
 friend we'll meet.
 All the old timers are missing to-
 day,
 Some—may God rest them—long
 since passed away.
 Here—we were youngsters—just
 innocent kids.
 Think of the fun—and the things
 we did.
 We knew few troubles—we
 laughed off our cares,
 Though life was just one long
 struggle down there.

Fathers and mothers—with kids
 by the score,
 Sunday, a trolley, a trip to the
 shore.
 Take it from me—no swell auto
 today,
 Carries a party so happy and gay.
 Picnics and dances—just homely
 good times,
 Instead of dollars—the bank roll
 was dimes.
 Wealth, style and fashion to us
 were unknown,
 Friends there were real friends,
 in our old-time home.

Barney McManus, the cop on the
 beat,
 Often he chased us up this very
 street.
 Gus. Dunderbecker, who ran the
 saloon,
 We stole his pretzels, "Ach, Him-
 mel," he'd fume.
 Mister McFadden who owned all
 the flats,
 Strutting around with his shiny
 plug hat,
 I'd love to bring them all back if
 I could,
 Down in the Old Neighborhood.

OLD-TIME DRUGGISTS

(Continued from Page 13)

Marion Robinson, 279 Fourth
 street:

Did not re-engage in business
 and is dead.

Frederick E. Rockstroh, 1098 How-
 ard street:

Opened a store at 1097 Valencia
 street, and conducted a store there
 for many years. He is now locat-
 ed at 25th and Valencia streets,
 to which place he recently moved.

Samuels & Shaw, 169 Ninth street:
 Did not resume business.

Albert L. Scholl, 875 Mission
 street:

Did not again resume business.

Edward W. Thomas, 417 Third
 street:

Did not re-enter the drug busi-
 ness in San Francisco.

"Old Doc." Thompson, southeast
 corner Steuart and Market
 streets:

I can see "Old Doc." Thomp-
 son, with his long gray whiskers.
 He never wore a collar or necktie,
 for the whiskers covered the
 bosom of his white shirt, with a
 big diamond shining in the center
 of it. When a lady would call in
 the store to patronize him, he
 would part his whiskers carefully
 in the middle, pull them apart and
 exhibit his big diamond for her
 admiration. He manufactured
 "Thompson's Pain Killer", a
 brown liquid said to contain
 opium and alcohol. It effected
 many cures in the neighborhood,
 and was used as the sovereign
 cure-all by all the residents of Tar
 Flat. He sold supplies to ships,
 and was a rival of Arnheim across
 the street. What became of him
 or his store, I cannot recollect. It
 was the oldest drug store on the
 water front.

"Doc." Young, corner of Langton
 and Folsom streets:

The neighbors would never call
 a doctor, but relied only on
 Young's prescriptions. He died at
 his home on Guerrero, near 20th
 street.

William J. Zellner, 41 Fifth street:
 Did not engage in business after
 the fire, but is now manufacturing

and selling "Zellner's Rheumatic
 Remedy".

We still have the neighborhood
 druggist with us. He is part of
 the city life. Even to this day, he
 is known in the neighborhood as
 "Doc." The boxes and bottles in
 the drug store were always mys-
 terious to the small boy. His chief
 delight was the jelly beans and lic-
 orice jars, and how we fondly re-
 member the licorice root we used
 to chew in imitation of our
 fathers. How we used to envy
 the boy with his two upper front
 teeth missing. What a pleasure
 it was to watch him expectorate
 through his teeth, and how the
 gang all practiced to become ex-
 pert in the art.

Do you remember "Hamburg
 Tea", "Medicated Figs", "Castor
 Oil" with beer foam floating on
 the top of the oil", and all the
 other old time remedies for pains
 and aches, especially the sulphur
 and molasses treatment during the
 spring? Do you remember when
 you ran a rusty nail into your
 foot, how your dear old mother
 poulticed it with a piece of salt
 pork to take the rust out?

As I walk through the old dis-
 trict at night, I can distinctly see
 the shining jars of red and green
 liquids, illuminated by gas jets,
 that attracted the passer-by to the
 old store kept by gray whiskered,
 but good hearted old "Doc."
 Thompson. And if any druggist
 who is still in business feels flat-
 tered when he sees his name in
 this article, he can compliment the
 compiler of it by any thoughtfulness
 on the part of some good
 hearted pharmacist, with or with-
 out whiskers.

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Doctor Blanck's advice to you is—
if you like something, avoid it. It's
bad for you.

Frank McStocker suggests to the
government: Print air mail postage
stamps on fly paper.

Edgar Levy says the last word in
automobiles is—"I'll walk."

MEMORIES—ROXBURGH

(Continued from Page 15)

Kearny, or Nounane's on Bush
street, or the Fountain at Sutter
and Kearny and listen to a good
entertainment, or maybe out to
the Louvre at Powell and Eddy, or
the Grotto at Seventh and Market,
under the Odd Fellow's Hall, or to
the Tivoli Cafe on Eddy street,
between Mason and Powell.

Do you remember when the first
electric cars ran over Harrison
street bridge, when we used to
ride on them as far as the ceme-
teries and back? Occasionally a
car would go off the track into the
sand. My! What a difference now.
It is sure wonderful to watch a
small city grow to a great metrop-
olis.

Recalling the police officers
whose pictures are on the front
page, Anderson, Reardon, Morior-
ty and Shea, who won applause in
tackling two or three burglars
single-handed, who were robbing
the Royal Cafe, I will not say for
sure, but I think he captured them
and safely landed them in jail. He
was known as Captain Shea when
he died.

I trust this little article will
bring to others, recollections of
the happy years that are gone.

Louis Skoll would like to know if
you put water in a pig sty—could you
call it A FOUNTAIN PEN?

* * *

Ed. Wiskotchil says the members of
the younger generations are alike in
many disrespects.

* * *

According to a scientist a new device
will enable a ship to see miles ahead
in the dark. Capt. Martin Tarpey
hopes it can be fitted to the Ship of
State.

* * *

George Lee asks the question—Can
ghosts speak? Personally we are much
more interested in their locomotion.

* * *

According to Con Kelly, at certain
stages of the Great War we were told
we were fighting for dear life, and
the details of the latest Peace Budget
show that we have got it.

* * *

It is Steve Roche's opinion that the
Father of Waters certainly set the
whole river family a bad example this
year.

* * *

Mike Claraty seems to think that
the political plum tree grows better
after grafting.

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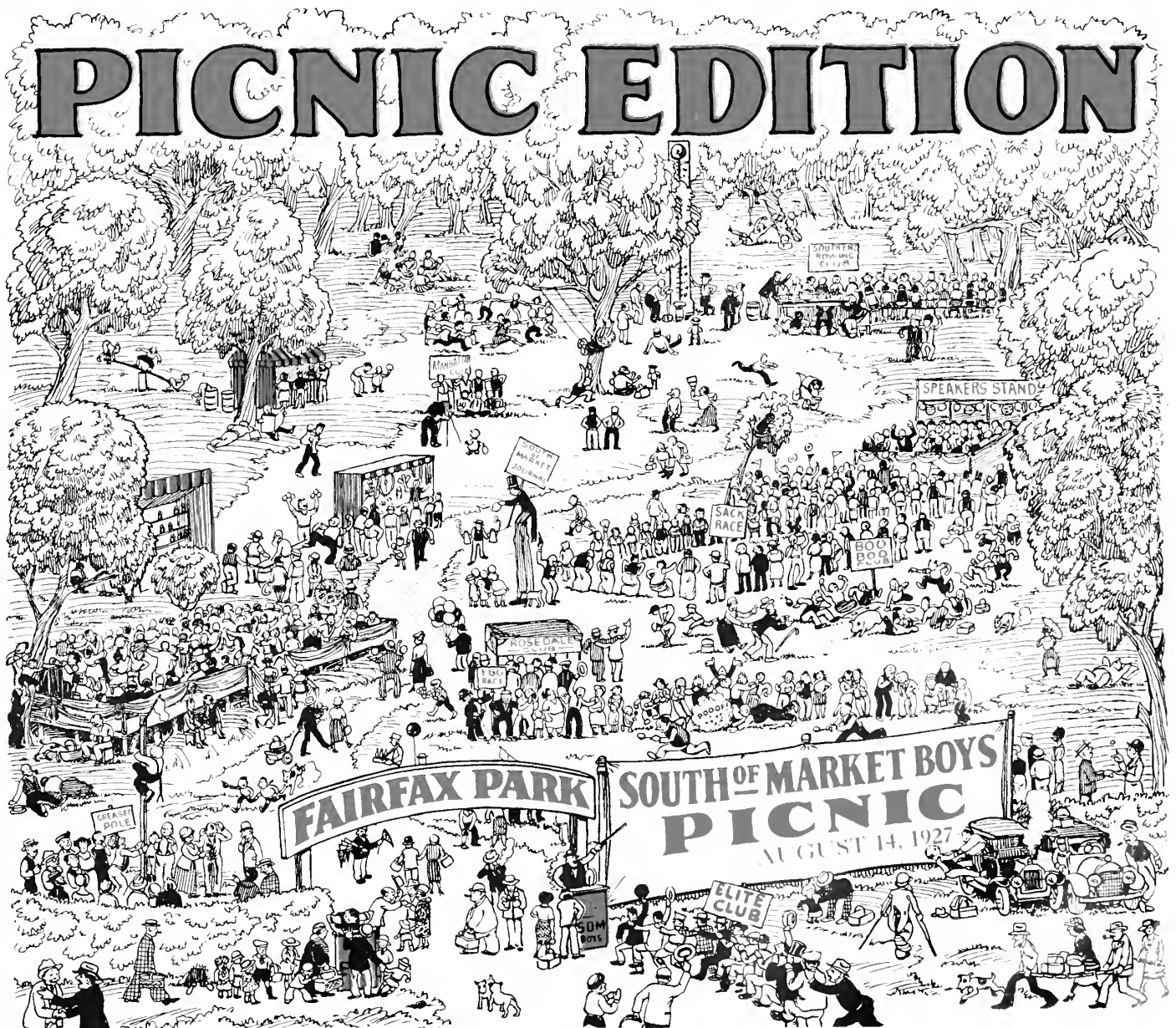
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AUGUST, 1927

Vol. 2, No. 12



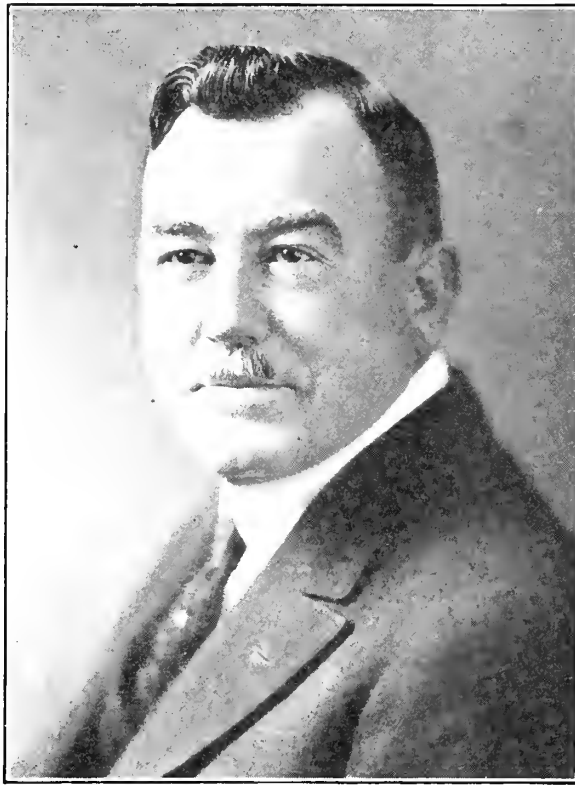
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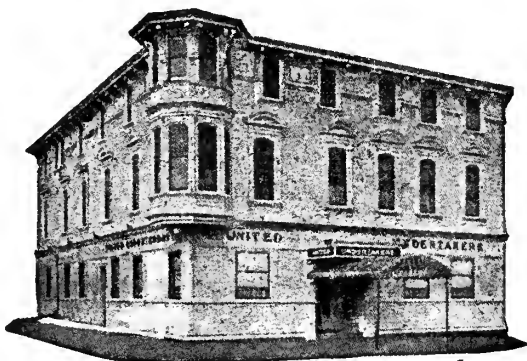
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*Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
 Who never to himself hath said,
 This is my own, my native land.*

—Scott

Vol. II.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA, AUGUST, 1927

No. 12

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Say, Brothers, LET'S GO to our Annual Picnic, Sunday, August 14, and bring with you your mothers, fathers, wives, sons, daughters, brothers and sisters—the whole family—and all gather at Fairfax Park, for this is the date of our Annual Outing and Field Day and we are going to have a real old-time picnic.

As the Chairman of your Reception Committee, I will be there to greet each and every one of you.

We wish to impress upon the membership and your many friends to attend this outing and field day for the reason that this is the one occasion when we will spend the day together. We have met on numerous occasions but this will be an opportunity of spending a WHOLE DAY TOGETHER enjoying ourselves.

I would urge all members to secure their tickets at the Ferry building or on the train in order to avoid congestion at the gate. The Committee-in-Charge has worked faithfully and well, and all details have been arranged



THOS. P. GARRITY
 President
 South of Market Boys

and, as your President, I cannot too strongly urge YOU, your families and your friends to be in attendance.

Fifty valuable trophies have been secured by your hard-working committees and these will be awarded to the many competitors in the athletic events. If you enjoy athletic sports you are assured of an interesting day as the World's Champions will be competing. The races will start early in order to complete the program by 4 o'clock when the drawing for approximately 500 gate prizes will be held.

We ask all the brothers to assist the Athletic Committee in keeping the track clear, and also the Gate Prize Committee, as it will take some time to draw this number of prizes.

Arrangements have been made to take moving pictures of our outing. Two hundred feet of film will be used and WE WANT EACH AND EVERY ONE OF YOU IN THESE PICTURES which will later be shown at the various theaters and at our next meeting, Thursday, August 25.

Further, all gate prizes not called for will be drawn for the benefit of our members the same evening.

I cannot too strongly urge each and every member to get an early boat so as to be on the grounds early, and to secure your tickets before arriving at the Park, thereby avoiding delay.

With your co-operation we have no doubt the South of Market Boys will put over this picnic in the same way as they have put over all former affairs, which means, brothers, 100 per cent.

Greetings

By JAMES E. POWER, *Honorary Chairman*



COL. JAMES E. POWER



NCE more the call has gone out for the gathering of the South of Market Boys at their annual picnic. It is at these affairs that the real spirit of the South of Market District is most in evidence, where old friendships are renewed, honored traditions kept alive, and cherished memories revived.

¶ The program has been in the hands of a particularly competent committee, and at the gathering this year it promises to be the finest so far presented at our out-of-doors affairs.

¶ Let me call upon all loyal South of Market Boys to set aside Sunday, August 14th, so that nothing will prevent their presence at Fairfax Park. Meet your old comrades. Greet them with the spirit of our organization. Mingle with them for old time's sake, so that these memories of the past will help to make brighter for us the present and the future. Be on hand, everyone, for a one hundred per cent attendance and for a one hundred per cent good time.

South of Market's First Big Fire

The Burning of the Storeships "Manco" and "Canonicus", By ALBERT P. WHEELAN

Six successive conflagrations had destroyed San Francisco, from December 24, 1849, to June 22, 1851. The prominent citizens of the day bent their civic energies to the creation of a fire department to protect their fair city from this devouring element. A writer of the day said: "The three years of prosperous and healthy growth that have made San Francisco a well-formed and comely place—and not a stunted and scarred piece of patchwork—have been brought about by other causes than the improved style of architecture. The torch has been repeatedly lighted since June, 1851, and there have been the same high winds to fan the flames to greater fury; but, except in isolated cases, the damage done has been but trifling. More—aye, everything, is due in this connection to the unrivaled 'Fire Department'. Firemen in other cities are immensely useful in restraining conflagrations to which they are liable; but the fire-brigade of San Francisco enters a service of terrific danger. The enemy they have to encounter might fright a dozen armies. They are forlorn hopes, that have to storm the very batteries of the fire-fiend. Their hard-fought battles, their many victories, and the able defense and guard they exercise over their precious charge, have gained them, better than laurel or gold, the sincerest thanks and warmer attachment of their fellow-citizens. San Franciscans would laugh were it said that we flattered the fire department. Does a man praise his right arm for performing its wonderful functions? Yet the fire department is the right arm of San Francisco. At the ring of the alarm bell, it is not alone the errand boy, the counter clerk, or the rowdy corner loafer that start for the scene of temporary excitement. But the merchant-millionaire springs from his cushioned seat; the judge leaves the court and cases; the industrious mechanic drops his tools; editors, lawyers and doctors abandon quills, briefs and pills, and with pallid cheek, but nervous sinews, hurry their engines to the threatened spot.



ALBERT P. WHEELAN

They are playing for a fearful stake. Men must be daring gamblers to foil the enemy they deal with. Honor to whom honor is due. Give it freely to the fire department, and when to it, to the whole body of enlightened, public-spirited and prominent citizens. These are men prouder of their leathern capes than though they were bedecked with the tattered uniform of a militia general, men who have poured out their means with no stinting hand in the formation of the department. The volunteer system need not be abandoned for a paid fire organization. Nothing could replace the loss of an institution so highly valued. San Francisco might get along without government, dispense with churches, abolish drinking houses and places of amusement, cease soldiering, give over reading newspapers, or see without regret their gambling places vanish in the clouds. Pleasures are easily done without; but home—bread—years of toil—life itself, are not coolly and calmly to be tossed into the flames."

This tribute to the Volunteer Fire Department of San Francisco was a deserved one. The people of the growing city were grateful to their fire fighters; and to have a membership in the Volunteer Fire Department of San Francisco was a high honor. It gained for

the fireman, the respect and esteem of his friends, associates and neighbors. The citizens were proud of the work of the volunteers and responded to their every demand.

Old-timers can recall the brick buildings in the business district of San Francisco, with thick walls and iron doors and shutters. Every precaution the people of the time could conjure up as a protection to the loss of their property by fire was resorted to. Throughout California, in the old mining towns, Nevada City, Downieville, Grass Valley, Sacramento, Stockton, Columbia, evidences of the fear of the inhabitants had of fire is manifested in the same thickness of the walls, and other protective measures taken to prevent the spreading of the fire demon.

In the early days of the city, there was a great lack of storage places for merchandise, so the pioneers dismantled the old '49ers—805 of which had been abandoned by their crews, during the gold-rush days, and left decaying in the mud in Yerba Buena Cove, roofed them over, and stored their merchandise in these ships. Cargo after cargo of rich and precious merchandise and the necessities of life, were stored in these ships.

July 24, 1853, a fire broke out in the storeship Manco, which lay in close proximity to the wharves, near the corner of Mission and Stewart Sts. The storeship Canonicus, an old '49er, which had arrived in San Francisco from Boston, Mass., April 1, 1849, which was moored alongside the Manco, next caught fire.

An alarm for fire was sounded and the department, then consisting of Empire Engine Company No. 1; Manhattan Engine Company No. 2; Howard Engine Company, No. 3; California Engine Company, No. 4; Kniekerbocker Engine Company, No. 5; Monumental Engine Company, No. 6; Vigilant Engine Company, No. 9; Crescent Engine Company, No. 10; Columbian Engine Company, No. 11; Pennsylvania Engine Company, No. 12, responded to the alarm, accompanied by two hook

(Continued on Page 8)

(Continued from Page 7)

and ladder companies, St. Francis Hook & Ladder Company, No. 1, and Sansome Hook & Ladder Company, No. 3. Crowds of people accompanied the fire apparatus, and assisted the firemen to combat the flames.

Great difficulty was found to accommodate the fire apparatus, so that the firemen could use their engines, and they experienced difficulty in working the pumps of their hand engines.

The firemen fought the fire from several private wharves in the vicinity, which were constructed of wood, and the names of which are forgotten: Dockham's wharf, Main St. wharf, Mission St. wharf, Rousset's wharf, Ryan & Duff's wharf, and San Francisco wharf.

A large quantity of gun powder was stored in the hold of the storeship Manco, and when this became known, the crowd, which had boarded the ships moored around the Manco and Canonius, departed hurriedly to a safe distance. However, this danger did not frighten the firemen, who stuck to their posts, and poured large quantities of water into the holds of the burning ships. The water fortunately dampened the powder, and only several small explosions occurred. At last, the ships were scuttled, and they sank in shallow water. The flames continued for some time after, and the fire was finally conquered after a hard-fought battle. The losses estimated in the burning of the Manco and the Canonius was fixed at about \$50,000.

There rests at Stewart and Mission Sts., the remains of two noble vessels that brought hardy adventurers from the New England States, in the days of '49; after days of stress, storm and peril upon the bosoms of two great oceans, the Atlantic and the Pacific.

The following Ad appeared in the Examiner on Sunday, July 24. Any member knowing person who can give any information will oblige our officers by doing so:

WANTED to know the whereabouts of the Flynn family; lived South of Market in the early '80s, somewhere off of Fourth and Brannan; to settle a mother's estate in Boston. Box 128714, Examiner.

MEMORIES OF THE PAST By Jas. H. Roxburgh THE POLICE DEPT. OF SAN FRANCISCO IN 1875

Board of Police Commissioners: James Otis, Theodore Cockrill and Davis Louderback. President, James Otis, Secretary, William S. W. Cragin.

Chief of Police, Theodore G. Cockrill.

Captains of Police, Isiah W. Lees, Henry H. Ellis, William Y. Douglass and John Short.

Clerk of Chief of Police, Alfred Clarke.

Detectives, Capt. I. W. Lees, H. H. Ellis, Benjamin F. Bohen, A. W. Stone, John Coffey, William S. Jones, Wm. L. Keyser, James R. Rodgers, William O. Bradley.

Property Clerk, William Cullen.

Hack Inspector, Cornelius Martin.

City Prison Keepers, Meier Lindheimer, Samuel B. Alden, E. J. McCartney, William D. Hensley.

Regular Policemen: Alfred Clarke, Leopold Englander, John Colter, Benjamin F. Bohen, William F. Miles, Jacob B. Forner, John Coffey, Meier Lindheimer, Cornelius Martin, Andrew Glover, Charles Cook, Gideon Thompson, Appleton W. Stone, John Meagher, William P. Moorhouse, William Cullen, William Doran, Peter K. Rogers, Hugh McCafferty, Patrick Barry, Edward Cohn, Thos. P. Kingsbury, John Mahon, John P. McDermott, William L. Carpenter, John H. Burns, John Casey, Martin Fennell, Michael Fitzgerald, Robert Hogan, Patrick Slevin, John Sullivan, John Dolan, Andrew J. Dunlevy, John M. Fitzgibbon, William S. Jones, Patrick Kearns, William H. Kentzel, William L. Keyser, Phillip R. Smith, James O'Donnell, John W. Beckwith, Albert Marsh, John Waldron, John C. Ayres, George W. Harmon, Arnot Bainbridge, William Burke, Dennis Courneen, Charles Cullen, Leonard Gunion, Charles H. Hall, James Harrold, William D. Hensley, E. J. McCartney, Patrick McDonough, James McNamara, John McSurley, Timothy Shields, R. D. Stiles, John Wallace, Samuel B. Alden, Stephen Bunner, David Supple, Edward Giles, Michael Murray, Frank F. Spiller, Daniel Coffey, Patrick S. Hagerty, Edward Devitt, Abraham Sharp, M. A. Loftus, Peter O'Reilly, John W. Shields, Wil-

liam Gaynor, John H. J. Seyden, Joseph H. Baker, A. J. Houghtaling, Michael Murphy, Edward Ward, James Kavanagh, William R. Doyle, George W. Curtis, Charles D. Wallace, Thomas R. Langford, Watson Nichols, Mortimer Hopkins, Charles H. Dickerson, Henry Gardenier, James R. Rogers, William John Burke, Otto Boye, Jacob Lesmen, Phillip Maguire, Charles Bauer, Sheldon Pomeroy, Michael Michaels, Thos. D. McKenna, John Tasker Wright, James H. Cochran, James Henry Hutton, Charles W. Armager, A. B. Asher, Joseph Bee, Charles A. Blakelee, George W. Sweetzer, Joseph R. Boullet, William Osgood Bradley, Isaac Bradrick, James M. Broom, Fred T. Brown, John Burke, Henry A. Buttner, William Clarissy, William L. Coles, Enoch T. Casseboom, Thos. H. Crogan, Edwin R. Eaton, Jas. L. Gallagher, Thomas Gillespie, W. T. Goldsmith, Thomas R. Harris, John A. Hasty, Charles Kohlman, Henry Law, Theodore C. Metzler, A. W. Niles, D. A. Peckinpah, Nason Robinson, Henry F. Roskamp, Thomas P. Ryan, John Schroeder, Richard Scott, Charles E. Shute, M. A. Smith, Henry W. Waite, James A. Wilson, Charles E. Wulferdingen, Paxton K. Jacoby, William L. Burdick, Thomas Price, Christopher C. Cox, Raymond W. Silvey, John A. McLaughlin, James Love, Charles Johnson, Moses Armes, James H. Rochford and J. H. Randolph.

Look this list over, boys, and see if there is any "cop" there that chased you when you were a kid. Don't say NO. They are all there.

Next month I will give you a list of the various fire companies that used to take care of San Francisco in 1875, their location and the name of the foreman in charge.

Captain Pierce says the bump of charity is at the top of the head, but you mustn't forget that that is a long way from the pocket.

* * *

Andy Porter says that Europe calls us dollar chasers, but those who can't borrow them must chase them.

* * *

It seems strange to Sidney Robinson that there is always a lot of rubbish in the air, but you're not obliged to listen in to it.

NOTICE TO DELINQUENT MEMBERS

There are some members in our organization who forget that they must pay dues to hold a membership. To those members who are in arrears I will say that a lot of times a member will, by accident, forget his payment of dues and other members will say, "I will get a bill and settle up then." Then there is the other fellow who joins our organization, pays his first \$1.50, gets possibly three good entertainments for his \$1.50 and forgets to pay any more dues.

Most all members who are in arrears have received not less than two statements from me relative to his standing, and certainly when he received his statement he knew of his delinquency and there can be no excuse, except through sickness or out of town, etc., as to why he should not pay his dues. The amount is small, the entertainment is large and we surely get our 50 cents worth at a meeting, just to even meet the old boys together. Snap into it boys, and pay up, because if a final notice of arrears is received, that means suspension, and I am sure that none of us want that to happen.

PETER R. MALONEY,
Financial Secretary.

SICK MEMBERS

Bro. Frank McLaughlin, Franklin Hospital.

Bro. James McEachern, St. Luke's Hospital.

Bro. Solly Soloman, (Dan Sheehan knows where he is at).

Bro. Frank Crowe, Sr., 847 Elizabeth St.

Bro. Larry Conlon.

Bro. Phil Dietz.

IN MEMORIAM

Bro. John C. Carr, June 12.

Bro. J. E. Dougherty, June 9.

Bro. John G. Quigley, June 30.

Bro. Edw. M. Flatley, July 13.

Compliments of

Dr. William Peters

SOUTHSIDE OF THE '80s

I.

The old Southside—how swift to life there spring,
The scenes around which childhood memories eling!
Places and people of the olden ways,
Mission and Fifth Streets of the early days.

II.

The U. S. Mint and Lincoln School of old—
One coining character, the other gold,
Both spreading far the fame of our Southside,
Through virtue of their products scattered wide.

III.

The U. S. Mint, solidly built of stone,
As if for poor frame structures to atone,
Its chimneys oftentimes belching golden smoke,
That made the laughing children sneeze and choke.

IV.

The Lincoln School—its youthful pupils bent,
On imitating that great President.
Whose tall bronzed statue, on his natal day,
They garlanded with greens and flowers gay.

V.

The old street car—that rattled past the Mint,
Giving of haste or flurry not a hint.
The stout old driver, genial, prone to share,
His sense of leisure with his old gray mare.

VI.

This car well filled with happy girls and boys,
Bound for old Woodward's Garden and its joys.
Where was expended many a hard-earned dime.
Meant for the church beneath St. Patrick's chime.

VII.

Caesar, the butcher—old aristocrat!
Patrick, the cobbler—better known as Pat.
Two characters that stand out in my mind,
As different from the ordinary grind.

VIII.

Caesar, in shop with frescoed ceiling gay,
Posies distributed each Saturday.
And with a smile on finely chiseled face,
Dispensed bologne to each child with grace.

IX.

From cobbler's bench, bright Politician Pat,
Marked points of argument with loud rat-tat!
Young Congressmen-to-be sat him about,
And gleaned rare wisdom from good Patrick's shout.

X.

The old Southside, with all its smiles and tears,
The old Southside, with all its hopes and fears
Has gone—Quite different stories will be told,
About the new Southside when it is old.

XI.

Time fades a bit the pictures of the Past,
And they grow mellow when in shadow east.
But kindly memory has stenciled clear,
Upon my heart these scenes of yesteryear.

—Hertha A. Meyer.

(Miss Meyer was born and lived for many years at the southeast corner of Mission and Fifth streets. She is the popular "Brown Butterfly" friend of and beloved by all the "shut-ins" and through her verses has comforted and solaced many a sick and weary heart. Miss Meyer is a frequent contributor to the Happy Hour period of the radio systems, and has kindly contributed the above to the South of Market Journal for publication).

Abe Borkheim advises when in Rome do as Mussolini says.

* * *

Jack McManus contends that if all the chorus girls in the country were placed in a line it could not by any stretch of the imagination be called a clothes line.

* * *

Eddie Healy says a good reporter covers a multitude of sins.

* * *

According to Gene Mulligan, many people in trying to reach the pinnacle of fame, all too frequently mount to the height of folly.

Program of Open Races and Athletic Events

Tryouts for National Track and Field Meet

GIRLS' TRACK AND FIELD MEET

50 Yards Dash—Scratch
 100 Yards Dash—Scratch
 220 Yards Dash—Scratch
 60 Yards Hurdles—Scratch
 Baseball Throw—Scratch
 Javelin—Scratch
 Shot Put—Scratch
 Broad Jump—Scratch
 High Jump—Scratch
 Discus—Scratch

MEN'S TRACK AND FIELD MEET

1. 75 Yards Dash—Scratch
 2. 440 Yards Dash—Handicap
 3. 880 Yards Run—Handicap
 4. 2 Mile Race—Handicap
 5. 4 Men Relay (ea. man to run 220 yds.)—Scratch
 6. Pole Vault—Handicap
 7. Running High Jump—Handicap
 8. Shot Put—Handicap

OPEN RACES

Race for Girls under 12 years.
 Race for Boys under 12 years.
 Race for Young Ladies.
 Race for Young Men.
 Race for South of Market Girls.
 Race for South of Market Boys.
 Race for Fat Ladies
 Race for Fat Men.
 Egg Race for Ladies.
 Shoe Race for Boys.

Among the athletes who will compete are:
 Krenz of Stanford, National Champion Shot Put.
 Hoffman of Stanford, National Champion discus thrower.

Fleishaker of Stanford, Junior shot put champ.
 Merchant of Olympic Club, National hammer throw champion.

Barber, formerly of U. C. who makes the 100 yards in less than 10 seconds.

Bud Spencer of Stanford, the fastest 440 yard runner in the world.

Thirty-six women athletes have entered for the national tryout and a special feature will be the hurdle races.

The following donated valuable cups and trophies to be presented to the winners of athletic events:

SAN FRANCISCO BAY PILOTS—8 Cups.
 TELEGRAPH PRESS—5 Cups.
 JUSTICES OF THE PEACE—4 Cups.
 SOUTH OF MARKET GIRLS.
 SOUTH OF MARKET BOYS.
 JAMES E. POWER.
 JAMES ROLPH, JR.
 THOMAS F. FINN.
 DAN O'BRIEN.
 JAMES B. McSHEEHY.
 WARREN SHANNON.
 F. HAVENER.
 EDWARD GODCHAUX.
 JOHN THIELER.
 DR. T. B. LELAND.
 DR. J. M. TONER.
 JESSE COLEMAN.
 AL. KATCHINSKI.
 MRS. KAIN.
 MATTHEW BRADY.

FRANK EAGAN.
 BYRON PARKER.
 RUSSELL WALDON.
 GUS OLIVA.
 JOHN RADARACCO.
 WILLIAM STANTON.
 PHIL BENEDETTI.
 JOHN J. O'TOOLE.
 EDWARD BRYANT.
 HARRY I. MULCREVY.
 JAMES F. SMITH.
 THOS. F. BOYLE.
 DR. SQUIRES.
 JUDGE JAMES G. CONLAN.
 JUDGE WALTER T. JOHNSON.
 JUDGE JOSEPH M. GOLDEN.
 WILLIAM NICHOLS.
 HOLLAND & MOLKENBUHR.
 MURPHY & O'LEARY.
 MAURICE DOOLING.

THANKS

The Officers and members of the South of Market Boys, especially the Picnic Committee, desire to thank the donors of trophies, gifts, etc., and those who helped in any way to make our Annual Outing and Field Day the success we expect it to be, namely, THE GREATEST AND LARGEST AFFAIR OF ITS KIND EVER HELD IN THE WEST. To all those willing workers we say, THANK YOU.

Get an early boat, secure your tickets at the ferry or on the train. For those who go by auto, special boats have been provided by the Northwestern Pacific, and run every half hour. Those who motor and who reside in Marin County, get your tickets at the gate.

The Journal Committee also extends its thanks to the advertisers and members who contributed articles to make this issue possible.

LET OUR SLOGAN BE "SEE YOU AT THE PICNIC".

GATE DONATIONS

\$ 5.00 cash	Chas. Hamilton	\$5.00 Cash	2596 Howard Street
\$ 5.00 cash	Chas. Hamilton	\$5.00 Cash	2596 Howard Street
\$ 5.00 cash	Chas. Hamilton	\$5.00 Cash	2596 Howard Street
\$ 5.00 cash	Chas. Hamilton	\$5.00 Cash	2596 Howard Street
\$ 5.00 cash	Chas. Hamilton	\$5.00 Cash	2596 Howard Street
\$ 5.00 cash	Chas. Hamilton	\$3.50 Merchandise order	Hale Bros.
\$ 5.00 cash	Chas. Hamilton	\$3.50 Merchandise order	Paul T. Carroll
\$ 5.00 cash	Chas. Hamilton	\$3.00 In trade	Golden Gate Dairy Lunch
\$ 5.00 cash	Chas. Hamilton	\$3.00 Photo album	Bell Bazaar
\$ 5.00 cash	Chas. Hamilton	\$2.50 Cash	H. E. Peterson
\$15.00 Merchandise	Rosenblum & Abrahams	\$2.50 Merchandise order	H. Schuld & Son
1 Large Roger solid sil. cold meat fork.....	The Emporium	\$2.50 Cash	Ted and Jim Miller
Sterling silver gent's belt buckle.....	Aubert's	\$2.50 Merchandise order	Mission Florist
1 Silver spoon	Swiss Diamond Palace	\$2.50 Merchandise order	Lindus—haberdasher
1 Cut glass dish	M. Lossman	\$2.50 Merchandise order	Mission Clothing Co.
1 Pr. Gent's cuff buttons	Caesar Attell	\$2.50 Merchandise order	Caladyne Radio Co., Inc.
1 Set of Baby pins	Caesar Attell	\$2.50 Merchandise order	Redlick-Newman Co.
1 Cigarette case	Caesar Attell	\$2.50 Merchandise order	Redlick-Newman Co.
1 Silver belt buckle	Caesar Attell	\$2.50 Merchandise order	Redlick-Newman Co.
1 Sterling silver pocket knife.....	Coleman Attell	\$2.50 Merchandise order	Redlick-Newman Co.
1 Sterling silver pocket knife.....	Coleman Attell	\$2.50 Pipe	E. Grundl
1 Pair links buttons	Budd Michael	\$2.50 Merchandise order	Banks Wrecking Co.

SPECIAL GATE DONATION—

Diamond Ring—Value \$100.00

Albert S. Samuels

1 #10 bathing suit	A. G. Spalding & Bros.	\$2.50 Merchandise order	Consumers Ice Co.
1 #12 PV Jersey	A. G. Spalding & Bros.	\$2.50 In trade	Ideal Laundry, Inc.
1 Set dishes	Oriental Art Co.	\$2.50 In trade	Ideal Laundry, Inc.
1 Set dishes	Futami Co.	\$2.50 Bottle of shampoo.....	Auditorium Barber Shop
6 Pair of men's silk hose.....	H. E. Petersen	\$2.50 Order	L. Galtie Cleaning Works
1 Man's hat	Federal Outfitting Co.	\$2.50 Order	G. J. Lorenzim Co.
1 Windsor chair	Northwest Chair Co.	\$2.50 Female canary	Buker's Bird Store
1 Iron bridge lampstand.....	Weisheimer-Seabach Elec. Co.	\$2.50 Trick novelties	Jack Barren's Trick Shop
5 Doz. photos	Neal Conley	\$2.50 Order—glass	Richmond Glass & Glazing Co.
1 Percolator	Joost Hardware Co.	\$2.50 Order—Art	The Pacific Art Co.
7 Pieces fancy water set.....	Greater Mission Bazaar	\$2.00 Cash	George W. Bennett
1 Fish bowl—3 fish, food and plant.....	A. W. Robison	\$2.00 Order—optical	Saphire, the Optician
\$12.50 Sterling sil. cigarette case.....	A. J. Killimede	\$2.00 Order—optical	Saphire, the Optician
\$10.00 Merchandise order	O'Connor, Moffatt & Co.	\$2.00 Order—miscellaneous	Mission Bazaar
\$8.00 Man's all-wool sweater.....	Wardell Knitting Mills	\$2.00 Order—eats	Quality Delicatessen Store
\$5.00 Cash	Magee & Madson	\$2.00 Order—millinery	Edith M. Griswold
\$5.00 Cash	Magee & Madson	\$2.00 Order—framed picture.....	Knudsen's Art Store
\$5.00 Merchandise order	Sterling Furniture Co.	\$2.00 Order—dry goods	O'Neill's Dry Goods
\$5.00 Merchandise order	Dore Studio	\$1.50 Man's necktie	Summerfield & Haines
\$5.00 Bed lamp	Lachman Bros.	2 lb. box of chocolate	M. Zeiss
\$5.00 Merchandise order	E. Klein	2 Betty Brown Pound cakes.....	Betty Brown
\$5.00 Merchandise order	A. Oliver	1 Frozen pudding	Blue Ribbon Ice Cream Co.
\$5.00 Admission tickets	Wigwam Theatre	1 Bottle Tamarindo (Oh boy).....	Jene Grocery
\$5.00 Merchandise order	Phil Sapiro	4 Card Ravioli	Lucca Ravioli Factory
\$5.00 Man's hat	Columbia Outfitting Co.	2 25-lb. boxes French prunes.....	Thomas Faulkner
\$5.00 Merchandise order	Roos Bros.	2 lb. box of chocolates	Varellas Candy Co.
\$5.00 Merchandise order	L. Skoll	1 Cake	J. P. McAtamney
\$5.00 Gold piece	Chas. Kendrick	Load of fire wood	Empire Planing Mill
\$5.00 Merchandise order	Granfield Tire & Supply Co.	2 cans 2-in-1 Malt Syrup.....	A-1 Syrup Co.
\$5.00 Merchandise order	M. Veen	1 Large Bot. Manhattan Nectar.....	A-1 Syrup Co.
\$5.00 Hat	Home Clothing Co.	1 Bottle Martini Rossi Vermouth.....	A-1 Syrup Co.
\$5.00 Merchandise order	Pac. Outfitting Co.	1 Cake	Wm. Goelz Bakery
\$5.00 Merchandise order	Cherry's, Inc.	1 Case (24 bot.) Golden State Brew.....	Milwaukee Brew'y
\$5.00 Cash	William Tierney	Hershey Kisses	R. H. Parkison
\$5.00 Merchandise order	Weinstein Co.		

(Continued on Page 27)

PICNIC COMMITTEE

COMMITTEE ON ARRANGEMENTS

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Committee on Prizes	Sam Stern	Sergeant-At-Arms	Thomas Hawkins
Reception	Thomas P. Garrity		

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John Dhue, Assistant Floor Manager

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S. O. M. Boy's Impression of Europe

By HUGO ERNST

I visited the tomb of Napoleon and took an excursion over to Versailles, and saw the room where the peace treaty was signed. A very impressive, neat place, full of historical reminiscences. Paid a visit to the living quarters of the workers and while the difference in appearance is quite noticeable, there is no pronounced poverty or misery noticeable. The men, women and children look well-fed, well-clothed and seem satisfied, as the post-war conditions would permit.

My desire to see my brothers as soon as possible, after an absence of nearly 25 years, prompted me to cut my stay in Paris short, and after a stay of six days, I proceeded to Jugo-Slavia, via Basle, Switzerland, in which latter town I only remained one day, as there is nothing of special importance or interest there. Through well known Tyrol and Vorarlberg, where I used to travel a great deal in my youth, and after having gone through some tedious pass revisions and baggage searches, finally arrived in Zagreb, Jugo-Slavia, where two of my brothers reside. My arrival home was totally unexpected by my brothers, and when I popped in on them unannounced, they could hardly believe their eyes. Their pleasure of seeing me again, was as great as mine was, of seeing them again, and getting acquainted with my sisters-in-law, and my nieces and nephews, whom I have never met before. After a few moments of hesitation they recognized me immediately, as they had my photographs of recent years, but without glasses, which latter I have only acquired recently, and we spent a few happy days together. From Zagreb I proceeded to Varasdin, my birthplace, where I have another two brothers living and there, too, I presented myself unannounced and unexpected. Getting acquainted with their wives and children, I visited the graves of my father and mother, whom it was not my good fortune to find alive. I then settled down to a life of leisure and retrospection. Varasdin is a little town of about 12,000 population, and in a little town like that, nothing changes much, even in 24 years, ex-

cept the people. Most of my old acquaintances, people who were in the best of their years when I left, I found in the cemeteries. People that were of my own age have scattered all over the globe, and the generation that is now growing up is totally strange to me, so you see, that even though the streets, the houses, and the surroundings have remained practically as I left them, I still felt, more or less, a stranger in my home town. Most of all it seemed incomprehensible that those that were my playmates in those happy childhood days, are now fathers, some even grandfathers, and are now occupying the positions in civic life, in which I can still see the old folks as occupants. The mayor of the town, a schoolmate of mine, the doctors, lawyers, teachers, etc., all kids together with me, and here they are now, guiding the destinies of the town. Verily, I must confess, even though I don't feel a day older than I did years ago, it only takes a trip like the one I have just made to bring home the fact that time moves on and ruthlessly carries before it the combat between new and old, the old having to yield without exception and mercy. The feeling that grips one when he again sees the familiar outline of his home town as he slowly approaches by train is one you will never know until you pass through a similar experience. The choking sensation in your throat, the fear, the hope, all mingled together, makes one dream, until the train stops with a jerk, bringing you back to earth and realities.

Jugo-Slavia is at the present in much better shape than any other European country that was drawn into the vortex of the World War. Not only have its boundaries been enlarged, and much valuable and productive territory been added, but the economic conditions have changed so much that today the laborer and peasant is in a position to have his say in the economic and political life of his country. Jugo-Slavia, as it is now, is an amalgamation of the former Kingdom of Serbia, Montenegro, Bosnia and Herzego-

vina (formerly part of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy, and the country where the Austrian Archduke and his wife were murdered, the crime that caused the conflagration in 1914), then Croatia-Slavonia and part of Dalmatia, also countries previously belonging to the Austro-Hungarian monarchy and part of Styria. All these people speak the same language and have the same longings for unity, and are racially one, but have been forcibly separated in the past by the conquering Austro-Hungarians, and kept in subjugation all these years against their wishes. The capital of the new country is Belgrade, with a population of about 200,000 inhabitants, where the king resides and parliament meets. Zagreb, once the capital of Croatia, when under Hungarian domination, has grown from a town of 45,000 to about 150,000 and entire new sections of the town have sprung up, where in my time cows used to graze. All kinds of factories have been built and, most important of all, organization of the workers have made wonderful strides. A compulsory eight-hour day is strictly in force, no women are permitted to be employed anywhere after 10 P. M. Safety devices and health inspections are rigidly enforced. Sick benefits are being paid for industrial sickness and accidents, the funds for the same being derived by an equal contribution by employer, employee and the state. Universal suffrage of males, election through ballots and proportional representation, giving even the minority a chance for expression in the councils of the nation, all these are innovations, that have been put into effect as a consequence of the war.

The unemployed situation in Jugo-Slavia is quite acute, but not nearly as bad as in the rest of the European countries, participants in the late war and while the wages and the agricultural parts of the country could not be called brilliant, according to the American standards, still it keeps the

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GEO. W. PATERSON

*It's hard to tell what makes a friend,
It isn't looks or style,
Just something that you can't explain
That makes them seem worth while.
It isn't anything they say
Or anything they do;
But what it is that makes a friend,
I've found it all in you.*

Ere we commence our usual comments upon the people and places of long ago we pause to dwell upon a few memories recalled to our mind by the receipt of a postal from one who evidently gets a "great kick" out of perusing the "South of Market Journal", and who at present is located at a place known on the map as Parkfield in California. He is no less a body than "oor auld freend" John A. Greenlaw, frae "Auld Reekie", at one time a member of the famous Scottish Thistle Club when it met in K. R. B. Hall, located then, at about what we would call today, 895 Market St. The organization referred to above was then struggling for an existence, and he in common with other members was closely identified with people and places located at that now famous part of this community which we glory in calling "South o' the Slot."

The incidents he so lovingly refers to do not date back as remote as those we have been in the habit of describing, but, nevertheless, they mark epochs in the history of that revered section. At the same time friend Greenlaw took time off to pen his commendation of the historical facts we have uncovered; and let us know that there were a few that should be noted and not be passed over. One was a fight that was staged at the old Opera House on Mission St., near 3rd, between a Britisher and a local favorite, in which the latter received such a terrible beating and knocked clean through the ropes that he took to his dressing room and quit.

Then there was the great wrestling match between Donald Dinnie, the world-renowned Scottish athlete, brought to this coast through the instrumentality of that same Scottish Thistle Club, and Muldoon, the American favorite. That famous theatre was packed to the doors and a great exhibition of athletic prowess by two veritable giants was witnessed by the multitude. Dinnie, of course, was the victor.

Another well-known place that he referred to was one we believe we wrote up in one of our former contributions and that was "Norman Beaton's Dancing School." It was run by a Nova Scotia Scotchman, who possessed but one eye and a flowing mustache, of which he was muchly proud, and his head was as bald and shiny as the proverbial billiard cue. They called him Norman for short. He was a genial old soul and he gathered about him quite a bunch of patrons. He held forth in old Concordia Hall, formerly the Synagogue of the Congregation Beth Israel, located on the corner of Mission and Mary Sts, on every Wednesday and Saturday evening. The socials were always held on Saturday evenings and could not be beat for sociability. Among the regular attendants were Hugh and Tom Munroe, the assistant to John McLaren, the wizard of Golden Gate Park. Hugh met there and subsequently married a Miss Josie McBain, but they didn't get along together and soon separated. Others that were regular attendants and patrons were a Mrs. Budd, who was a marvel for her age; Mamie, Jessie, Jennie Finnie and their brothers, Donald and Willie; Jessie Geddes, Bert Manuel, Kittie Bell, Mr. Hill, "Billie" Urquhart, "Jimmie" Nevin, John A. Greenlaw, Alex. Wilkie, George Armstrong, the Misses McGoverns from Stevenson St., the writer, and a host of others. The fun that was had in that particular academy could not be duplicated anywhere else in town. If it was never your good

fortune to attend any of those famous socials, then you have no conception of the great fun that was generated in that wonderful rendezvous.

You had to be a part of "the bunch" that gathered there to appreciate the rollicking times experienced by each and everyone that attended. In the lingo of the old-time ditty we crooned upon our mother's knee—"they'll never come again—so let us give our praise to Him in those agonizing cruel slavery days." Why, the jazz-hounds of today have nothing on us of those eventful times. They were good, wholesome, clean jollifications, and savored nothing of the vulgar that seems to besmear the rounding-up of today.

Now getting back to the '70s, a few interesting facts present themselves to us and we might just as well record them here. In the first place it might be well to note that the population of San Francisco was only 230,000. On June 1, 1874, James Cooley succeeded N. B. Stone as postmaster.

One of the exciting events of the year 1874 was the famous Running Race which took place at the old Bay District Track on November 14th, and was participated in by such famous horses as Katie Pease, Thad Stevens, Henry, Joe Daniels, Alpha, Hock Hocking, and Hardwood. It was a marvelous exhibition of speed and was witnessed by some 21,000 people. Katie Pease won in two straight heats. Time 7:43¼.

On the 29th day of November of the same year, King Kalakaua of the Hawaiian Islands, paid a visit to San Francisco, and was housed at the Palace Hotel. On May 7, 1874, Donald McKay landed in this city with his world-renowned Warm Spring Indians. On December 18 of that same year, they gave an exhibition at La Grande Armory. About that time, James Dennigan, a clerk with the well-known firm of Banner Bros., lived at 142 Natoma St.

(Continued on Page 24)

Memories

By GEORGE W. PATERSON

f the Past

By JAMES H. ROXBURGH

The following article was sent me for publication and I trust that it may prove interesting, as there are many names mentioned that have never appeared before in the Journal:

RICHARD BUCKING

Dear friend Dick:

As suggested to me on the occasion of the last ball, I have jotted down a few of my recollections of that delightful old district situate on Bryant St. between 3rd and 4th. I am afraid that this may be all old stuff as I have not seen all issues (most precious in my eyes they are) of the "South of Market Journal."

However, let's go. And must I start with a wet goods emporium? Yea, verily, for on the northwest corner of 3rd and Bryant was the Dexter saloon, owned in the late '70s by old man Curley, as he was called, and later by Tom Giblin and Mike Rogerson. Giblin and Ex-Supervisor John Herget were friends, and whenever Brother Herget would be escorting some famous character in the realm of sports down 3rd St. to the South End Club, he would invariably stop in for a chat. It was thus that us young fellows (at that time) had the pleasure of meeting Little Chocolate, or George Dixon, famous bantamweight champ. Joe Acton a great wrestler, Peter Jackson, and many others.

Ah, Dick, I hear you saying who were those said "young" fellows—well, there was amongst those present, John Twigg, the boat builder, Eddie Brandon, late Supervisor and well-loved friend who has crossed the Great Divide; Joe Buckley, now in the School Department; Jim Colbert and brother, Billy; Bill Cashman, now in Hayes Valley; Billy Murphy, the very handsome butcher boy, and many others.

Continuing down that side of the street you meet the Weidermans, Hen and Ernest, Henry Caulfield's plumbing shop and the little cottage next to old 10 Engine, occupied by Kittie Trainor's folks for many years. That's the house where Eddie Moore first

saw the light of day.

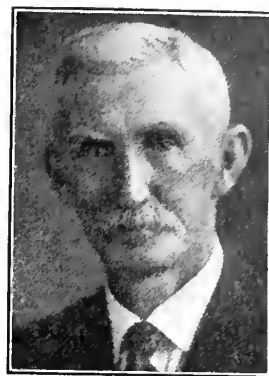
What a flood of glorious memories that brings to you and me. Upstairs was the hall of the Mexican War Veterans where many nice dances were held in those days. Can't you hear Engineer Harry Reynolds' hearty laugh—it used to be heard by "Buck Lewis" who lived away up near 2nd St. Harry was later a city detective for many years. Another engineer was Chas. Alby, and Harry Gordon's father was another. Little Johnny Lawson drove the hose-car when Luke Curry was engineer; others of the gang at various times were "Fingers' Adams", Andy Lang, and last, but not least, Wm. (Fatty) Gill later on a lieutenant in the paid S. F. F. Dept.

Then District Engineer Tommy Sands moved next door with his family consisting of his most amiable wife; young Tom, who was later on cashier for the California Toy Co., Robert, now a well-known merchant on Kearny St., Ada and May. Then the Lynch family, Hubert, Pete, Joe and Owney. Next door lived Bill Doolley and then Jimmie Colliton.

Now we arrive at Supervisor Thomas Boyce's house and there were Robert, for many years with the Southern Pacific Co., George and Bill Boyce, the moulder. This same Bill, or William T. Boyce, was appointed Federal Labor Commissioner for the Western District by President Wilson and did good service during the war. He passed away a few months ago.

Now we open the door of a neat little cottage and meet our great big friend, George Knowlton, stage carpenter of the old Bella Union Theater. Harry, the also-big son, has been superintendent of buildings for the Spreckels family for years—and do you remember the daughter, Lily, a glorious blonde beauty.

Then came Johnnie Cosgrove's house, then the vacant lot where I had a goat kept for me as the doctor said I must have goat's milk. Adjacent lived the fasci-



JAMES H. ROXBURGH

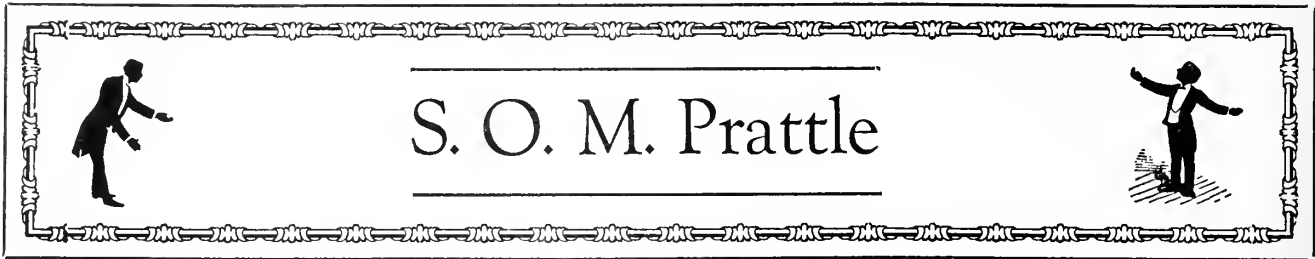
nating Agnes Eyres and Bill Bigby, then came the Shaughnessys—Jim and Ed both afterwards in the Fire Dept., and Joe, who was engineer in the Hotel Oakland, Oakland, Cal., when I last met him.

Here I seem to visualize a little barn with Gus Lindauer's name above the door, and have I missed the Artignes family—we can't overlook dear old "Frenchy." On the northeast corner of 4th and Bryant, Lottie Lebenbaum's father had a grocery. Crossing the street we are met by the Lyons girls and their brother, Billy. A little further on dwelt the Maddox boys, Willy and Walter, for many years with the Southern Pacific, and who belongs to the Lincoln School Boys' Ass'n. Here along was Mamie Raftery, who later became Mrs. George Ackerson.

On the corner of Zoe and Bryant, Mr. Flanagan had a small grocery, his daughter, Annie, married Kavanaugh, of Kavanaugh & Nolan, who had a large grocery at Third and Harrison Sts., Kavanaugh became a very enthusiastic fan as regard the "Irish Ponies", in fact, he had a very large stable of his own. But I am afraid that when he bet on them to win, they lost.

On the next corner, old Dr. Dohrman had his home and with him Jos. De Laveaga of the celebrated Spanish family of that name. The house that nestled up next to the doctor's was occupied by the Fuhreins. Jake was quite a comedian. For playmates next door they had the Donavans. "Tim" Donovan was quite a ward leader in those days and had three boys, Joe, Jack and Allan—the latter has been in Uncle Sam's employ in the old Customs House for many years.

(Continued on Page 22)



Geo. Duffy insists that India must now choose between John Bull and Soviet bull.

* * *

Frank McStocker says that Lucky Lindy gets his name from the fact that he doesn't have to carry all the air mail that is being sent to one Charles A. Lindbergh.

* * *

Walter McIntyre went into the store the other day to get a copy of the song "The Child Belongs to Me", and the clerk wrapped up "Yes, Sir, That's My Baby."

* * *

Harry Mulcrevy says a long-legged sheep in the Himalayas is able to run forty miles an hour. That's the kind of little lamb to follow Mary nowadays.

* * *

Jim Power says the problem of what Colonel Lindbergh will do after the shouting and cheering have subsided has been solved. He will be opening his personal mail for the rest of his life.

* * *

Al. Murphy says you get gun-metal finish in Chicago.

* * *

Joe McCarte, speaking of the Prince of Wales as a horse lover, says he displays a most forgiving spirit.

* * *

According to Judge Van Nostrand, many a man thinks he has an open mind when it's merely vacant.

* * *

Al. Wheelan says prohibition may not have done anything else for the country, but it has reduced the number of men who think they can sing.

* * *

Joe Moreno contends that it won't be long before we read, "Dry Air Service Captures Rum Plane."

* * *

Phil Benedetti wants to know if "Say it with flyers" hasn't become just as serviceable a slogan for Uncle Sam as "Say it With Flowers."

* * *

It seems only a question of time, says Jim Kerr, when someone will hop off this little globe entirely.

Edgar Levy says the French Commissioners contemplate a visit to the U. S. and he further insinuates that it will be a rendezvous with debt.

* * *

In the opinion of Jack Lyons, many of the girls nowadays seem to feel that beauty is knee-deep.

* * *

Jas. McEachern says a Scotchman kept his boy from school because he had to pay attention. That was contrary to the traditions of the race.

* * *

Joe Nyland says that it's some relief, anyway, to know that no successor to Mussolini has yet been born.

* * *

Al Katchinski, when asked the other day "What became of the old woman that lived in a shoe?" replied that she became a modern mamma and now lives in a dancing pump.

* * *

Harry Gaetjen now knows what Goofus Feathers are because the "black crows" have informed him that they were the fuzzy covering of a peach and "dey was so-o-o s-o-o-f-t."

* * *

According to Judge Golden, a scientist has discovered a machine that can match colors perfectly. We don't know what the machine is but one thing we do know, and that is, that it isn't a husband.

* * *

Chas. Hamilton supposes that posterity's way of complimenting a bride on her good old-fashioned domesticity will be to say: "Why, you open cans just like your mother."

* * *

Jack Manion, hearing that Haig claimed that America did not win the World War, says this comes as a distinct surprise to him because he always understood that the country which did not win the war was Portugal.

* * *

Frank Markey says one of the most comfortable places to spend a vacation is just inside your income.

Tom Maloney says that some people are like the ocean because they are too deep to understand.

* * *

Hugo Ernst claims it would take more than a British aviator flying from London to Moscow to restore cordial relations between the Soviets and Great Britain.

* * *

Jack Moreno says — appropriately enough, an English plumber has recently been made a Knight of the Bath.

* * *

Harry McGovern contends that America might be interested enough to guard against future Mississippi floods if the river were in Armenia or somewhere like that.

* * *

Jack McManus, speaking of the transfer of world interest from China to Russia, says it doesn't help the proof-readers much.

* * *

Bill O'Connell ventures to remark that if the lamb tried to follow Mary today it would most certainly have to step on the gas.

* * *

Dr. Squires says nowadays it is no reproach to a young man to be spoken of as flighty.

* * *

Jim Silvey says that Lindbergh's tragedy is that hereafter everything will seem commonplace.

* * *

According to Bob Dennis, Mussolini is a superman. He succeeded in making the landlords reduce the rents.

* * *

Frank Dever says one reason for the divorce evil is that people don't divorce evil.

* * *

Phil Dietz says that nobody has yet explained why New Yorkers want to save daylight, unless it be to get up by.

* * *

According to J. Dellosso, Mr. W. R. Hearst urges the world to adopt the English language. It seems up to America to give a lead.

John Fitzhenry has learned in his new line of endeavor that every cloud has a silver lining, and even an old suit of clothes has its shiny side.

* * *

It is most refreshing, indeed, saith the mighty "Joe" St. Clair, and it's certainly a pleasure to see flying youth crowding flaming youth out of the headlines.

* * *

According to Lee Firpo, a luxury is something that costs \$7.63 to make and \$20.00 to sell.

* * *

Phil Kennedy has noised it about that in Bible times the swine full of devils ran over a cliff instead of a pedestrian.

* * *

Emil Kraut defines a "pessimist" as a guy who won't brush his teeth for fear of wearing them out.

* * *

When Walt Roesner, a South of Market Boy, opened at the Warfield Theatre recently, he was greeted by a delegation headed by Thomas Garrity. A large floral piece in the shape of a horseshoe was presented to Mr. Roesner on behalf of our organization.

* * *

Walter Birdsall says one way to avoid being overworked is to attend strictly to your own business.

* * *

Matt Brady says no man wants to be an angel until he dies.

* * *

Tim Reardon says almost every man's idea of reform is to fix things to suit himself.

* * *

Chas. Dullea says it must be annoying in these times to be a diplomat and realize that cannon fodder is too fed-up to get excited if you say "sic 'em."

* * *

Tom Shaughnessy says the Pullman Company is going to name an observation car after Col. Lindbergh, which seems all right as long as it isn't a sleeper.

* * *

Geo. Sullivan says that love is a great thing and that is why sailors go to sea.

* * *

Says Percy Goldstein, the person who can withstand the high-pressure salesman illustrates the power of mind over patter.

* * *

Martin Tierney says that America's Automobile Saturation Point is a roadhouse. Guess he's right.

Judge Graham says the trouble with present-day marriage crops is that they are too divorcified.

* * *

Tom Trodden says the stress laid on keeping one's eye on one's ball is probably the best proof of the Scotch origin of golf.

* * *

Henry Vowinkel says the worm and the rattlesnake have the same inalienable rights. The moral is that nobody uses a rattlesnake for bait.

* * *

Our Prexy contends that if this flying business continues we shall all become familiar with the names of our Ambassadors at the various European capitals.

* * *

Geo. Watson hopes the government establishes more effective control over the corn-borer than it has over certain corn products.

* * *

Ed. Wiskotchill advises not to dodge responsibility. When a bee comes under the windshield, stop the car yourself instead of trusting to a telephone pole.

* * *

Willie Wynn believes that Easy Street often becomes a blind alley.

* * *

Tommy Hawkins would impress upon you that the first non-stop flight to Europe was made under Prohibition.

* * *

Wm. Finnegan, commenting on the sights we see today, says it took the garter more than nineteen centuries to win a place in the sun.

* * *

Sam Stern says without troubles the road to success would not exist.

* * *

Dan Casey says almost everything is standardized now except a drink.

* * *

Mike Claraty prefers matrimony to loss of liberty—headline. But what's the difference?

* * *

Says Sam Bryer, "Ladies' Hosiery Away Down". Yes, isn't or aren't they?

* * *

Arthur Sullivan says the "dead past" never is so dead it can't come back to haunt you.

* * *

Al Samuels says gentlemen prefer blondes—blondes prefer jewelry.

* * *

Eddie Healy says any man can view trouble calmly, providing it isn't his.

Emmet Hayden says some men are born leaders, others spend all their lives following advice.

* * *

Gus Pratt says there was a time when nobody knew that a flapper had anything but a neck.

* * *

Andrew Porter says polygamy has been legalized in Russia. At last those boys are going to get what is coming to them.

* * *

John Heffernan says that an almost-forgotten expression is "Your petticoat is showing."

* * *

Jimmie Hopkins says justice is represented as being blindfolded, but the probabilities are she sometimes peeps.

* * *

Jack Cunningham says envy provides the mud that failure throws at success.

* * *

Geo. Gilmore says the nice thing about castles in the air is that they need no spring house cleaning.

* * *

Jack O'Connell says neither man nor horse has to be blind to feel his oats.

* * *

Peter McGee says never hit a man when he is down unless you are sure of your ability to keep him down.

* * *

Tom Finn says, after all, it is easier to tell your troubles than to listen to other people's.

* * *

Bob Rauer says some girls are so quiet about the home that they don't even disturb the dust.

* * *

Tom Cribben says many a man has punctured his vanity as the result of sitting on another man's point of view.

* * *

Geo. Paterson says time is the money a man never begrudges spending on his best girl.

* * *

Tommy Gosland says many a man's disposition is the direct result of his indisposition.

* * *

P. H. McCarthy, former Mayor of San Francisco, and an active South of Market Boy, left Tuesday, July 12, for an eastern trip through the Canal. He took along his family. A large delegation, headed by President Garrity, were at the wharf to say good-bye to the travelers. Mr. McCarthy will return shortly to this city where he has varied interests.

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VOL. II AUGUST, 1927 No. 12

MEMBERS OF THE SOUTH OF MARKET BOYS:

We ask you, your family, and your many friends, and we know you can interest them because you have many, to attend our next ANNUAL OUTING AND FIELD DAY at FAIRFAX PARK, Marin County, SUNDAY, AUGUST 14.

Now, remember, this is going to be a real old-fashioned picnic so DON'T FORGET TO BRING ALONG A FULL LUNCH BASKET, and COME OVER EARLY in order to secure a table.

Eddie Healy, who is Chairman of the Entertainment Committee, will provide an abundance of entertainment while the family and their many friends are enjoying their lunch.

George McLaughlin, Chairman of the Floor Committee, will provide all the old-time dances, as well as the up-to-date ones. He will be assisted by John Dhue, and those who desire to dance the light fantastic are assured of an enjoyable day.

Bert Kahn, of the Music Committee, has secured the services of Phil Sapiro of the Municipal Band, and we are promised up-to-date music with pep.

Al Katchinski will start his games at 11:30 A. M., assisted by Jerry O'Leary, and they promise some very interesting features. There will be races and other events for mother and father, wife, son and daughter, the winners of which will be given very valuable prizes. Professional athletes will compete for valuable trophies which have been secured by Byron Slyter. Practically fifty cups have been secured for these events.

The Concessions Committee, of which William Borkheim is Chairman, will provide various games

and refreshments for young and old.

After the races, games and athletic features, the distribution of prizes will take place under the supervision of Sam Stern, Chairman of the Prize Committee, who, with the assistance of Tommy Hawkins, that well-known and wonderful worker of the South of Market Boys, secured these valuable prizes, as well as cups. And when you realize that upwards of 500 prizes will be distributed, which includes, by the way, everything from a silver set to a ton of coal, hams and bacon, you can readily see that mother, father, wife, sister or brother should be able to "bring home the bacon." Naturally, they cannot carry a ton of coal but the committee will deliver it to their home. These prizes will be drawn promptly at 4 o'clock and immediately distributed following the games and athletic events.

The gate prize winning numbers will be placed upon a large blackboard and everyone is urged to present their duplicate ticket number to the committee in charge immediately. All un-called-for prizes will be announced at the meeting following the picnic, but insofar as the merchants, business men, and friends of our organization have been good enough to donate prizes, we urge each person who enters the park to preserve their duplicate gate number and get their order before they leave the park.

Our President, Thomas P. Garrity, Chairman of the Reception Committee, will have sufficient aides to see that everybody is properly received and taken care of during the day, and Frank J. McConnell, Chairman of the Order Committee, will have numerous assistants to see that the track is kept clear for the various races and other events, and that order in general will be maintained.

And, speaking about order—so there will be no delay at the gate, Phil Kennedy of the Finance Committee, has provided stands at the Ferry building where you can purchase your tickets before going on the boat, and his aides will go through the train on the way to Fairfax Park and sell tickets. This will avoid a congestion at the gate, as you know, many people will go by auto, not to mention the hundreds living in Marin County, who must secure their tickets at the gate, for, as you understand, no tickets will be mailed to members or placed in various section on consignment. Therefore, we urge you to procure your tickets at the Ferry building if you go by boat or on the train.

The success of our outing is assured through the publicity given by Harry Gaetjen of the Publicity Committee, assisted by Ray Schiller of the Program Committee, and Thomas Cribben of the Invitation Committee, as well as Herman Goldman of the Printing Committee.

And, when the day is over and darkness overtakes the merry-makers it is then "Home Sweet Home." In this connection, Brother Daniel J. Sheehan of the Transportation Committee, assisted by the General Passenger Agent of the Northwestern Pacific Railroad, Joseph Geary, a South of Market Boy, assures us of special train and boat service (both passenger and auto) to convey us back to good old San Francisco.

All of these details have been worked out by General Chairman, Joseph Moreno, and the various committeemen assisting him, and we ask you all to cooperate to make this the greatest outing ever held in the West.

South of Market Schools

Old schools and pioneer teachers in the South of Market district, copied from the Twentieth Annual Report of the Superintendent of Common Schools, J. H. Widber, for the school year ending June 30, 1873.

Lincoln Grammar School, east side 5th St., near Market, James K. Wilson, Principal, Charles H. Ham, Vice-Principal, W. A. Robertson, Vice-Principal.

Teachers:

Miss J. A. Forbes
Miss S. A. Field
Miss M. Haswell
Miss N. A. Littlefield
Mrs. M. A. Colby
Miss B. Roper
Miss L. F. Pettis
Miss C. Deneraud
Mrs. M. J. Sankey
Mrs. E. F. Pearson
Mrs. L. M. F. Wanzer
Mrs. C. A. Anderson
Miss S. A. Rightmire
Miss M. E. Savage
Miss N. R. Stevens
Mrs. A. B. Anderson
Miss M. I. Brumley

Rincon Grammar School. Vasar Place, between 2nd and 3rd Sts., off Harrison St. E. Knowlton, Principal, Miss H. Thompson, Vice-Principal.

Teachers:

Miss A. M. Dore
Miss M. E. Stowell
Miss S. Anna Deacon
Miss K. M. Fuller
Miss J. M. Kelsey
Miss A. C. Robertson
Miss C. T. Bucknam
Miss S. Avery
Miss E. W. Healey
Mrs. H. A. St. John
Jules Simon, French

Eighth Street Grammar School, now Franklin School, east side 8th St., near Harrison St. John A. Moore, Principal, A. J. Itsell, Vice-Principal.

Teachers:

Miss A. C. Ciprico
Miss J. A. Hutton
Miss M. A. Hassett
Miss J. E. Dowling
Miss Ellen Donovan
Miss M. Harrigan
Mrs. M. A. Phelan
Miss R. P. Paul
Miss L. E. Ryder
Miss L. M. Knowlton
Miss K. E. Hurley
Miss M. J. O'Brien
Miss M. E. Barry

Miss J. L. Gibbs
Miss E. F. Brown

Tehama Primary School, afterwards named Jefferson School, south side Tehama St., near 1st St. Mrs. E. A. Wood, Principal.

Teachers:

Miss M. L. Soule
Miss M. F. Smith
Miss F. A. E. Nichols
Miss K. E. Gorman
Miss K. Johnson
Miss E. Gallagher
Miss A. McDermott
Mrs. S. N. Joseph
Miss H. G. Soule
Miss F. T. Clapp
Miss H. A. Grant
Miss E. White
Miss A. S. Ross
Miss S. A. Mowry
Miss E. Conroy
Miss P. Raphael, German
Miss M. de Riemer, French
Miss Etta Harris, French

Lincoln Primary School, southeast corner Market and 5th Sts. Miss Kate Sullivan, Principal.

Teachers:

Mrs. M. Steele
Miss M. L. Jordan
Miss A. E. Hucks
Miss F. Stuart
Miss Josephine Lande
Miss Christine Hart
Miss M. Salisbury
Miss Mary Collins
Miss V. M. Whigham
Miss P. Langstadter
Miss G. Garrison
Mrs. L. T. Hopkins
Mme. E. Gifford, French

Market St. Primary School, (afterwards moved to Market and 7th Sts.), south side Market St., near 5th St. Miss A. M. Manning, Principal.

Teachers:

Miss J. Gilman
Miss A. R. Eastman
Miss B. A. Kelly
Miss E. M. Hodges
Miss B. Bornstein
Miss L. O'Callaghan
Mrs. K. McLangblin
Miss Eva Anderson
Miss M. A. Roper
Miss C. A. Ogilvie
Miss S. E. Skidmore
Miss B. Molloy
Miss D. Hyman
Mrs. M. Kingman
Miss A. L. Hunt
Miss A. L. Gunn, French

(Continued on Page 28)

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MEMORIES—ROXBURGH

(Continued from Page 17)

Here were the Claffey family and next door, the Herons. "Corker", Frank and Ella. Then the Martel's, John Martel was an old-time silversmith with a shop, I think, on Clay St. Young John was a well-known employee of The Old Mail Dock Co. Frank is the owner of the California Planing Mills—George was another brother.

Before I go any further—stop, I have to go back across the street. I nearly overlooked my dear old friend and grand little ballplayer, Matt Stanley, who spent his last days with the people of Portland, Ore., who loved him as much as we did in the old days when he used to pick 'em off the bat up in Grant's lot. That was some team, the "Buckeyes", if no one has yet told of them I, with the assistance of my good friends, "Josh", excuse me, I mean Wm. Reilly and Jack McCarthy, can give you some interesting details. Then there was Ben Stanley—some tight rope walker, he played the old Cremorne and country shows.

Back across the street and we will talk about the Long family. Papa Mike owned the old trunk factory and was a prominent member of the Pioneer Rowing Club. His son, Charley, followed in his footsteps and was a very good oarsman. He and Denny Griffin were great rivals. Billy Long was cashier of the Good-year Rubber Company for many years and is now a rancher. Chas. Walters, the printer, lived next door and you can see him striding along Market St. yet on occasions, and he carries his six-feet of height very nicely.

Ha! Now we arrive to where it says Bucking & Pilster, the historic old grocery. How many times when the fire bell rang did the whole force of 10 Engine scramble through the doors. There were Andy Lang, Billy Gill, "Fingers" Adams, Mart Meherin, Jimmie Brannan, Jean Davis, George Bryant, Henry Pilster.

Having now blown the creamy foam of a couple of large ones and eaten up all the Dutchman's crackers—(say, Dick, this is an awful dream I am having), and still being at Ritch St. it would be a shame not to take a little stroll through to Braunan St. and see what we can find.

First, Addie Walker's house,

then the McDermot boys, all sturdy little glass blowers, Jimmy, Mike and Charley; then my old friend, Jim Ward. I saw him at the last ball with his wife and they both looked splendid. He is, I believe, engineer on one of the Fire tugs. Everybody in San Francisco ought to know Joe Tuittes of the City Hall and his brother, Chris, who lived right near. "Black Bob" Roberts, one good ship-caulker.

Across the street, Mother Gill who had another son than the fireman and he was called "Nick" and worked so long in the old wholesale fruit district that he could talk Italian better than Mussolini. Near them lived the Renick's family, Jessie, Belle and several brothers.

Back to Ritch and Bryant and Ned Bailey's butcher shop where Billy Corcoran used to perform. You will remember, Dick, when we were very small, the big hospital fire on Brannan St., and we were all set to move out. My father was dead then and I remember old papa Smith, of McNab & Smith, sent a big truck up to move us as we were old friends. This was at night, too, but that was the spirit of the old South of Slot folks—good neighbors in time of trouble.

Then on Bryant were the Reynolds family, Nonie was the young lady's name. The Faheys were next door; then in the big house, over the store, lived Minnie Toner.

Next to them is where Eddie Moore and his mother lived who, in later years had as roomers, Little Jack Vaughan, one of the early jockeys of the old Bay District Track. Joe Jourden, assemblyman, and later a deputy sheriff; Patsy Foley, one of early local fighters. Dan Kirby, a lumberman, or rather a log roller, who took part in many thrilling contests with Morris Ahern and others. Last of our roomers but not the least was a character known as Honest Tommy Martin, the Hackman. The story which pinned that title on him was as follows: A stranger landed at the Ferry late one night and Tommy grabbed him and hustled him into the old bus and drove him to his hotel and collected \$3. When the stranger went to pay his hotel bill he found he had given Tommy three \$20 gold pieces by mistake in the dark. He

(Continued on Page 23)

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MEMORIES—ROXBURGH

(Continued from Page 22)

made a record trip to the station and lo, and behold, his money was there waiting for him.

On the last corner of 3rd and Bryant which is left to describe, was Supervisor Albert Heyer's grocery. He was later Assessor and his son, Bill, manages one of our City Banks. The daughter's name was Lillian.

Before closing we must devote a little space to the Violet Club which was in full bloom about 1888 and was located between 10 Engine and 3rd St. Their weekly dances were very popular.

Do you remember when they were having their program out for one year's picnic when they got a tip that some North Beach club, the Diamond's, I believe, were laying plans to disturb the festivities?

Brother "Joe Buckley" (at that time learning to be a brick-layer under the able tutelage of the late Supervisor Ed Brandon), was a star member of the Violets, so he imported his bosom friend, Joe Choyinski, who was then a rather unknown young man from Hayes Valley, and had him planted on the grounds awaiting the sound of the gong. I draw the curtain over what happened when the ruction started. The disturbers fell like nine-pins under the mighty fist of that (later) marvelous scrapper.

De Squires advises that you be true to your teeth or they will be false to you.

Doc Levy makes mention of the fact that the man who said that his cigars were the best things out may have spoken the truth.

Courage is a great asset on the golf course, says Jim Conlon. Yes, we've seen plus-fours like that.

Says Frank Brady, the most curious thing in the world is a woman that isn't.

According to Jim Crampton, an afternoon bridge often covers a stream of gossip.

Joe Huff, speaking flowerly, says when a man and girl are married they become one, but it is for them to discover which one.

Bill Cannon ventures to assert that after being given away at the altar, many a young bride finds that she has been sold.

Dick Cullen, speaking of our criminal class, says it looks as if the schoolroom will have to be enlarged.

Chas. Corey advise all golfers to keep a straight left arm, and don't bend the right elbow too much at the 19th hole.

Women will look after themselves, and so will the men as long as the present fashions prevail, says Bill Bonsor.

Chas. Bennett hereby announces the result of the big fight—Tex Rickard made thousands of dollars.

Saith Chas. Corey: those who censor the modern bathing suit have scant reason for doing so.

Pat Parker says it is possible to marry in an inside paragraph and repent in a front page column.

Bill Patch says the back-to-the-farm movement is sometimes expressed by a determined return for chicken dinner.

Cook book for brides advertises itself as giving concrete rules for making biscuits. It should be pointed out, says I. E. Selix, that concrete is used in the abstract.

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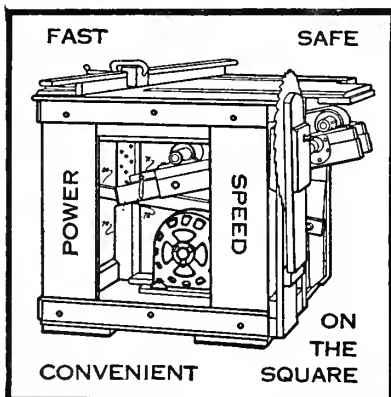
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JOHNSON

RIPSAWING CUT-OFF MACHINE



JOHNSON SAFETY SAW WORKS

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

20 STILLMAN ST.

1924

MEMORIES—PATERSON

(Continued from Page 16)

And now returning to the year 1874 we call to mind another grocer who did a thriving business in his locality. He was no less a personage than Bryan Donnelly, then situated at 315 8th St. Frank A. Donnelly was a popular salesman at that time with the well-known firm of A. Roman & Co. who were perhaps the premier booksellers of this town at that time and he lived at 737 Howard St.

Perhaps some of you remember the mason called Alexander Rose. He had a large circle of acquaintances and friends and lived at 54 3rd St. Then there was Cunningham Rose, the barkeeper. He lived at 59 Everett St. By way of diversion let us now make reference to one of the most appalling catastrophes that ever befell our beloved city and that was the Financial Panic that took place in the month of August, 1878, and which many believe was the direct cause of the death of one of the most famous men of his day, William C. Ralston. On Thursday, August 26, 1878, the Bank of California, then considered one of the foremost banks of the city, was forced to close its doors. This financial disaster occupied exclusively the public mind at that time. All classes of people, from bankers down to servant girls, felt themselves interested in the catastrophe, and speculated as to the probable immediate results and the extent to which the business and prosperity of the city and coast, as well as of individuals, might be affected. When the fact of that failure was established, crowds gathered on California St., between Montgomery and Sansome Sts., and it was with the greatest difficulty one could elbow his way through the multitude. The one animating idea that called the people together was an undefined feeling that none of the banks would open their doors for business, but join in a general suspension until their affairs could be somewhat definitely settled. While it was evident that the deepest anxiety was felt by all, there was little or no exhibition of excitement. On the contrary, the feeling of anxiety was visibly repressed, and all remained quietly awaiting the arrival of banking hours, so that it might be seen whether the doors of the various banks would be

thrown open to the waiting public. Until 10 o'clock the following morning, the crowds patiently waited, and was augmented by fresh arrivals. At that hour the banks opened their doors, with the exception of a few, and a feeling of relief seemed to sweep instantly over the throng. Hundreds who had gained a foothold upon the doorways of the banks and the pavements at once pushed their way in, till all available room was taken up. The services of policemen were brought into requisition to preserve order and arrange lines among those who were anxious to interview the paying tellers. At the London and San Francisco Bank the work of cashing checks went along quietly and smoothly; and as anxious depositors were relieved one by one of their anxiety and departed with their coin, and this proceeded uninterruptedly, hour after hour, confidence in the stability of the bank steadily increased, until, by 1 o'clock, the signs of excitement had almost disappeared. At the Anglo-California a similar scene was witnessed and also at the Pacific Bank; Donohoe, Kelly & Co.; Davidson & Co.'s; Hickoe & Spear's; Sather's; Belloc Freres; the Bank of British North America; the Bank of British Columbia, and the Pioneer Bank. Every depositor who presented a check promptly got his money, and there was no feeling of alarm discernible. Strangely, too, the run on the Savings Banks was comparatively small. At the Hibernia Bank, corner of Montgomery and Market Sts., the excitement among the crowd of depositors who assembled on the street long before the bank opened, was considerable. There was none of that wild flurry, however, which might have been expected among people with whom a few hundred, or at the most, a thousand dollars, represented a competence. The female sex were chiefly of the working classes; bronzed laborers who had deserted their work in order to rescue their little fortunes. At the Hibernia Bank the attendance of several policemen was necessary but only to regulate the lines that flowed through the doorway. The San Francisco Savings Bank experienced but little excitement as did the Western Savings, the Dime Savings Bank, and the Pio-

(Continued on Page 25)

Phone Davenport 111

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USED CARS****1 Columbus Avenue
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SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.****FLOWERS
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Herbst****1101 Valencia Street**

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Trade Mark**Guarantees you the
best values in made-
to-order suits to be
found anywhere at
these prices—**\$50 to \$75**JOHN M. HEFFERNAN,
South of Market Boy,
with us.**Kelleher
& Browne
The Irish Tailors
716 Market St. near Kearny****MEMORIES—PATERSON**

(Continued from Page 24)

neer. There was a lively run on the Clay Savings Bank for a few hours but it gradually subsided.

In the matter of the Bank of California it was announced that in the morning of Friday, August 27, 1878, Mr. W. C. Ralston, President and Manager, had made a transfer of all his private property, for the benefit of its creditors, at a meeting of the Directors. This action was generally commented upon in a tone of great respect for Mr. Ralston. The general mention of this gentleman's name was of a man who, after doing great things for this city and coast, had unfortunately fallen a victim to the inexcusable attacks of a portion of the Press, which reiterated from day to day, took such persistency in this time of financial stringency as to bring on quite unexpectedly a panic which involved the great bank and its manager in common ruin.

On Friday afternoon, August 27, 1878, after leaving the Bank of California, Mr. Ralston proceeded to the Neptune Baths, then located on the beach, between Leavenworth and Hyde Sts., and indulged in a swim. He had been in the water but a short time when he was noticed to be floating on his back. Mr. Richards, the bath-house keeper, immediately put out in a boat after the body and brought it back to the beach where repeated efforts were made to resuscitate him—but in vain. The coroner was notified and the body taken to the Morgue and prepared for burial, and afterwards taken to the home of Col. Fry, 1812 Jackson St., where Mrs. Ralston and her two daughters had been stopping. The news of his death came as a thunderclap. The utmost sorrow prevailed and intense excitement had taken hold on the people. The following address that had been issued by a number of the leading citizens shows in a measure the intense feeling that existed at the time against his traducers, the Bulletin and Call, who were blamed for the unhappy conditions existing at that time.

"We the undersigned, hearing with deep regret of the untimely death of William C. Ralston—believing that said premature demise was the result of persistent and cold-blooded attempts to injure him before the community—do hereby express our sincere

sorrow at the event in question. We have no sympathy in common with his traducers; we believe he was the peer, if not the superior, of those who fawned upon him while obtaining favors, and when they no longer deserved them, failing to obtain them, turned upon their benefactor and friend."

An indignation meeting was held at the corner of Kearny and Market Sts. on the evening of his death, mostly working men being present. About 400 attended. Speakers eulogized the deceased Ralston as the friend of the workman and denounced his traducers. On account of his death, theatres and other places of amusement were closed. The funeral took place Sunday, August 30, 1878, at 2:30 o'clock, P. M., from Dr. Hemphill's Church, corner of Geary and Powell Sts. Those were indeed, stirring times. The panic had been brought about by the malignant press of the time in vilifying respectable citizens and exciting them to feelings of distrust.

In the fall of that same year, 1878, one of the most hotly contested elections took place that was ever before held in this city. Besides the Regular Democratic and Republican tickets others were put forth by the People's, The Taxpayers and Citizens, and the Independent Democratic Parties. Here are a few of the aspirants for the various municipal offices at that time. For Mayor, A. J. Bryant and Charles Clayton; Sheriff Mathew Numan, Colin M. Boyd and Wm. McKibben; Assessor, Wm. Doolan, Alexander Badlam, Jr.; Auditor, Geo. P. Maynard, T. Rodgers Johnston and Sam Purdy; Tax Collector, W. Ford, Jacob F. Miller; Treasurer, Charles Hubert and A. A. Hobe; Recorder, Otto H. Frank, Wm. C. Guirey and Thos. H. Holt; County Clerk, Thomas H. Reynolds, L. T. Zander and J. D. Rugles; District Attorney, Robert Ferral, D. J. Murphy; Attorney and Counsellor, W. C. Burnett and Wm. Mathews; Chief of Police, P. Crowley and H. H. Ellis; Coroner, R. B. Cole and Benjamin R. Swan; Public Administrator, W. A. Plunkett and Simon Mayer; Surveyor, Wm. P. Humphreys; Superintendent of Streets, John Hagan and W. J. Richardson; Superintendent of Schools, James Denman and H. Bolander.

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Far Superior to Syrups

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Italian and French Dinners a Specialty
Regular Dinner \$1.25—No Cover Charge

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*Genuine Texas Chili and
Tamales*

Spanish Dishes Our Specialty
PRIVATE BOOTHS

153 MASON STREET

Near Ellis

San Francisco, Cal.

HUGO ERNST

(Continued from Page 14)

peasant at work and the wolf from the door. The problem of housing is extremely acute, and there is a provision in the new constitution of the kingdom, regulating the rents and no landlord may dismiss a tenant, nor may he lease his house to a new tenant without permission of the commission, created for that purpose. All vacancies must be reported with that commission, and all applications for rooms must also be registered with the commission. Officials and ex-officials of the State receive preference in the choice of homes, and the workers are next and only if after 30 days of registration with the commission tenant is found, then the landlord is permitted to seek his own tenant. But even then the price he may charge for rent is regulated and no rent may be raised during the occupancy of the tenant during the period of the contract. The prices are calculated on pre-war basis, multiplied sufficiently to allow for changed conditions caused by the war. The rate of interest in the banks is very high. One pays from 18 to 22 per cent on moneys borrowed from banks, which will explain the handicap under which industries are operating in these countries. In addition thereto, there is also a compulsory tax, to be paid by the bosses for the unemployed. The moving picture is very much in evidence and most of the pictures shown are American. The import of raw materials is considerable, as they have a lot of factories in which they produce the goods, that had previously been imported from Austria and elsewhere, and these industries are protected from competition from without by high tariffs. The transportation is in good shape and one travels quite comfortably and comparatively speaking quick. All the railroads are owned by the government, as is the postoffice and telephones and telegraph.

After a two weeks' stay in Jugoslavia I left for Vienna where I have still another brother, with his family, and several other near relatives, a city that I have known quite intimately before the war, having spent there many a pleasant day. Things have changed in Vienna since I have seen it, and while the outward appearance has lost none of its splendor and magnificence that it was famous for in pre-war days, the life itself has undergone a radical change, and as

I see it, the change is for the better, for it gives the common people a little better break than they have enjoyed during the oppressing days of militarism and bureaucracy, that sucked the life's blood out of that country for decades. The stroll over the Ring (a wonderful, wide avenue, encircling all the inner city), will still present to your admiring eyes such wonderful buildings as the Burg theater and the opera, created by the Hapsburgs as Imperial theaters and subsidized by the private treasury of the Hapsburgs, where the best actors and singers were seen and heard. The parliament building, one of the most magnificent structures ever erected by human hands, the University, the bourse, the secretariat of war, the two museums, the one of art and the other of natural history, both alike in the middle of a monstrous park, the city hall, etc., buildings that you will not find in such galaxy elsewhere, with wonderful marble statuary adorning it. And then the parks with their gorgeous multi-colored landscape gardenings so pleasing to the eye and so necessary for the little children to bask in the sunshine and inhale the fresh air in order to develop into the typical and famous statuesque Vienna beauty! And the exquisite statuary that graces the parks and streets. The monuments, erected to the great in every walk of life: actors, poets, painters, composers, singers, soldiers, philosophers, doctors, humanitarians, inventors, public-spirited men and women, etc., in marble and bronze, a mute evidence of gratitude of a great city for its great people and for science, art and humanitarianism in general. And the multitude of smokestacks, denoting on the surface an extensive industrial life, and the multitude of banks, coffee houses, hotels and restaurants, leading one to the conclusion of a rich and sociable and care-free people, people bent on dividing its prosperity between prudent saving in the many banks, and pleasant enjoyment of life in still more numerous places of amusement, than the surroundings of the capital, with its mountains and valleys, its suburbs and places of excursion and last, but not least, the blue Danube, winding its way through the center of the city like a serpent, and carrying on its back a fleet of steamers through the country way back to Costanza, where it loses itself into the Black Sea.

GATE DONATIONS

(Continued from Page 11)

3# Master assort. chocolates....Hoefer's Centennial Choc.	1 Fern	O'Shaughnessy & Roach
10 Loaves Gold Bond Bread.....Phillips Baking Co.	1 Boston Fern	Nagle & Herbst
2 Sacks coal	1 \$2.50 plant	16th Street Florist
6# Turkey brand corned beef.....G. H. Roberts	1 Water set	Eastern Outfitting Co.
1 case pride 10 oz. Jams and Jellies....Puritan Presv. Co.	1 Phonograph record—"2 Black Crows"....Jack Goodman	
2 Doz. Hollywood gin. ale.....Hollywood Ginger Ale, Inc.	1 Lion Statue	Myer Cohn
10 1# Loaves of bread	1 Indian Statue	Myer Cohn
1 Box fruit	1 Velvet stropper for Gillette....Cordy's Barber Supplies	
1 Box fruit	2 doz. Face towels	Galland Mercantile Co.
1 Box Mermaids and 1 box Kirnies....N. M. Benjamin Co.	1 Smoker	Peoples Furniture Co.
1 Reg. asst. cakes	One-half gal. can Evergood Floor Enamel..The Tozer Co.	
1 cs. 24s St. Francis dry gin. ale....Meyers Soda Water Co.	1 Ladies hat.....	The Fashionable Hat Works
1 cs. 24s St. Francis dry gin. ale....Meyers Soda Water Co.	1 Standard carpet sweeper.....	Gough Furniture Co.
5 lbs. coffee	1 Camp axe	Koblick Bros.
1/2 doz. 10# sugar wafers.....	\$1.00 Merchandise	The Drugeteria
10 lbs. corned beef.....	1 Framed picture	Rosenthal's Sales Store
10 lbs. corned beef	1 Electric curling iron	Dowd-Seid Elec. Co.
10 lb. sack flour	1 Gent's suit clean & pressed.....	Dick Cullen
10 lbs. Sugar	Take your pick here.....	Ormay Club
1 Cake	100 Personal cards	Stockwitz Printing Co.
12 Enchiladas	100 Personal cards	Market St. Press
12 Enchiladas	1 Ornament	T. Iwata & Co.
1 Picnic ham	1 Wallet	S. F. Trunk Factory
1 Beef tongue	1 Man's cap, value \$1.95.....	Edward P. Stahl
2 lbs. special blend coffee	1 33x4 auto tube	John Jessen
1 Picnic ham	1 Box writing paper	Panama Stationery Co.
1 10 lb. sack Sperry flour.....	1 Over-seas cap	U. S. Army Store
1 \$1.50 box of candy	12 Pair of 2 seats each admissions....	Roosevelt Theatre
1 Layer cake	1 Case towels	G. Murphy
Some koffee-kup coffee	1 Mens' or Boys' cap	Mission Cap Factory
1 Sack coal	1 Box stationery	Golden Rule
1 100-lbs. sack sugar	500 business cards	Alex. Dulfer Printing Co.
1 pt. jar Best Foods 1000 Isle. Dress....	200 business cards	Alex. Dulfer Printing Co.
1 pt. jar Best Foods 1000 Isle. Dress....	200 business cards	John F. Quinn
1 pt. jar Gold Medal Mayonnaise.....	1 Tie, value \$1.50	Selix Tuxedo House
1 pt. jar Gold Medal Mayonnaise.....	1 Tie, value \$1.50	Selix Tuxedo House
1 pt. jar Gold Medal Mayonnaise.....	1 Tie, value \$1.50	Selix Tuxedo House
1 pt. jar Gold Medal Mayonnaise.....	1 Tie, value \$1.50	Selix Tuxedo House
1 pt. jar Gold Medal Mayonnaise.....	1 Suit or dress, cleaned & pressed.....	Bergman Bros.
1 Jar bread and butter pickles.....	\$1.00 in merchandise	Mission Dollar Store
1 Jar bread and butter pickles.....	1 Silk pongee handkerchief	Mission Smart Shop
1 Jar bread and butter pickles.....	1 Roll of music	Mission Phonograph Co.
1 Jar bread and butter pickles.....	1 doz. Checker tobacco	Meads Pipe Shop
1 pt. jar Best Foods Relish Spread.....	1 Suit or dress, cleaned & pressed.....	Bergman Bros.
1 pt. jar Best Foods Relish Spread.....	1 Pr. ladies' house slippers.....	Max Scheyer
1 pt. jar Best Foods Relish Spread.....	1 Box of initial men's handkerchiefs.....	Bohr's
1 pt. jar Best Foods Relish Spread.....	1 \$1.00 tie	M. Boverman
1 pt. jar 1000 Isle Dressing.....	1 Merchandise order	Lumsing Co.
1 pt. Relish spread	1 Boy's Scout knife	Spiro Co.
1 pt. 1000 Isle Dressing	1 \$1.50 man's necktie	Famous Clothing Co.
1 pt. 1000 Isle Dressing	1 Pr. men's felt slippers	Eisenberg's Quality Store
1 Box 50 cigars	1 Electric curling iron	Pacific Appliance Co.
1 Box 50 La Natividades	1 Pr. fancy silk hose	Bloom's
1 Box 25 cigars	1 roll (player)	Union Music Co.
1 Box 50 Niagara Hotel Special cigars.....	1 \$1.00 tie	Quality Clothes Shop
1 Box Chancelor cigars—Value \$5.00.....	1 Razor and tie set	Peerless Clothing Co.
1 Box Optimo Cigars	1 House dress, \$1.95	Leo Phillips
1 Boston Fern—Value \$5.00.....	1 Harmonica	Lubbe Music Co.
1 Fern	1 Box stationery	Sherwood's Pharmacy
1 Plant Basket	Clean and press two men's suits.....	Messner's, Inc.
1 Boston Fern	1 Pr. overalls	Cavanaugh Overall Laundry
1 House plant	1 Pr. Headlight Overalls	Learned, Cartert Co.
1 \$1.50 plant	1 F. O. Phone set	Frank S. Ostrowski & Son
	1 China powder doll.....	Jos. Lipsey Co.
	6 Phonograph records	Starr Piano Co.
	1 Doz. Victor records	Lee S. Roberts
	Repair men's shoes.....	J. Mongello, 3041 24th St.
	1 \$2.00 order	Spiro Co.

(Continued on Page 30)

S. O. M. SCHOOLS

(Continued from Page 21)

Fourth St. Primary School, afterwards named Whittier School, northwest corner 4th and Clara Sts. Mrs. L. A. Morgan, Principal.

Teachers:

Mrs. R. F. Ingraham
Miss E. E. Stinson
Miss B. Wheaton
Miss Anna Gibbons
Miss E. Hawley
Mrs. R. S. Miles
Miss J. B. Brown
Miss E. Goldsmith
Miss M. J. Henderson
Miss Annie Gunn
Miss A. E. Benson
Miss A. F. Sprague

Silver St. Primary School, afterwards named Longfellow School, north side Silver St., near 3rd St. Miss Jennie Smith, Principal.

Teachers:

Miss J. A. Doran
Miss E. R. Dolliver
Miss Pauline Hart
Miss I. Glennon

Miss R. G. Campbell
Miss E. Pearce
Miss M. Sleeper
Miss M. Gallagher
Miss I. E. Dickens
Mrs. T. M. Sullivan
Miss Maria Ray
Miss M. F. Byrnes
Miss E. Chase

Miss A. F. Smythe, French
Eighth St. Primary School, afterwards named Stanford School, east side 8th St., near Harrison St. Miss A. E. Slavan, Principal.

Teachers:

Miss M. E. Cummings
Miss M. E. Moroney
Mrs. J. H. Nevins
Miss E. F. Tibbey
Miss M. L. Hart
Miss C. E. Ciprico
Mrs. M. A. Lowe
Miss Clara Johnson
Miss J. N. Bell
Miss M. Wentworth
Miss M. A. Ahern
Miss M. H. Slavan

Fifth St. Colored School, east side 5th St., near Clara St. Miss Irene Doyle, Principal.

PERMANENT COMMITTEES**Membership Committee:**

Thomas Healy, Chairman
William Eagan
Henry Vowinkel
Matt P. Brady
Thomas Hawkins
Joseph Moreno
Joseph Scully
James McTiernan
Charles Corey
Jack Sheehan

Journal Committee:

Albert Wheelan
George Paterson
James Roxburgh
Thomas Trodden
John M. Heffernan

Trustees:

Walter Birdsall
John McManus
Dan Leary

Entertainment Committee:

Thos. J. Murphy, Chairman
Eddie Healy
Dan Casey
Frank Healy
Charles Thall
Charles Kertehman
William Hynes

Laws:

William Hagerty, Chairman
William P. McCabe
Dan Murphy
Emil Kraut
Ben Rosenthal

Publicity Committee:

Thomas F. Graham, Chairman
Lee Roberts
Eddie Bryant
Henry Goldman
Thomas Gosland, Sr.

Organization Committee:

Timothy Reardon, Chairman
Dr. Frank I. Gonzales
J. J. Noonan
James E. Power
I. Goldman
Abe Borkheim
Fred Klevesal
Thomas F. Finn

Historical Committee:

Luke Fay, Chairman
Albert Wheelan
Patrick McGee
Henry Gleeson

Sick and Visiting Committee:

Joseph Huff, Chairman
Martin Tierney
Frank Smith
James Silva
Thomas Ford

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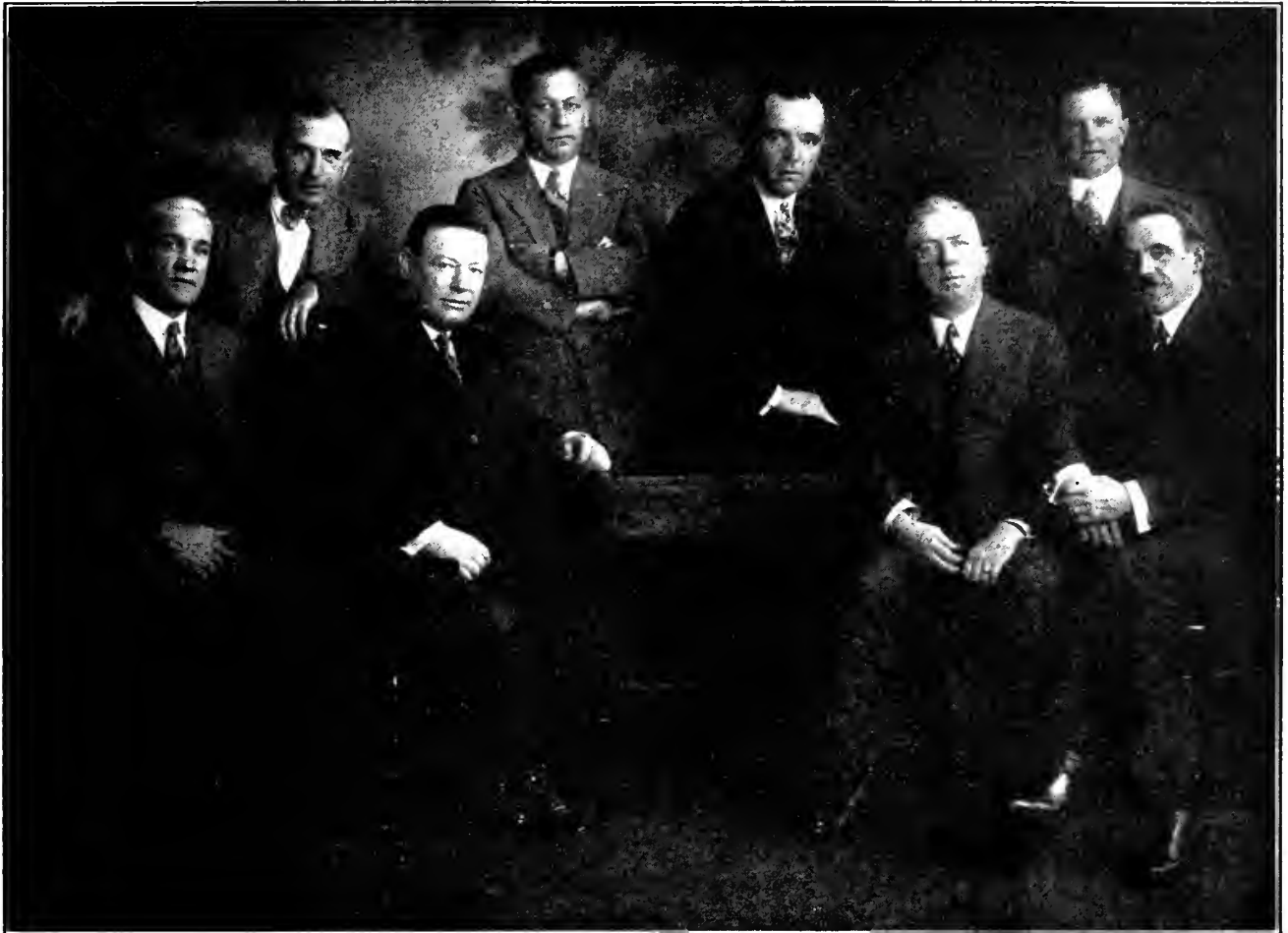
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 THOMAS P. GARRITY JOHN F. QUINN JOHN J. WHELAN

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 NEW ST. IGNATIUS COLLEGE
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Wednesday Evening, September 7, 1927
 eight o'clock

Loyola Guild, Hostesses

Given by Loyola Guild

\$1.00

KELLY'S
TRANSFER

87 TURK ST.

GATE DONATIONS

(Continued from Page 27)

1 Picture	Mrs. H. Salem
1 box lamps	C. J. Holzmuller
1 stand mirror	Peter Jensen
Ladies' dress, cleaned & pressed.....	Liberty Cleaning Wks.
Ladies' dress, cleaned & pressed.....	Liberty Cleaning Wks.
Men's suit, cleaned & pressed.....	Liberty Cleaning Wks.
Men's suit, cleaned & pressed.....	Liberty Cleaning Wks.
5 lbs. Navel corned beef.....	L. F. Armknecht
5 lbs. Navel corned beef.....	L. F. Armknecht
5 lbs. Navel corned beef.....	L. F. Armknecht
\$5.00 Cash prize	Lee Firpo
\$5.00 Cash prize	Lee Firpo
\$5.00 Cash prize	Lee Firpo
\$5.00 Cash prize	Lee Firpo
Set of five hot plate table mats.....	J. A. Essary
\$5.00 Cash prize	William Finnigan
1 Box of fruit	Central Calif. Fruit Co.
\$3.00 Cash	Erdalatz Bros.
1 Beautiful California wood ornament.....	Geo. F. Atkinson
1 Box candy	Crown Hotel
\$25.00 Merchandise order, a/c radio.....	Nat'l Radio Co.
10 lbs. Hughes' Famous corned beef.....	John J. Hughes
10 lbs. Hughes' Famous corned beef.....	John J. Hughes
1 dozen—25 watt mazda lamps.....	Bert Kahn
1 dozen—40 watt mazda lamps.....	Bert Kahn
1 lb. can Schilling's coffee.....	E. M. Schell
1 Can blue ribbon coffee.....	James R. Covell
1 Jar honey	Martens, Read & Co.
1 Leg of lamb	Muller & Son
\$2.50 Cash	New Process Laundry
\$2.50 Cash	J. B. Pieruccini
1 Water bottle	E. J. Werdein
1 Marcel, bob curl, or paper wave.....	Mae Burns
1 Marcel, bob curl, or paper wave.....	Mae Burns
5 lbs. coffee	Suhr & Wieboldt
\$5.00 Cash	George O'Brien (movie star)
\$5.00 Cash	George O'Brien (movie star)
\$5.00 Cash	Judge John J. Van Nostrand
1 Pkg. Malko	A. Herbst
1 Pkg. Malko	A. Herbst
1 Pkg. Malko	A. Herbst
1 Pkg. Malko	A. Herbst
1 Pkg. Malko	A. Herbst
1 Pkg. Malko	A. Herbst
1 Pkg. Malko	A. Herbst
1 Pr. cuff buttons	Sigmund Marg
1 First Monthly deposit on any Installment Investment Certificate now being issued.....	National Guarantee Bldg.-Loan Assn.
1 2 lb. Sweets Chocolates	George Marzolf
12 Raspberry Jell-O	Post Products Co., Inc.
12 Raspberry Jell-O	Post Products Co., Inc.
12 Raspberry Jell-O	Post Products Co., Inc.
10 Packages Tapioca	Post Products Co., Inc.
10 Packages Tapioca	Post Products Co., Inc.
10 Packages Tapioca	Post Products Co., Inc.
10 Packages Tapioca	Post Products Co., Inc.
10 Packages Tapioca	Post Products Co., Inc.
10 Packages Tapioca	Post Products Co., Inc.
10 Packages Tapioca	Post Products Co., Inc.
10 Packages Tapioca	Post Products Co., Inc.
10 Packages Tapioca	Post Products Co., Inc.
\$5.00 Laundry service	United States Laundry
\$2.00 Box Frat chocolates.....	Collins-Hencke Candy Co.
1 Large roasting chicken.....	California Poultry Co.
1 3-lb. 1st asst. pkg.....	Alberta Candy Co., Inc.
1 Mocha cake	Orange Blossom Cake Shop
3 Lbs. United Coffee.....	F. Finnerman
1 Tie pin	Calif. Watch Case Co.
1 Imported vase.....	Calif. Watch Case Co.
1 Reading magnifying glass.....	Kahn & Co.
5 Lbs. Best Butter.....	Challenge Cream & Butter Co.
5 Passes (2 admis. ea.).....	Casino Th'tre, H. Pincus, Mgr.
5 Passes (2 admis. ea.).....	Casino Th'tre, H. Pincus, Mgr.
5 Passes (2 admis. ea.).....	Casino Th'tre, H. Pincus, Mgr.
5 Passes (2 admis. ea.).....	Casino Th'tre, H. Pincus, Mgr.
5 Passes (2 admis. ea.).....	Casino Th'tre, H. Pincus, Mgr.
5 Passes (2 admis. ea.).....	Casino Th'tre, H. Pincus, Mgr.
5 Passes (2 admis. ea.).....	Casino Th'tre, H. Pincus, Mgr.
5 Passes (2 admis. ea.).....	Casino Th'tre, H. Pincus, Mgr.
1 Box \$1.00 candy.....	B. I. Miller Stores
1 Parlor End table.....	J. R. Smith Stores
\$5.00 Gold piece	Mrs. Wm. A. Schadde, SOM girl
\$5.00 Gold piece.....	Wm. A. Schadde, SOM boy
1 Fountain pen.....	H. S. Crocker & Co., Inc.
1 Large box of Stationery.....	Schwabacher-Fry & Co.
1 Large box of Stationery.....	Schwabacher-Fry & Co.
1 Large box of Stationery.....	Schwabacher-Fry & Co.
1 Wrist watch—Value \$29.00.....	Heinz Bros.

Note: Additional donations received too late for publication here will appear in the Official Picnic Program.

PURE VIRGIN WOOL PRODUCTS

Men's Two-trouser suits
\$30 to \$45
Worsted, Twists, Cashmeres, Cheviots
Men's Fall Overcoats
\$22.50 to \$45
Women's Fall Coats
\$16.75 and up

Come and see our complete
display both for the men and
the women.

OREGON CITY WOOLEN MILLS

882 Market Street
(Opposite the Emporium)



Patronize our Advertisers

Steve Roche, Member of S. O. M. Boys
Wm. O'Shaughnessy

Phone Market 1683

O'Shaughnessy & Roche Funeral Directors

Service at All Hours
Lady in Attendance

741-749 VALENCIA ST.
Bet. 18th and 19th San Francisco

Kenney's

CIGARS, TOBACCOS
and SOFT DRINKS

MERCANTILE
LUNCH

INTEREST!

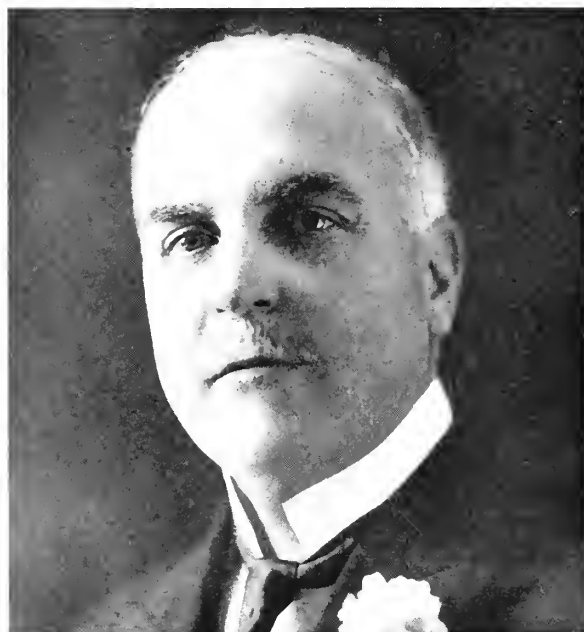
*The following table shows how interest at
FOUR PER CENT
is calculated at The Hibernia Bank.*

Mr. Thrift deposits \$100 each month for twelve months. He finds it necessary, occasionally, to withdraw. During the year he deposits \$1200 and withdraws \$240. At the end of the year his account consists of \$960 deposited plus \$21.30 earned in interest. Note the operation of interest credited monthly and compounded semi-annually:

Date	Item	Deposits	Withdrawals	Balance	Debit Interest	Credit Interest	Balance Interest
Jan. 10	Cash	\$100.00		\$100.00		\$2.00	\$2.00
Feb. 3	Cash	100.00		200.00		1.67	3.67
Mch. 3	Cash	100.00		300.00		1.33	5.00
Mch. 15	Cash		\$60.00	240.00	\$0.80		4.20
Apr. 10	Cash	100.00		340.00		1.00	5.20
May 3	Cash	100.00		440.00		.67	5.87
May 28	Cash		60.00	380.00	.40		5.47
June 3	Cash	100.00		480.00		.33	5.80
June 30	Interest	5.80		485.80			9.70
July 10	Cash	100.00		585.80		2.00	11.70
Aug. 3	Cash	100.00		685.80		1.67	13.37
Sept. 3	Cash	100.00		785.80		1.33	14.70
Sept. 15	Cash		60.00	725.80	.80		13.90
Oct. 10	Cash	100.00		825.80		1.00	14.90
Nov. 3	Cash	100.00		925.80		.67	15.57
Nov. 28	Cash		60.00	865.80	.40		15.17
Dec. 3	Cash	100.00		965.80		.33	15.50
Dec. 31	Interest	15.50		981.30			
Jan. 2 Due Depositor				\$981.30			

THE HIBERNIA BANK

Compliments of
MAYOR
James Rolph, Jr.



Born, Raised and
Still Residing
South of Market

